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THE LETTERS OF
CHARLOTTE
BRINCKERHOFF
BRONSON

WRITTEN, DURING HER WEDDING JOURNEY IN
EUROPE IN 1838 WITH HER HUSBAND FREDERIC
BRONSON AND HIS NIECE CAROLINE MURRAY,
TO HER MOTHER MRS. JAMES L. BRINCKERHOFF



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The Letters of
Charlotte Brinckerhoff Bronson

Volume Three

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LETTERS

VIENNA, Friday, November 9th, 1838

Breakfasted at 9, after which spent 2 or 3 hours in packing up, and making our arrangements to leave Vienna tomorrow morning.

At 1, received a visit from Count Gothek; he gave us his card, and took leave of us; we then went to take a drive on the Prater; on our way, we met the Archduchess Sophia, in a very handsome carriage drawn by 6 horses; on the Prater, we met a great many persons, ladies and gentlemen; the ladies dress here a great deal, even more than in America; camel's hair shawls, velvet mantillas etc. abound here.

After driving for an hour on the Prater, we returned home, and soon after went to the Café de la Cygne, the Swan; the room was very well filled, brilliantly lighted, and we had an excellent and delightful dinner; just as we had finished Count Korinsky entered; he immediately recognized us, came up to us, and addressed a few words; after which he joined one of his friends.

After dinner we returned home, and read till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7; we then put on our cloaks and drove to M^r. Schwarz's, where we were invited to pay a farewell visit. We found M^r. & M^{rs}. Clay, and M^r. & M^{rs}. & Miss Muhlenberg soon after entered; I think the ladies of this party have improved since we first saw them; they dress with more taste. M^{rs}. Clay & M^{rs}. Schwarz played the overture of Zampa; it quite reminded me of old times, and M^{rs}. C. afterwards played 'Non Più Mesta,' with the same variations that Maria Louisa used to do; M^r. Schwarz enlivened us with his gay remarks, droll speeches etc.; in the course of the evening we drank tea; they have a new way of making tea here for gentlemen, ladies seldom adopt this style, putting rum in it; however, cream is generally preferred by Americans, as the other is thought rather barbarous.

After spending a very pleasant evening, we returned home, and spent the rest of the evening from $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, writing our journals and making our final preparations for our departure; we have spent our time delightfully since we have been here; we have had an uninterrupted succession of clear and delightful days; this is very unusual, as last year this time there was snow at this time; however I presume this fair weather continued out of compliment to us, and we are very grateful; we have not however had an invitation from

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Prince Esterhazy but this he gave us to understand would not be given until his return from the chase, which is today; we shall therefore be too late.

VIENNA, Saturday, November 10th, 1838

After breakfast, we finished making our preparations for leaving Vienna; I was amusing myself with an Italian book, Caroline was working when M^r. Schwarz entered; really we cannot be too thankful for the kindness with which he and his wife have entertained us; we are very much indebted to them for their friendly hospitality. After rendering this just tribute to his memory, I will mention that he told us that out of the population of Vienna, which is 334,000, there are 17,000 pianos owned; there are also 12,000 music masters, and when the grand concert was to take place, 3500 amateurs came forward, 3000 of whom were exquisite performers. M^r. S. is a great friend and admirer of Americans, collects a great many American coins, and all the caricatures of General Jackson; if any such appear in our absence, I wish you would keep them for us, as we wish to send them to him.

After paying us a very amusing visit, and amusing us very much with his accounts of different persons he left us, bidding us quite a tender adieu; Frederic returned home in time to take leave of him, and after settling all accounts which is no joke, I assure you in Vienna, we were again en route on our way to Trieste. We soon bade adieu to Vienna, and not without a feeling of sadness, for we have spent many happy hours within its walls.

As the Brühl is a very beautiful tract of country, and is but a little out of the direct route, we had been advised by all our friends to visit it. We accordingly proceeded on that route, after our passports had been visé, and after driving as far as Mödling, through a very flat & rather uninteresting country, made arrangements with the post master to give us horses to make this little détour. After leaving Mödling, the scenery changed as if it had been a theatrical representation; the change was almost magical, for we immediately found ourselves in the midst of rocks, hemmed in by high mountains; the valley and the surrounding heights all belong to Prince Liechtenstein cousin of Prince Esterhazy; the mountains around are rendered more interesting by the ruins of several remains of feudal antiquity; the Alte Schloss; the old family castle, and the cradle of the Liechtenstein family, was destroyed by the Turks in one of their invasions. This is a favorite excursion for the Viennese; and Vienna is the only capital in Europe which enjoys the privilege of having so

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delightful an environ at so short a distance; there are many agreeable excursions up the neighboring . . . mule rides, and every other attraction; the pleasure grounds of the Prince Liechtenstein are, as all European gardens and domains are, thrown open to the public, who are at full liberty to range about these elegant and spacious domains. The Prince has erected on the summit of a neighboring hill, a Temple of Fame, to the memory of five hussars who fell in defending him at the battle of Asperne.

After enjoying as well as we could at this season, the delightful and romantic scenery of the Brühl, which is almost a miniature Switzerland, we stopt at a small hotel, where we were regaled with some of the richest and most delightful cream we had ever tasted, and we are very good judges, for Caroline and I have entirely abandoned the use of tea and coffee, and revel in cream, which we have found excellent in almost all Europe; we then continued our journey to Baden, which is a very celebrated watering-place, is noted for its mineral waters, and was the favorite resort of the late Emperor Francis. In the summer season it is said to be almost impossible to obtain rooms here without sending a week before to engage them, but there was not much danger of our finding the same difficulty. The mineral waters are very much impregnated with sulphur; they are very advantageous for several diseases, such as rheumatism; etc. the same custom predominates as at Leuck of bathing in a large pool, ladies & gentlemen together; I will here introduce an extract from Russell; "there is no separation between the ladies & gentlemen in the bath; nay, politeness requires that if a gentleman sees a lady attempting to move, that he should offer himself to accompany her during the aquatic promenade; there is no silence or dulness, every thing is talk and joke; there is a gallery above for the convenience of spectators, who converse with those of their friends in the bath with the greatest familiarity."

On Sundays there are about 12000 strangers; there are generally 5000 permanent boarders; Baden is in itself quite a large village, having a population 4,500. The Emperor, and the Archdukes Charles and Anthony have palaces here; that of Prince Charles is very handsome. The bath houses are quite elegant and nearby is a very agreeable promenade where the bathers resort after bathing. In the forenoon, the principal amusement after bathing is walking on the promenade, where there is a very fine band of music; after dinner, every one drives out or takes excursions in the neighborhood, many of which are extremely beautiful; but we of

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course saw none of these gayeties as in November Baden looks something like Saratoga, except that it is surrounded by a beautiful country.

We repaired to the hotel of the Swan, where we obtained very nice rooms; after a very nice supper of bread and cream, we drew our sofas and tables round the fire, and spent the evening delightfully in reading 'I Promessi Sposi'; and retired at 10.

BADEN, Sunday, November 11th, 1838

Rose this morning at 7, breakfasted, and were soon ready to recommence our journey. We drove through a very pretty country, passing through many villages, but meeting with few adventures; the day was lovely, but we saw no travellers, except occasionally a country waggon would pass with some peasants, wrapt in their skin mantles, the fur of which is turned inside in winter, and outside in the summer; you may imagine the extreme beauty of this costume.

At four o'clock we arrived at the foot of the Semmering, a mountain 2244 feet above the level of the sea; we were obliged to take 5 horses* to make the ascent; the road was constructed by Charles VI, father of Maria Theresa, and is capable of great improvement; we left the carriage, and walked a short distance up the mountain, but as we ascended it became so chilly that we returned for shelter to our delightful carriage, the beauties and delights of which are daily unfolding themselves more and more. After a laborious ascent which occupied $1\frac{3}{4}$ we commenced the descent but before we arrived at Mürzzuchlag, our night quarters, it was quite dark; we stopt at the hotel where we obtained very comfortable accommodations, and after a delightful supper, cream bread and fruit wrote our journals, which occupied nearly the whole evening; I must apologize for the irregularity with which some parts of this letter are written but the sheet slips about so, that it is a constant source of annoyance. But now good night, as my eyes hurt me a little I think it my duty to stop.

MÜRZZUCHLAG, Monday, November 12th, 1838

Left the night's lodging, a very hard German name, and after breakfast at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, set out on our journey; the day was delightful, and not at all cold; we drove for several miles through a very interesting and delightful country, mountains hemming us in on all sides; when the beauty of the road had disappeared, we amused ourselves with our books; I was very much engaged reading, I Promessi

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Sposi, which is a very interesting Italian novel, but my frequent references to the dictionary detract a little from the pleasure which I take in reading it.

At 12, we stopt to change horses, at Bruck, and as we were very much struck with the singularity of the head costume, Caroline and I each got one but of different kinds.

At 4, when we again stopt, we entered a filthy auberge, where we took a glass of cream; we did not stay long, however within its precincts; we walked on in advance of the carriage for a short distance; the weather was delightful.

We were informed that a party was hourly expected coming from Gratz who had engaged 17 horses, but we have not met them; we rejoined the carriage, and rode till dark, when we stopt to light a lamp which we had arranged in the back of our carriage & which enables us all to read; we accordingly amused ourselves till 9, reading, talking etc., and at that hour arrived at Gratz, where we immediately ordered the national dish of Austria, fried chicken; we are in anxious expectation of its arrival, accompanied by the other accessories of our dinner; Gratz is the capital of Styria, is quite a large town and contains 40,000 inhabitants; the view of its neighborhood we have not yet seen; Caroline and I while waiting for supper are writing our journals, whilst Frederic is pacing up and down the room which is very ample in its dimensions, being 41 feet by 20; it is ornamented by a glass chandelier, and a china round stove, from which we are anxiously expecting some heat, as the night air is chilly.

As the chicken appears to cry "Come, eat me," I will yield to its solicitations, and so close my journal for the day.

We have had a very nice dinner of fried *chickis*, as Martin calls it, and an omelette soufflée; the prince of Denmark is in the house, and has we understand made great havoc among the chickens, as his party consists of 4 carriage loads; after supper, we retired.

GRATZ, Tuesday, November 13th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast, as we were not able to obtain horses we went out to see the city, which is 3 times as large as Innsbruck, but is not so pretty, nor so unique in its appearance.

We were first conducted by our valet de place to the Cathedral; as usual, many persons were kneeling in all parts, repeating their prayers; it is not remarkable for any thing, however, except that 2

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saints, St Martin and St Vincent are buried in it and their tombs were pointed out.

Near the Cathedral is the mausoleum of Ferdinand II, the celebrated Protestant persecutor; it is contained in a chapel built in the Italian style; the mausoleum is built of red marble; we were conducted down several pair of steps, by an old man, who illuminated our way with a candle; in the sarcophagus are still preserved the bones of the emperor, his sword etc.; on the tomb were the marble effigies of himself & mother. We were also shown a marble slab which marks the remains of Maria Theresa, wife of Charles V; some time ago the duke of Angoulême made a visit here, remained for an hour, in front of the slab, praying, and then ordered a more beautiful memorial to be erected to her. The Duchess of Berry wife of the late unfortunate duke, resides in Gratz, in the winter season; during the summer, she stays at her country seat a few miles distant; she is at present there; we past her palace and saw the travelling carriage of her son in law Prince Louzenye, who was just going to her country seat.

After walking for some time through the streets of Gratz passing the public place where all the market women were assembled, we went to the museum, which is celebrated for containing very beautiful and numerous specimens of the Styrian minerals which are very celebrated. Frederic was very desirous to obtain some specimens of aragonite, but he was not able to do so. After examining the museum, which is very well arranged, we went into a room, where was a large collection of coins of all nations; I asked if there were any of North America, and the man showed us some from Peru, Mexico, etc. Before leaving the museum, I must tell you an anecdote of the Styrian iron. When the Barbarians drove the Romans from Styria the Genius of the Mountains asked the Barbarians which they would rather have, the gold mines for one year, silver for 20 years, or iron for ever; the Barbarians who knew that their swords were an overmatch for all the wealth of the Romans, chose the latter.

After leaving the museum, we walked through the streets of Gratz; we saw no persons, except university students and market women; we had intended going up a mountain in the centre of the town, on which the citadel formerly stood; it is now the post of the fire watch. In every German town, there is a watch stationed at some high point overlooking the city, and if they perceive a fire, they immediately fire a cannon, and point to the direction, by a

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flag, in the day, and a lamp by night. There is a very fine view of the town from this spot, but as it was very cloudy, we did not ascend, but hastened to the hotel; on our way, we past the house of Archduke Albert son of Prince Charles, and that of the commandant of the city.

We found the posthorses ready, and after a short delay, entered the carriage at 12. We then continued our journey, over very inferior roads, remarkable for nothing but their numerous toll-gates.

At 4, we arrived at a large plain; and a ruined castle, on the bank of the river Mur; the castle is 600 feet above the plain; this castle is celebrated for having been the residence of Tycho-Brahe, the great astronomer, and the point from which he made his observations.

We past through an interesting country, but the weather was very cloudy, and appeared to threaten rain; I amused myself during the afternoon, after a diner à la fourchette in the carriage, reading *I Promessi Sposi*; at one of the post houses we lighted our lamp; and I amused myself reading Daru's *History of Venice*, which you may recollect amused me so much in days of yore; at 9, we arrived at Marburg, the second town in Styria, after a journey of 45 miles; we took a supper of bread and cream, and after writing our journals, retired.

Wednesday, November 14th, 1838

Rose this morning at 7, breakfasted at 8, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, had recommenced our journey; just as we were leaving the house, a woman came up with the finest vergaloo pears which I have ever seen; Frederic bought a quantity at the exorbitant rate of 3 for 2 pennies; is not this singular, and at this season?

Drove through quite an interesting country, but as it was cloudy, we could not fully enjoy the scenery; at 4, arrived at Cilli, an ancient Roman city, founded by the Emperor Claudius; its name is derived in some way from him; on the cornices of the houses are still to be seen Roman ruins; it is quite a large town; we dined in the carriage on cold capon, a luxury little known in America.

Spent the afternoon in reading Italian and Daru; we arrived at St Oswald at 10; the days are so short, that we are obliged to encroach upon the evenings; else we should never get to the end of our journey; however by the aid of our little lamp, we are enabled to pass the evening quite pleasantly; reading, chatting etc.; and we find that the lamp enlivens us, even without reading, as it renders a long dark drive much more agreeable.

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We are now approaching the first remains which we have seen of Roman ruins, and my curiosity already begins to be excited to see more extensive and more interesting remains. Martin is at present very busily occupied making our beds, a task which he performs with the greatest skill; we are awaiting tea anxiously; meanwhile, good-night.

After a very poor supper of bread and bad butter, but excellent tea, which we had with us, we retired at the very early hour of $\frac{1}{4}$ of 12. Though the appearance of the house was not very good, still the beds were very comfortable, and I heaved a heavy sigh, when a loud tap at the door, accompanied by Martin's well known voice, boots and warm water, obliged me to arise.

After breakfast, we left St Oswald at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, and continued our journey to Laibach, on the road to Trieste; we arrived there at 1; the day was very lovely and quite warm; we were detained here however an hour by the ceremony of examining our passports, and of obtaining a permission to continue our route; complaining greatly of Austrian tyranny which does not allow an Austrian subject to go from one part of the dominions to another, we were at length allowed to proceed. We however procured in the meantime some delightful cold tongue, ham and chicken, and after dinner, which we took in the carriage we were in much better humor. We had also a bottle of wine and another of fresh water, we therefore felt no need for the luxuries of tables etc. Laibach is a town containing 10,000 people and is one of the largest villages in Carniola; it is celebrated for nothing but the congress held there.

During the afternoon, past the Julian Alps; the ascent was of an hour; the road inferior.

We drove till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, when we arrived at Planina; on the road however we met with the first accident that has occurred during our travels; though the two lamps on the outside, and one in the inside of the carriage were lighted, a large and cumbersome waggon past and its wheel catching into the crossbar of our carriage broke in two pieces, and continued its route; Martin immediately got off his seat to ascertain the extent of the damage; he thought at first that we should not be able to proceed, but having patched it up we arrived at Planina in safety.

I neglected to mention that Laibach is the spot where Sir Humphrey Davy resided for 2 years, and that it is remarkable for containing the statue of the Virgin Compeller; there is a tradition that

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during the invasion of the Turks, the Austrians becoming very much dispirited, the Virgin statue placed itself at the head of the army, and led it on to victory.

On arriving at Planina, we obtained very nice rooms, and having written down the very *important* events of the day, we supped and retired.

I fear that I often fatigue you with my minute details, but you must recollect that you are reading some leaves of my diary.

PLANINA, Friday, November 16th, 1838

We were detained some time this morning at Planina, to have the carriage repaired; we did not proceed on our journey till 9; we proceeded to Adelsberg, over a hilly and bad road; and did not arrive there till 11. On the way, the postillion told us of a robbery committed on this road 2 or 3 days before; the diligence at 10 at night was stopt, the postillion knocked down, and the 2 men in the stage, very much injured, and one was as Martin expressed it, *next* to killed. The robbers plundered the diligence of 3000 florins (1500 dollars). There is now a guard stationed on the spot, but it is very probable that the robbers will move to another part of the road.

On arriving at Adelsberg, we stopt at a small house where the necessary preparations as to men, lights etc. were made; we provided ourselves with cloaks, thick shoes etc., and commenced a walk of $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile to the mouth of the cave which is at the foot of a hill on the summit of which is a ruined castle. The entrance was closed by an iron gate; we entered and bade adieu for a few hours to the most barren scenery we have seen for a long time; for miles in every direction, nothing like vegetation, not even a tree or shrub is discernible for miles, nothing but one barren waste of sand, stones, rocks; still amid such desolation lies one of the greatest of Nature's works, the most magnificent temple amid the regions of night.

On entering the cave, we were joined by 4 men with flaming torches, and commenced our march, accompanied by Martin who served as interpreter; soon after entering, we mounted a flight of steps, and immediately heard the noise of waters; the river Poik after winding through the plain disappears in the form of a dark lake; this lake is situated in the centre of a large arena called the Dome; a very large natural bridge crosses it in one part, and a wooden bridge is constructed over another part, which forms the commencement of the walk. The natural bridge was illuminated

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with candles, and conducts to a monument erected to the memory of the late Emperor Francis I, who visited it in 1816, when this was the conclusion of the grotto. But in 1819, a workman, accidentally broke through a screen of stalactites, and discovered that beyond that lay chambers still more magnificent and extensive than the one already known; the Dome is a hall 100 feet high and 300 long. This vast hall was illuminated with tapers interspersed amid hanging stalactites; the effect of these many lights in this immense hall and amid such perfect darkness, produced an effect impossible to describe; the reflection of these numerous lights in the waters beneath increased greatly the effect; we then ascended another flight of steps after crossing the bridge and found ourselves in the new grotto; here we were obliged to follow close to our guides who held out the lights for us to pick our way, mid fragments of limestone and large puddles of water; we were soon lost in the greatest admiration of the wonders around us; brilliant stalactites sparkling around us, in every direction, the ceilings of sparkling crystal, the walls coated with the brilliant mosses, pillars rising round us in every direction in their own native architecture; columns transparently clear and beautifully white, many of them several feet in diameter, while others rose in the most delicate & slender forms, ornamented with all the elegant and delicate tracery of Gothic Architecture; the guides with their torches separated and concealed themselves behind these fair columns and grottoes, and placed their lights so as to shine directly through these transparent masses. From the ceiling hung numbers of these spiral stalactites, with one treacherous drop, dripping from the point, thus betraying the mode in which they are formed, and destroying the illusion that they were formed by fairy hands; we ascended along the road which is cut through this magical scene and arrived at a grotto which we found beautifully illuminated in anticipation of our arrival; the pendent masses of stalactites and the rising pyramids of the brilliant stalagmite, from a little distance appeared like slender masses of ice, so beautifully transparent; nothing was wanting but some fairy inhabitants of this magical grotto. While we stood waiting in vain for her appearance, a single star broke through the brilliant illumination, and though somewhat eclipsed by the greater lights, by its humble yet magical light attracted universal attention; all the guides were assembled to ascertain the cause of its sudden descent, when lo! the star was examined and it was found to be a reflection on one of the

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crystals. We then turned to the right and after wandering amid other mazes, we arrived at a pulpit, the body of massive stalagmite, and the canopy of pendent stalactites; in this fairy pulpit was seated a man, but here the delusion ended for he was a dirty guide; a light was suspended to one of the stalactites; I regretted very much seeing this forlorn object seated in this airy pulpit, for he seemed to sully its resplendent purity; we then saw 2 hearts of stalactites; one was larger than the other, and of course it was said to be the heart of woman; we then saw what is called the Butcher's Hall, and indeed the resemblance is very great; there is also a small grotto which is called the burying ground; the stalactites hang from the roof in the shape of weeping willows, while numerous stalagmites present the appearance of tomb stones; as we advanced along the magical path, surrounded by such extraordinary objects of curiosity, such varied monuments of nature, which vied with the objects of art, which they seemed to imitate, I could not but reflect how many centuries had rolled by since these objects first began to form; probably since the time of the deluge, or even from the creation.

We at last arrived at a large hall brilliantly illuminated, which is called the ball room; every year in the month of May, the peasants assemble here and have a ball; the uneven surface of the ground is boarded over, the hall brilliantly illuminated, and I must confess that I think the poor peasants of Carniola have a more splendid ball room than many kings and queens; what drapery of velvet or damask could be so beautiful as those pendent stalactites, which sometimes hanging in sheets, in the gracefulness of their folds, vie with the studied drapery of damask, or what mirrors more beautiful than those resplendent crystals, reflecting a thousand times the numerous lights.

From the ball room we continued our path, and were arrested by a very singular appearance; on a throne formed by the same dazzling material, and covered with a canopy of the same, with a crystal sceptre in his hand, sate an Emperor; it was not the Emperor of Austria, but I thought that in his dark and dusky figure, his severe expression, methought I saw Pluto, and indeed this delusion did not vanish when I heard that we were in what is called the Kingdom of Pluto.

We pursued our journey, some times being stopt by spiral columns, sometimes by fairy grottoes, until we arrived at a very uneven surface of the ground; so that it was with much difficulty that

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we could walk over its sharp points; this is formed by the heavy rains, which beating through a small opening hurry along bringing with them quantities of red clay, which being deposited in this large space forms what they call the Red Sea; we were arrested a short distance further on by the piteous looks of a poor prisoner, who confined in a cage of crystal, could just succeed in putting his hand out to demand assistance; we wandered on, our attention sometimes attracted by castles on high cliffs, by cardinals with their night caps, by resemblances to the human face divine, by the slender sheets of crystal which seemed like thin muslin, by numerous other curiosities which my treacherous memory has mingled with a host of other images which a scene so novel could not fail to create in my mind; we then advanced to the greatest curiosity of all, the curtain; this consists of a mass of crystal, about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick and extending several yards square; the folds of its drapery are extremely graceful and perfectly transparent; and it is extremely beautiful; in another part also, there is a formation of crystal, representing ruffles, though extremely large; the resemblance is perfect; as we continued our walk, we past curiosities on all sides, crystallized fountains, springs etc. appeared in all directions; as we past along the guides continually struck with their sticks against the masses and produced a sort of music; in one instance the guide went on in front, and commenced mimicking the sound of a church bell, which was so admirably done we could scarcely imagine it was not one in reality.

We next came to a large wall of crystal, in the centre of which was a darker mass in the exact shape of a window; it is extremely curious; it seems as if it had been wrought by the hand of man.

Although this was the extent to which most travellers go, as the path continued very good, we determined to proceed to Mount Calvary; here the scene becomes much more wild; we were constantly ascending hills, amid masses of crystal in the greatest profusion; the mountain to which we directed our steps is quite high, and masses of crystal stand round so as to resemble saints; each stalagmite has the name of some particular saint; we remained on the hill a few minutes, looking round upon the illuminated groves and grottoes, and saints, and then proceeded homewards; the whole extent of our walk was 3 miles going and 3 returning; probably we found the walk rather fatiguing but highly interesting; 1 hour further on is a lake which is the extent of the cave, as there was no path leading to

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it we were obliged to abandon all idea of visiting it. In this lake are found fishes of very extraordinary kind; they resemble somewhat an eel, have the head of an eel, red ears in the shape of leaves, hands like a man, but with only 3 fingers, and feet with 2 toes; they are very unusual and there are only 2 other streams in Europe where they are found; they are called the Proteus.

On our return we stopt at the ball room where we were left without light in order to judge of the effect of perfect darkness. While left in this unenviable position, nothing was heard but the dripping sound of water; we felt as if we had been lonely inmates of a dungeon; having detained you so long in this cave, I must now bring you to the open air, having made one of the most interesting excursions that I can recollect; perhaps we enjoyed it more as Frederic had ordered it to be illuminated and there were about 200 illuminations; thus we had a good opportunity of seeing it to every possible advantage. We then left the Cave, and returned to our carriage.

At 2, we dined, on cold tongue and chicken, and continued our journey to Trieste, where we hoped to arrive before there was any danger of robbers. We drove till 6, when it became very dark, and looked very much like rain. We however continued to ride until 10, when we arrived at Trieste safely though I must confess that I was frequently tormented with fears of the robbers: we went to the Locanda Grande, and after a supper, bread and milk, retired at 11.

TRIESTE, Saturday, November 17th, 1838

Breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, and as it still continued to rain, we did not go out; we however amused ourselves very much looking out on the market place, where we saw the greatest variety of costumes, characters, etc.; some Turks, Greeks, Armenians, indeed of all nations. It was a very gay scene, and our attention was so riveted that we could hardly tear ourselves to go away and attend to the business of packing, and despatching a box which is to sail from here in 10 days for New York.

Frederic went to the banker's to see if there were any letters, but there were none.

We then took a carriage, and drove through the city. We drove to the Cathedral, which is situated on the top of a hill, near the citadel; the ascent is very tiresome, but we were fully rewarded by the very beautiful view of the Adriatic Sea. The weather was per-

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fectly clear, and the sun shone with dazzling brilliancy. We went into the Cathedral, which is not remarkable for any thing but some mosaics; we took another view of the lovely sea, and then descended the mountain; we then left the carriage, and took a walk, accompanied by a valet de place.

Trieste is a very handsome town, very beautifully situated, and the most flourishing town in Europe; its docks are filled with shipping its canals with fishing boats, and its commerce is very extensive; it is indeed the only seaport of Austria; it was of little importance until the reign of Maria Theresa, who laid the foundations of its present trade.

In one of the public piazzas is the bronze statue of Leopold I; I think no town since Havre, has struck me so much for its novelty and the number of singular and grotesque figures as Trieste, indeed all nations seem to have united their trade here; the place is entirely occupied by merchants, who are the aristocracy of the city.

We entered the Greek Church, which is quite small; the altar resembles very much that of a Catholic Church; but there is one altar, seen through an iron gate, so holy that only the priests are allowed to enter there; this is the sanctum sanctorum; we then entered the Church of St Antonio, a new church, with several pretty pictures, and an altar made at Venice of Carrara marble; after leaving the church we resumed our walk round the city.

I saw a very amusing anecdote, in our guide-book, of Trieste, which I will narrate to you; it was the custom till lately in the towns of Italy to keep 2 animals of some kind in the city and feed them at the public expense; these animals were dedicated to the patron saint. The author relates that when here, he observed for some time 2 pigs constantly running under his window, one with his ear slit, and the other with his ear cut off; he one day said to the landlady that he thought it quite a nuisance that these animals were allowed to run about, and she said, "They are dedicated to St Anthony"; not willing to show his ignorance, he inquired of some friend what this meant, was informed of the custom, and pigs are regarded with as much reverence here, as bears at Berne, storks at the Hague, eagles at Geneva, and pigeons at Venice.

I have been very much delighted indeed with Trieste, everything is so new and so singular.

We returned to dinner, which was very excellent, and as it was then dark, we finished making our preparations for going to Venice

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at 11 tonight. Martin entertained us with some of his adventures and said that the 3 things that he thought best worth seeing in Europe, were Pompeii, Mount Vesuvius and the Grotto of Adelsberg, which he never saw till yesterday; I endeavored in vain to write my journal, but my companions made themselves so agreeable that I almost gave up in despair.

At 10, we put on our hats and cloaks, and went to the steamboat; scolding very much that the steamboat went at so unreasonable an hour; but it was useless to wait as no other went till Tuesday at the same hour.

We entered the ladies' cabin, which was in the form of a semi-circle, with 6 berths, the beds covered with black morocco, and 1 pillow of the same. Three men, were sitting round a table taking in the tickets; while we were waiting for the boat to leave, several very odd looking men and women entered, and after a great deal of talking and chattering in Italian the men left the ladies undisputed possession of the cabin, committing us to the care of a man femme de chambre; we sincerely hoped that we should not be sick, as the absence of a female servant would have been very unpleasant.

We threw ourselves on the beds in our dresses, and with the addition of our carriage cushions, I made a pretty good pillow, but a lady who had been travelling in the east, a poor doctor's wife determined to make herself at home, and she took possession of Caroline's cushion; however the latter submitted to this privation and in a short time I was asleep, though 3 of the ladies kept up a constant chat. I however awoke at 3, with a horrid presentiment that my back was broken; this fear was soon dispelled however when I perceived that it was still whole, but in such a curved and restrained position on account of the shortness of the berth, that I imagined in the morning I should wake deformed. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, however, I awoke, readjusted my dress, and while waiting for Caroline, amused myself with the ladies, one of whom a very lively Italian took great interest in us when she found we were Americans.

At 6, we were on deck, enjoying a view of the sea, and the brilliant Italian sky; the sun-rise was so magnificent that every one prophesied foul weather; we became acquainted with 2 English gentlemen who had just been to Constantinople; though they were very much delighted with their tour, they gave a glowing description of the inconveniences they had to endure; sleeping on mats, being overrun with rats and all sorts of vermin, and the dogs at

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Constantinople which are so numerous and so ferocious as to prevent persons from going out at night. After telling us several anecdotes, they gave us some gold and silver which we are to keep in remembrance of the voyage; they left their wives in Frankfort.

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, we came in sight of Venice; its spires, domes, and turrets rose majestically from the midst of the sea, as if they were the work of other than mortal hands, and indeed the whole city looks as if it had risen from the sea at once in all its glory.

We were soon in view of small boats with lateen sails, which add much to the beauty of the scene. Soon we were in the midst of vessels and were surrounded by open gondolas, which had come to take us from the steamboat to the shore.

Whilst we were waiting for the crowd to leave the boat, I gazed entranced upon the scene; at once so novel and so interesting; high and magnificent buildings were discernible in every direction; the Ducal Palace, the New Palace, the Monnaie, Santa Maria, and St Marks rose before us, while an infinity of other domes and spires appeared in every direction; little boats came toward us from every side, while ever and anon, a covered black gondola stole silently and mysteriously past us, as if bent on an embassy of dark and treacherous nature; though I was fully aware that the gondolas were black, still they struck me with surprise, they looked so mournful, sad and gloomy, and as Lord Byron aptly expresses it, 'like coffins clapt in a canoe!' Martin having placed all our trunks in the gondola, as they were all taken from the carriage which was to be taken to Mestre on the shore to be put into a remise or coach house; there are no carriages or horses as you all know in Venice, and it is supposed that there are many persons in Venice who have never seen a carriage.

Every thing being ready, we entered the gondola, and instead of being taken to our hotel, were conducted to the Sanita or Health Office, to assure the officers that we were all in health. I wished Martin to tell the officer that he had the rheumatism, endeavoring to persuade him that they must intend to cure us of any disease we might have, but Martin, too well aware of the nature of the office, did not make the disclosure.

We sailed then to the Albergo Reale, a very fine hotel situated near the ducal palace, and commanding a fine view of the sea; we landed, and were conducted upstairs into very fine apartments, which had also the singular luxury of a carpet; there is also a piano in the room; we immediately breakfasted, and as my back had not

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recovered from the inconveniences of the past night, Frederic drew the sofa up before the wood fire, and after contemplating for some time the painted ceiling which represents some female figures in the clouds, accompanied by angels, I fell asleep; in the mean time Frederic and Caroline went to take a view of the city, and when they returned I was still asleep, having slept nearly an hour; thus refreshed I arose, drest and soon after went out with Frederic in one of the gondolas; but I will leave describing this till I have enjoyed the luxury oftener; but during the course of our row down the Grand Canal, I enjoyed myself so much, looking at the magnificent palaces which line the sides, and luxuriating mid cushions etc. I can safely say that all the bright anticipations I had formed of Venice, have so far been fully gratified.

Nothing now remains of the former riches and glory of Venice, its commerce annihilated, its resources exhausted, and its wealthy nobles and citizens improverished and humbled; no magnificence of the present day arises to cast into the shade the noble remnants of antiquity; nothing now remains of its former freedom and its enterprising republican spirit; its nobles beg their bread, and eat the food of adversity; but one thing remains; its history; the narrative of its past splendour, its heroic warriors, its enterprising doges; magnificent but decayed palaces rise on all sides as monuments of its fallen greatness, and appear to relate with a sad smile the story of its former splendour. A romance, an unusual interest clings round the spot, and every spot and monument seems hallowed by some historical souvenir. Who can gaze unmoved upon such fallen greatness? An admiration is kindled in the breast, more fervent and sincere on beholding these interesting ruins than could be created by any other city with all its magnificence and its splendour.

It is impossible to describe to you the effect caused by the water running through the streets; you can immediately realize what an undertaking it must have been to bring over the materials for building on these once desolate isles; and it appears much more wonderful how they could have succeeded in making a secure foundation; yet these palaces are almost all built of marble, and some ornamented with pillars and ornaments of porphyry. We have seen many palaces in their glory but nothing that can compare with those of Venice decayed as they are; at first the eye is offended by the stains which impair their beauty; they are very much blackened and defaced by time and many of them deserted, but still the archi-

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ecture is so magnificent and the finish of the ornaments so elaborate that they surpass any thing that we have seen; as we rowed along, almost unconscious of any movement, the eye rested upon rows of palaces, all handsome and large; it is indeed the city of palaces; we past numerous gondolas, all passing by with mystery, and arrived at the Rialto, but this as well as the ducal Palace, I will defer describing till tomorrow when I have again visited them; we took a walk in the Piazza di San Marco, and then returned to a very delightful dinner which was composed of rice soup, a fish called brochet, roast beef, chicken cutlets fricandeau de veau, a pair of partridges, an apple pie, *custards* (Sunday dinner, Aunt Louisa should have been here) peas, cauliflower, *strawberries* and *medlars*.

After dinner I wrote my journal seated on the sofa with a wash table on which I am writing; Caroline is occupied in the same way, and as Frederic did not sleep at all last night he is gently dosing.

During dinner Martin called to us to look out of the window; a mountebank was performing his feats, and this mountebank was a nobleman.

At 10 we retired.

VENICE, Monday, November 19th, 1838

This morning after breakfast I practised on the piano till Frederic returned from his banker's when we drest and went out to see the sights. The weather was not very clear; it was warm, and the sun broke out once or twice to illumine us with his cheering rays; we entered our gondola and rowed to the Piazza di San Marco; we entered it, and were soon blest with the sight of the Crown Prince of Russia, the same we met at Munich. We wandered about the Cathedral, having obtained a very good view of his majesty; he was dragged round from post to pillar by the obsequious priests who showed him every thing that was to be seen; the Prince exprest his admiration, but looked very much like a martyr having such a crowd continually following him. The ceiling and walls of this magnificent church are all covered with mosaic pictures on gold ground; they are very remarkable for their peculiarity and antiquity. The pavements are all of colored marbles in mosaic figures; there are many birds, flowers etc. made in different colored marbles and the effect is extremely rich and splendid; the columns which support the altar are of porphyry, verd antique and the choicest marbles; there are 500 columns of these precious stones. This edifice

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was commenced in 976, and finished in 1071; the architecture is Greek and Arab; on the façade are several pictures illustrating some of the early history of Venice, the transportation of the body of St Mark from Alexandria etc.; there are 5 large bronze doors and some exquisite bas reliefs over the grand entrance, the 4 celebrated bronze horses sent from Constantinople to Venice, are placed over the portico, and still bear traces of their former gilding. But it is useless for me to describe the appearance of this immense edifice with its multitude of spires; you can form so much more correct an idea from any drawing, that I take leave of this magnificent church; it seems to show however how rich the Venetians must have been even at that early time to have been able to build so splendid and rich an edifice. In the vestibule of the church is a spot which is marked as the spot where Frederic Barbarossa and Alexander III became reconciled; during that interview while Frederic bent his knee before the pope, the latter placed his foot on the head of the emperor, who was very much enraged, and said that he made obeisance to St Peter and not to the pope.

After leaving the church we walked in the piazza San Marco; on the three sides of this place are situated three very large rows of buildings which originally were palaces; these are ornamented with columns and very profuse decorations; the lower stories are devoted to stores, which display a very brilliant collection of fancy articles. In the midst of the place opposite the church are the three red columns, on which were displayed the three flags of Canthia, Cyprus and Morea. The Church of St Marc contains 4 alabaster columns, the only ones known in the world; 2 of them are white and perfectly transparent, 2 of them are of darker colour; these are considered very great curiosities. In the Piazzetta, are the 2 columns, brought as trophies; on one of them is a crocodile, on the other a winged lion; this lion was carried to Paris, but soon afterwards restored to Venice; we walked through the Piazzetta and then returned to our gondolas.

We were then rowed to the Church of Santa Maria della Salute. This church was built in consequence of a vow, made during the plague in 1630, which destroyed 44,000 persons. The exterior of this noble edifice is of the composite order and is decorated with statues and bas reliefs; it consists of an immense dome with smaller domes and chapels surrounding it. The interior is in the form of an octagon which contains another octagon; from the interior octagon

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arises a dome supported by splendid marble columns; the outside octagon contains 6 autels; these altars are enriched by paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, Palma etc.; these altars were all of marble with white marble columns and bas reliefs exquisitely executed; near the grand altar is a very large bronze candelabra 6 feet high, and adorned with exquisite bas reliefs; there are also 6 others, smaller, on the altar, these are of bronze gilded. The view of the church from the centre, in each opening having a view of the 8 altars, each ornamented with flowers, vases etc. produced a very beautiful effect; the pavement too was beautiful beyond description; it seemed to represent the sun, the rays diverging from the centre, and composed of the most beautiful coloured marbles; these pavements are far more beautiful than it is possible to describe; the form of this church pleases me extremely; it is the only one of this form I have ever seen, and the effect is very fine; there are 125 statues in this church; in the other parts of the church, the side apartments etc., are some very fine pictures by Titian, Tintoretto etc.

After leaving the Church, we went to the convent of the Salute, attached to the Church; it is now a seminary; as we entered the hall with its noble portico, its fine marble steps with balustrade richly carved, its fine statues and the bas reliefs on the walls; when we entered the large hall bearing traces of such magnificence; all these indisputable signs of wealth give ample evidence of the immense riches and former splendour of this city. We looked through a small window at a very large and rich library, but could not enter; we then entered the Pinacoteca Manfredini which consists of about 100 pictures of very fine masters of Guido Reni, Michael Angelo Buonarroti, Correggio etc. Count Manfredini left this collection to this seminary in his will.

We then returned to our gondola, and rowed to the manufactory of gold chains; we saw the process of making them; each person sits with a light before him, and with a pincers catches the smallest particle of gold which he converts into a magical chain. Frederic presented me with a yard of the very finest, which is intended as a ring; but I shall keep it as a curiosity; it is so fine that the slightest breath of air blows it away, and so small that you can scarcely see it; I will show it to you on my return if some unpropitious gale does not blow it away.

At 5, we returned to a very excellent dinner, and after dinner, at 7, Frederic and I went out in a gondola to enjoy this luxury at

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night. We entered the gondola, which is lined with green worsted damask; there are green cords to raise one as they rise or sit down; there are also curtains, blinds and glasses which can be raised or lowered at will; we preferred however breathing the soft warm air of the evening; we threw ourselves on a delightful cushion of eider-down which immediately sunk to a very great depth; this is the most luxurious seat I ever saw; with our lantern in front, and rowed by 2 boatmen, who were so skilful that we felt no motion but occasionally heard the dip of the gondolier's oar; the gondolas past us all with their lanterns looking like fireflies, and no sound was heard but the dip of the oar, and occasionally a musical voice; if Venice is delightful in the daytime what is it at night; the palaces now decayed are softened by the shades of night; nothing is seen but their noble fronts and columns, with lights gleaming from almost every window; the effect is magical; the city appears to rise from the sea; the little land and wood which you can sometimes discover in the daytime, is lost at night; and the deep reflection in the pure water, appears to be a continuation of the building under water; no one can judge of Venice from pictures or descriptions; nothing but a visit to this enchanting spot can convey any idea of its effect. We rowed along unconscious of the fleeting moments; I can compare our sail to nothing but floating on the stream of Lethe, where memory fails, all past recollections are forgotten, and you can only imagine and feel the sweet enchantments of the present enjoyment. Nothing was wanting to my happiness; I felt perfectly enchanted, but I felt a great desire to have the society of my beloved father mother and sister to enjoy with us the present moment; how often I wish for them to share my present raptures. We glided along in sweet forgetfulness, until the cry of the gondolier, "Dove volete andare adesso, Signore," roused us from a delicious reverie. 'Al Piazza di San Marco,' was the answer; our gondola was turned round with a noiseless motion, and in a few moments of exquisite enjoyment, we were at the little steps, the door was opened, and having dismissed our gondola for the day, we took a walk mid a brilliant assemblage of stores, etc., and having made a few necessary purchases, returned home passing the Ducal Palace. All Venice appeared to be in the streets, and indeed this is the gayest part of the day; the cafés were all brilliantly illuminated, and numbers of persons eating ices, etc.

We returned home and found M^r. Haydon and M^r. Saul of New

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Orleans; they entertained us very agreeably till 20 minutes of 12 and then took their leave.

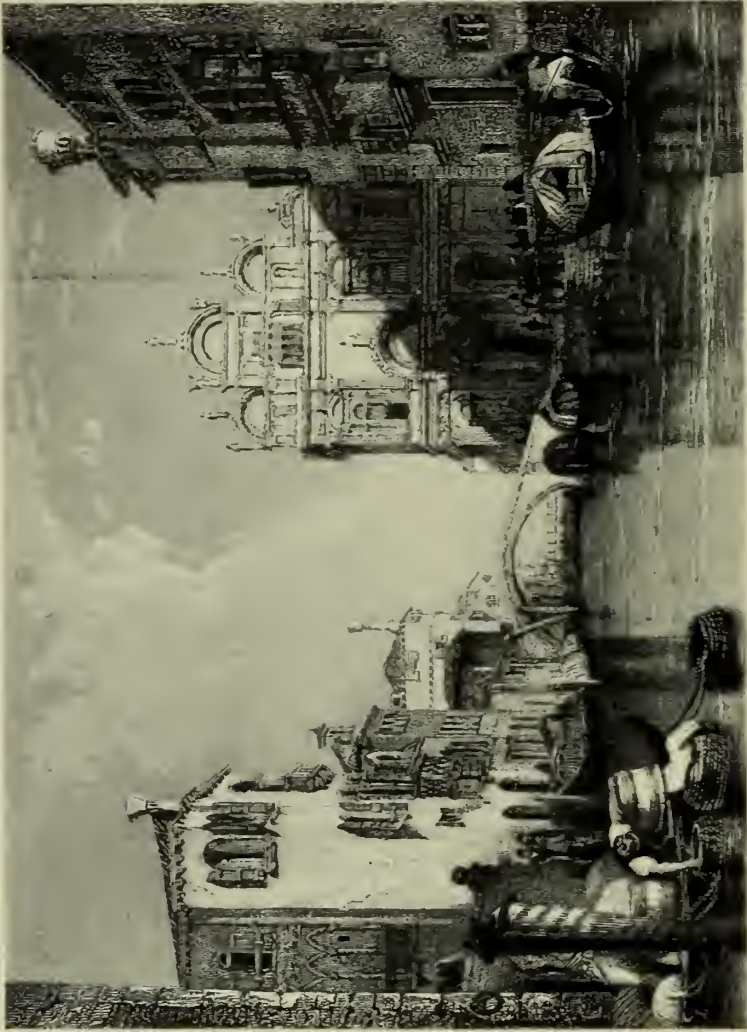
VENICE, Tuesday, November 20th, 1838

Breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, after which we prepared our letters to send home; I then *practised* until Frederic returned home; the day was lovely, the sun shining brilliantly and the weather delightfully warm; the sky was pure and unclouded and every thing reminded me that we are in Italy; the view from our windows is magnificent, stretching out several miles to sea, while before the house is a grand promenade, where multitudes of persons are continually passing and enlivening the scene by the variety of their costume and manners.

As soon as Frederic returned home, we drest ourselves and went to some places in the city on the Grand Canal; I cannot imagine that Venice ever looked more beautifully than this morning; the palaces looked more brilliant than ever and the greatest number of gondolas were flying in every direction.

As the day was so delightful, we determined to visit some of the neighboring islands. We sailed along until we arrived at St Michel de Murano, about 2 miles from Venice. Nothing could be more delightful than the row; on arriving at the island, we examined the exterior of the church, for which this island is celebrated; the façade of this church is very justly admired; it is of white marble, and there are several very beautiful statues on the exterior; in the interior there is nothing very remarkable; we heard a very loud singing and found that a very large number of Capuchin monks were at their devotions; we then walked to the burying ground which is situated on this island, and is connected with that of St Christopher which was not large enough; it is the public burying ground; we were very anxious to visit the convent of the Capuchins, but the prior told us that it was not permitted for ladies to enter the convent; Frederic however went in and when he returned he said that they lived in the greatest simplicity, sleeping on beds on stone and each living in a cell by himself; we then went to the island of Murano, where is the celebrated manufactory of beads for bags, necklaces etc. I suppose you are well aware that *all* the beads for bead bags come from Venice; it is the only place in the world where they are manufactured.

We entered the manufactory, saw the common glass of which it is made; we then saw them put the glass after it had been colored



SAN GIOVANNI E PAOLO

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into the fire; it is colored with different metals; it is put into the fire and comes out in the form of a long piece, a hole is then bored into it; it is again put into the fire, and the red-hot mass is drawn out to the length of 2 or 300 feet; it is then cut into beads by a machine, but is still very irregular in its shape; the holes of the beads are then filled with hard clay so as not to snap, and they are then put into a furnace with some sand and are rounded by friction; they are then taken out, the clay, when cool, becomes like powder and is blown off; the beads are then put into a bag with some sort of grain; a man swings the bag, and the friction polishes the beads; it was a very interesting exhibition indeed; it is impossible to give you an idea what quantities they make; there are several manufactories, all constantly employed, for they are exported to all parts of the world.

We then went to a glass factory where we saw the process of making glass, vases etc.; as you have seen such factories, I will not tire you with a description.

We then returned to the city and stopt at the Church of San John and St Paul. It is astonishing the number of beggars which we constantly meet, and for the slightest service they expect so much; at the stores too they ask very high prices, but if they imagine that you will go without buying, they abate half their price.

What strikes me most here is the total absence of good society; you see few ladies and gentlemen, and those few are all strangers; the inhabitants seldom leave their houses except to go to the theatre, opera, balls and private parties; there is no opera here at present though the opera house is said by many to be the handsomest in Europe and some prefer it to La Scala at Milan.

But after this digression I must return to the Church, having left you at the gondola steps. This is the richest Church in Venice; filled with monuments in marble and treasures; but the exterior is very plain and unimposing; the architecture of this church is of the middle ages it is remarkable for its extreme magnificence, the richness and elegance of its ornaments and the number of its splendid marble monuments. There is here the family monument of the Doge Mocenigo. There are numbers of side chapels all filled with choice paintings and the richest sculpture. One of the richest monuments in the church is that of the Doge Valier; it is immensely large extending from the ceiling to the floor supported by immense marble columns, and ornamented with numerous statues of the

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Doge and the different virtues; but the richest monument in Venice is that of Vendramin, it is adorned with the most exquisite sculpture, and was designed as a proof of the highest degree of perfection at which the Venetian chisel. Another of the curiosities of this church are 6 bas reliefs in bronze of the most minute and perfect workmanship; they represent different passages in the life of St Domenico. We then entered a side chapel where we saw many very excellent carvings in wood; there were also some carvings in white marble round the altarpiece; these carvings were beautifully executed, and represented different scenes in the life of our Saviour; the most minute details were attended to, and the finish was exquisite; on our return home, we past between the Prison and the Palace, under the Bridge of Sighs; as we past under it such a host of mournful reminiscences presented themselves to our imagination that we all involuntarily sighed; Frederic pointed out to me the window of Silvio Pellico, and I remembered Maroncelli's trials with many a sigh; we returned to dinner, however, and forgot our sighs and cares mid the delights of a very fine dinner, the finest we have had in a very long time. After dinner by candlelight, at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6, we entered our gondola, and rowed along the Grand Canal; the houses were not so much illuminated as yesterday and there were not quite so many gondolas; still I enjoyed myself beyond expression; it is the most delightful dreamy sort of existence you can imagine; we rowed some distance beyond the Rialto, then returned to the Place de St Marco by the small canals, and walked for some time in the piazza looking at a brilliant display of shops, jewellery fancy stores, etc.; after finishing our walk we returned home and finished the day by writing our journals.

VENICE, Wednesday, November 21st, 1838

Immediately after breakfast, we took our gondola, and commenced sight seeing. The morning was delightful the sun rose with unusual splendour, and shed such a refulgent light in the sea as it rose that it seemed like a sea of fire; but this fine weather was not destined to last; we commenced by going to Santa Maria degli Scalzi; it is situated on the Grand Canal. This church is composed of a vast number of little chapels, each belonging to a particular family, and each ornamented with the greatest costliness; large pillars of jasper, porphyry, Rosso de Francia, and beautifully inlaid with precious marbles; the pavements are of the most beautiful

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marbles in mosaic; there are very rare specimens of stones, etc. There is also a chapel which is called the Santa Casa of St Loretto; so called because it is built on the spot where St Loretto lived; we then went to Santa Lucia, remarkable for the great simplicity of its architecture; the tabernacle is considered very beautiful, being of white marble, inlaid with lapis lazuli. We then went to the Church of Santa Maria della Salute, to hear some very fine music, as it was the fête day of the madonna; as we approached, gondolas were attached to every part of the steps; hosts of liveried gondoliers were laughing and joking and there was an immense crowd of men, women, and children; 2 long files of Austrian soldiers extended from the body of the church to the large door, not allowing any one to enter or go out; we entered the church by a side door; but it was so crowded, we could see nothing; we however made interest with the sexton, and after climbing up a number of stone steps without a ray of light to illumine our path; (round the dome is a narrow balcony, commanding a beautiful view of the scene below;) we had undisputed possession of this gallery, as there were only 2 French countesses there at their devotions. High mass was performing; the altar was very beautifully illuminated and at night the effect would have been very fine; indeed you cannot imagine the beauty of the scene below us; the crowds of people, the soldiers in their black fur caps and white uniforms; there was a grand procession of the priests carrying flags & standards; after looking at this beautiful scene heard the fine music and then returned home; the boatmen meanwhile put the black cover on the boat as we had been uncovered in the morning, and we proceeded to the Armenian convent on the island of St Lazare; as we past Santa Maria Salute, we saw the gondola of the patriarch or archbishop; it is his state gondola; black with scarlet tufts on the top, with glasses all round, and lined with scarlet silk and hangings; we past the celebrated madhouse, and saw several of the maniacs at the windows; we also heard their shrieks.

We arrived at the island, on which the convent stands; it is a bright red building and very extensive; we waited for some time at the door, as the brothers were all at dinner, but we were soon received by a man, who took us into the chapel; here there is nothing remarkable to see; we were then joined by one of the brothers who spoke English; he was drest in a long black dress, with a little black cap on the back of his head; his beard was very long; he is a very accomplished man, as he speaks 24 languages; he is a native of Con-

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stantinople and has visited all Europe; all the brothers speak the Armenian language, and many of them speak several; the monk showed us a number of Armenian manuscripts, among others one beautifully illuminated, the handsomest I have ever seen; there were whole pages of exquisite paintings; he showed us a book containing prayers in 24 languages; Caroline took one as a specimen, Frederic having purchased one already. They have many curiosities brought by the monks in their travels; we were also shown the printing office where they have 3 large presses; nothing is printed here but the books composed in the convent; they are principally Armenian, and are sent to Constantinople and to the East. This is the most learned convent in Europe; after having been conducted through several rooms, we were shown the picture of the Sultan, copied from the one at Vienna and that of the Turkish Ambassador; we also saw many costumes of the Eastern nations painted on rice paper.

Having seen all the curiosities we left the convent, thanking the monk for his politeness, and we went to the Lido, to see the house where Lord Byron used to come and reside when he wished to enjoy riding on horseback; he used to keep his horses in the stable near by. The house is in very bad repair, and is occupied by a poor and forlorn family.

We then went to the island of St Clement, where there is a very pretty church; it contains a mausoleum erected to Jerome Gradenigo, Patriarch of Aquileia; there were several Capuchins in the chapel, and 2 priests performing mass; they were singing with the utmost vehemence; there were several statues and different colored marbles.

We then entered the gondola, and on our way home stopt at the Church of the Redemption, which is situated on the Canal of the Giudecca; this is considered the masterpiece of Palladio; it is of the composite order; the form is a Latin cross. It is ornamented with several paintings by Bassano and Paul Veronese. There are 2 bronze works by Campagna, very beautiful and well executed. In the sacristy we saw 3 pictures of the Virgin and the Child, by Bellini, very beautiful. This church was also built in consequence of a vow made when the plague raged in 1575. The interior is very grand but simple.

We next went to the Jesuit's Church, celebrated for containing 6 columns $3\frac{1}{2}$ feet high, and $\frac{1}{2}$ foot in diameter; they are of the very

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rare lapis lazuli; they support the tabernacle or altar piece; 2 of them are of a very beautiful blue, the others are not quite so handsome; they are the only ones in Europe. The other parts of the altar also, are ornamented with the finest marbles, columns of rosso di Francia and jasper.

We then left the church, and returned home to dinner. We had invited M^r. Saul and M^r. Haydon to dine with us, and to go out with us in the evening to hear the gondoliers sing; we had engaged 2 men who were to sing for us; but as it rained we could not go; the gentlemen however dined with us; the dinner party was remarkable for nothing except its being the first dinner party at which I had ever presided; it was, however done with the utmost ease, for I knew no more what we were to have than the company. We lingered over the table from 5 till 9, and spent the rest of the evening till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10, chatting, round the fire, M^r. Haydon entertaining me with his eastern tour to Constantinople, Holy Land. Soon after their departure we retired. M^r. Saul is a young gentleman from New Orleans; he was on board the Susquehanna when it was said to have been taken by pirates, and was the gentleman who it was said had excited the anger of Mitchell the pirate, by giving a verdict of guilty against him. M^r. H. is a very handsome young man, very tall, with a very long beard; he mentioned having seen Peter Brinckerhoff in Paris last winter; M^r. H. and M^r. S. are both great friends of Major Wharton; I told them of his marriage, but they were not surprised, as he had been engaged for many months.

VENICE, Thursday, November 22nd, 1838

Immediately after breakfast, we wrote our journals until Fred-eric was ready, and then went out in our gondola. The day was lovely; the sunrises here are unusually brilliant; we first went to the Arsenal which is one of the most interesting objects in Venice. This immense edifice, the circuit of which is 3 miles was commenced in 1304. It is surrounded by high walls, and is a very handsome building. The great door is embellished with marble columns, and is ornamented with sculptures by the scholars of Sansovino; on the top is the statue of St Justina, placed there because it was on his fête day that the Venetians gained a very great victory over the Turks 1571. At the entrance of the building are four white marble lions, 2 of which are said to have been made by the Athenians after the battle of Marathon; in this case they must have been made 490

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years before the Christian era. There has been much learned discussion concerning these lions, and their origin is not satisfactorily ascertained.

On entering, we were ushered up stairs into a large hall, filled with instruments of war taken from the Turks, etc. Among other curiosities is an instrument of torture used formerly by the Venetians; it consists of a large iron helmet and cuirass into which the prisoner is put, being confined tightly; he is then questioned through a small opening, and if he refuses to answer sharp points of iron are stuck into different parts of his head; this is extremely barbarous; there are also several singular instruments of torture used by one of the greatest tyrants that ever existed, Francesco Carrara, duke of Padua; one consists of a key which was handed to the victim, who on receiving necessarily touched a spring, and immediately a poisoned arrow flew in his body; he used also to sit by the window, and with a bow and arrow which was shown us, aimed at the passengers, and killed them; merely from cruelty; a lady once made some remark about this tyrant's cruelty, which came to his ears. He immediately sent her a box $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet long, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a foot wide; this box was covered with diamonds; on opening it, 4 pistols immediately went off and killed her on the spot.

There is a celebrated work of Canova here, the monument of Admiral Angelo Emo; it is ingeniously conceived and admirably executed. His bust is placed on a column on the sea shore, 2 figures are weeping at his feet; there is also the armour of Henry IV of France, who sent it to the republic when he asked permission to be admitted as a Patrician; there are 6 rooms filled with 50,000 stand of arms.

We then descended and walked into the ship yards, where they were constructing several vessels; there are also several large founderies of cannon, rope walks, etc. We saw a number of galley slaves, chained two and two, working in the yards; they all put out their hats for charity but this is such a common thing in Italy that if you look at a person they expect charity.

We then went into the model room where we saw a great number of models of Venetian galleys, gondolas, & vessels of all kinds from the earliest date of the republic. But the greatest curiosity is the Bucentaur, the gondola in which the doges used to go to marry the sea; it is entirely gilded, with crimson velvet cover, the inside lined with gold; the stern was very beautifully ornamented, all gilded, and with many appropriate figures; the seat of the Doge is a large crim-

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son velvet and gold chair, a window opening just behind him; after many imposing religious ceremonies, the Doge dropt a ring into the water and thus the marriage was consummated; this ceremony was intended to show that the Venetians had the right of sovereignty of the seas. The bow of the gondola was ornamented with gilded figures of Justice, Peace, the Four Winds, Fame, etc.; it is impossible to describe the gorgeous and very magnificent appearance of this vessel; it is an exact model of the original vessel only on a smaller scale; the length of the model is about 10 feet; there were 42 oars, and 4 men to each oar; you may thus imagine the size of the vessel; the floor was rosewood and satinwood inlaid; the seats were of the same; we also saw a mast of the original Bucentaur; and took a piece of the wood as a relic; on the exterior of the building is the monument of Marshall Schulenburg, General-in-chief of the armies of the Republic; the French, when they were here, built a large gate or entrance into the port of the arsenal.

After leaving this very interesting place, which contains so many memorials of the sunny days of Venice, we went to the Church of St Martin to hear some music; the church was extremely crowded, but having made interest with the sexton, we obtained very good seats; after staying an hour listening to some very fine instrumental music we went to the Palazzo Cragliatto where there is a very fine gallery of pictures; among the most remarkable are, a Venetian Beauty by Georgione, the Redeemer by Hans Holbein, some paintings of Titian, Christ's dispute with the doctors in the temple by Bellini, some fine Dutch paintings and the Place de St Marc on the day of the fête, which was given to the son of the King of Poland in 1720 by Canaletto.

We then went to the Palace Manfrini, also one of the handsomest palaces in Venice; though the Palazzo Pesaro is the handsomest in this city of marble palaces. We were conducted into large, gloomy apartments with stone floors, and very cold. This palace is remarkable for its pictures, among the finest are Ariosto, by Titian, Lucretia, by Guido, a Portrait by Paul Veronese, the Portraits of Petrarch and Laura, by Bellini, and the Flight into Egypt by Caracci; there are also several handsome tables of porphyry, verd antique, works in enamel, ivory, and a cabinet of Natural History; we then went to the Palazzo Barbarigo, where there is also a gallery of precious paintings; among the most celebrated is the Magdalen by Titian, a uncommonly fine painting; it is considered his chef-d'oeuvre;

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there are also many others by Titian; 5 paintings of the doges; one of the Barbarigo family; there are hosts of others, but all in bad condition and in bad lights; as there was a carpet on the floor of the gallery we looked at the pictures with more pleasure, as we did not feel the cold strike through to the heart, as it does in all the galleries, churches etc.

After leaving the church we went to the Church of Santa Maria dei Frari; this church was built by the architect Pisano; at the entrance, on the vases of holy water, are 2 statues, one of St Anthony and the other of Innocence; near one of the altars is the tomb of Titian; it consists of a plain stone in the pavement with his name inscribed upon it; the government have ordered a very handsome monument to be erected similar to that of Canova opposite; as this great painter died when the plague was raging in 1575 the Venetians were not able to erect a monument over his grave. The monument erected to Canova who died in 1823, is executed in white Carrara marble in the style of the one by himself sculptured in Vienna, the monument of Christine; it was executed by several Venetian artists; this church is very rich in marbles very handsomely sculptured; the choir particularly is entirely composed of a white marble with different heads carved thereupon; this work is said to have belonged to the family Canozzi; inside of this enclosure are 150 stalls or seats in wood very beautifully carved; there are also several magnificent mausoleums erected to different distinguished men of the republic. The altars here are also very handsome, being ornamented with the richest marbles; there are several handsome paintings by Titian, Tintoretto, and other masters of the Venetian school. One of the greatest curiosities is a piece of sculpture over one of the side doors, representing the Madonna, Child, and 2 angels; the execution was perfect, and though the marble was blackened by time, we gazed upon it with admiration; whilst we were in the church, a man came up with a glass case in his hand followed by 3 women; we stopt to see what offering he had brought, when lo! the door opened and out came a little baby to be christened; we waited to see the ceremony, which the priest muttered with great speed, and having *cross* the child with salt, with some oil on cotton, the ceremony was finished.

We then left the church, and returned to dinner; during a very delightful dinner we were serenaded by some very delightful music; we went to the window and found that it was the Venetian nobleman performing his mountebank tricks; Frederic threw him some money,

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and although I felt very sad at looking upon this wreck of nobility, and though he was an old man, I could not forbear laughing at his antics; while we were standing there, a man past with a tray of cakes, candies etc. quite large hanging from his neck; the mountebank caught him round the neck and obliged him to waltz round several times, unconscious of the rolling of the poor man's cakes etc.; he also sang several Italian songs which were quite sweet; his movements were remarkably graceful, and I thought I could discover under this sad and ignominious exterior the mien and movements of a gentleman; what a degradation! Such scenes as this bring to mind more strongly than ordinary incidents the fall of Venice. After dinner, as the weather continued pleasant, we went out in a gondola, accompanied by M^{essrs.} Saul and Haydon, who presented Caroline and myself, each with a bouquet of flowers, to hear the songs of the Italian gondoliers who were to sing for us, they being in another boat; we went as far as the Rialto, enjoying the sweet strains of 7 Italian gondoliers, with very fine voices, and singing very sweet songs; we were all very much delighted, and felt extremely romantic, but a few minutes before we arrived at the bridge, the rain commenced falling in torrents, but did in no wise damp our ardour, for we sat under the Rialto, completely sheltered, and the boatmen enjoying the same shelter; they sang for us, a great variety of songs, boatsongs, lovesongs and every thing that was romantic, nothing could have been more delightful of a pleasant evening, but we were all so rapturous in our praise, and enthusiastic in our cries of Bravo, Encore, that we heeded not the storm, and only listened to the delightful strains. We staid out for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hour and then returned between the showers to a hospitable fire side; we might have had more romance had it been pleasant but the rain caused a great many jokes that would not have come in play but for the storm; we spent the rest of the evening till 10, in talking over the delights of travelling, the wonders we had seen, but these gentlemen do make such interminable visits that nothing but the greatest command over the features can prevent certain yawns; but it is really very fatiguing to be all day looking at sights, walking through galleries etc. and to retire at the extraordinarily late hour of 11 and 12; however good night.

VENICE, Friday, November 23rd, 1838

Woke up this morning and found it a gloomy rainy day; alas! such is the climate of Italy; however I do wrong to speak ill of the

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climate for the last of November and commencement of December is the winter of Venice, and instead of cold we have only gloomy days; we are rather unfortunate in the season, but then we have enjoyed the delights of Austria, which we could not have done, without leaving Venice till this month; after breakfast, wrote our journals while Frederic went out to attend to some business.

When he returned we seated ourselves in the gondola, and went to see the Church and convent of St Roch; we were first conducted into a large hall, ornamented by 6 very large pictures by Tintoretto; we then ascended a very handsome marble staircase at the top of which were several other handsome paintings; here an immense, grand and noble staircase led to the upper story; on both sides of this splendid scala were paintings by Tintoretto, at the head of the scala was a very large room ornamented with paintings by Tintoretto, among the different subjects are the Last Supper, the Shower of Manna, the Miracles of the loaves and fishes; there are also several very remarkable wood carvings, representing the different arts & sciences, three of which are said to have been executed by Michel Angelo; the bronze gate of the chancel is extremely handsome and very remarkable. In a side room was the Crucifixion, the chef-d'oeuvre of Tintoretto; the grouping is admirable but the colors are faded and darkened by time.

We saw also St Peter, in tapestry, and the wax figure of a doge, which was taken immediately after his death; his family afterwards presented the cap, etc.

The Church of St Roch. This church is quite handsome, and abounds with paintings and statues dedicated to that saint. It is also ornamented with paintings by Titian, Tintoretto. But I will not fatigue you any longer with accounts of these churches. I will name them.

We then went to see the church of St Sebastian, remarkable for nothing except its containing the remains of Paul Veronese, who died in 1588; many parts of the church were designed by him, and there are many paintings by him.

We then saw the Church of San Francesco della Vigne which scarcely repaid us for the trouble of visiting it; it is filled with pictures, but like all paintings in church, are much disfigured by the damp, and are in miserable lights; therefore one takes but little pleasure in seeing them; we then visited the Greek Church, which is very highly ornamented, and very much in the style of the Catholic;

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there is a large seat on one side for the patriarch; it is a gilded chair with crimson velvet seat; there are several paintings in the church; we then returned to our gondola, and as the weather was becoming delightful and clear we rowed to the island of St George; the appearance of the sky was extremely brilliant and golden; we entered the Church of St George and found it one of the handsomest we had seen and in very excellent preservation; it is a magnificent temple in the form of a Latin cross. The altar is ornamented with a large gold ball, and several very exquisite bronze figures; the grandeur and at the same time the light airy elegance of this church it is impossible to describe.

On leaving the island, we returned to dinner, but before sitting down we saw one of the most brilliant skies that you can imagine; a beautiful rainbow added much to the brilliancy of the scene.

After dinner, we wrote our journals, and then took a walk mid the gay shops of the piazza di San Marco; we then returned and finished the evening by writing, reading etc.

Frederic received a letter this morning from his brother Arthur; he did not give us any news but said that all the families were well; he also mentioned that M^r. & M^{rs}. & Miss McCracken were about sailing, and General Scott & his family have sailed and are now in Paris.

VENICE, Saturday, November 24th, 1838

Rose at 8, and found the sky very beautiful; for some time the sun struggled with the clouds, but at last the sun gained the ascendancy; a few minutes before breakfast, Caroline and I were sitting by the fire in the parlour waiting for breakfast, when Martin entered leading by a string a very beautiful Italian greyhound, of a light fawn colour, and resembling very much M^{rs}. Colden's deceased Zoe; Caroline, knowing my very great dread of dogs, kindly opened the door to drive it out thinking that Martin had brought it in to show it to us; but Martin stopt her, at the same time handing me the following note; "If M^{rs}. Bronson will not think an Italian greyhound too troublesome a 'souvenir de Venise', M^r. Haydon will be much honored by her acceptance of the one he sends"; here was a pretty predicament; I had already become so nervous on the subject that I could scarcely allow the dog to remain in the room; and yet I knew not how to send it back; how were we to carry it about with us from place to place except upon our laps; this was an act of heroism I was not capable of, and neither could I endure to have

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such a troublesome companion in the carriage; we however tied him to the piano and during breakfast, discussed the merits of the case; but my opinion was made up, by several shrill barks and scratches on the floor, which fully persuaded me that I could never make a pet of him. He was extremely beautiful however and very graceful, and of a beautiful colour, but I finally persuaded Frederic to call upon M^r H—— state the case to him in the most polite way, and I was sure he could not be offended. Frederic accordingly went, and fulfilled the mission with his usual tact, to the entire satisfaction of both parties. Martin who had already become very much attached to the dog, and had several times begged me to give it a name, restored it to his owner, and I imagine he felt more than any of the rest of the party.

After breakfast, we took our gondola, the sun shining beautifully, and rowed to the Académie des Beaux Arts; here there is a very large and choice collection of paintings, all by the first Venetian Masters and in excellent preservation. The hall itself is very magnificent; it was formerly a convent but is now appropriated to the fine arts. The chef-d'oeuvre of Titian is here and a splendid picture it is; it is the Ascension of the Virgin; the Virgin is robed in scarlet with a drapery of purple; she is rising mid clouds which are supported by numbers of little angels in the most graceful positions; a flood of light pours from the top of the picture, and you perceive an indistinct mass of faces, all angels waiting to receive the Virgin; below, on the foreground, appear several of the apostles; the work is very effective, and the face of the Virgin is justly admired for its exquisite sweetness. There are many other valuable paintings here by Paul Veronese, Tintoretto etc.; there are several also by Bellini, remarkable because they represent the early costumes of Venice, which are very rich and curious. There are also many works in bronze, a figure of John the Baptist cut in porphyry, a little monument to Canova, and an urn containing his right hand; underneath is his chisel; there are several other interesting objects, of which I will spare you the description as I am sensible that these long and monotonous recitals must weary you excessively; however you must hereafter make up your minds to listen to nothing but descriptions of churches, etc.

After leaving the Academy, we rowed to the Cabinet of Antiquities where there are many relics of the luxuries of the Venetians, porphyry and verd antique tables and hosts of other curious and

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valuable articles; there were also several very fine views of Venice by Canaletto.

We then visited the Correro Museum, where we again walked through galleries containing pictures of the Old and Modern Venetian School, Dutch, Flemish and modern paintings; it also contains a rich collection of different interesting curiosities, cameos, engravings medals, manuscripts, and national memorials; one of the most interesting things is a plan of Venice, in 1540; it is on wood, and was executed by Albert Dürer; many copies have been struck, and several sent to Austria; it is considered a very great curiosity. This museum was bequeathed to the city of Venice by the late Theodore Correr, who also appropriated a certain sum to support it.

We then went to see the Théâtre Malibran, which was built by M^r. Gallo, a Venetian; it is arranged that concerts can be given there, and consequently is very well lighted, having 27 windows; it is not however very handsome; over the stage on the ceiling is written in letters of gold, Marie Garcia Malibran; we then proceeded to the Théâtre Fénicé which is said to be the handsomest in Italy, many preferring it to La Scala at Milan. As we did not see the latter satisfactorily, I can scarcely judge, but La Fénicé is fitted up in a style superior to any that we have seen; there are 4 tiers of boxes all fitted up with the same splendour; thus the eye ranges from the top to the pit and meets with an uninterrupted succession of beautiful boxes, all with draperies of white silk and beautifully decorated in the interior; the Emperor's box is very handsome; it is situated in the middle; that of the viceroy is on the left. There is at present no opera here, as the company left the week before we arrived.

As it was now 4, we returned home and sat down to a delightful dinner; we have been so very much pleased with the cooking here that I have asked for several of the receipts in the way of desserts and cakes which are delightful; we spent the remainder of the evening, sewing and reading till 10, when we retired.

VENICE, Sunday, November 25th, 1838

Rose this morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, and found that it was raining; breakfasted and as there is at present no English Church here staid at home all the morning, wrote our journals, read etc. A gleam of sunshine is now breaking in upon me, as if to reproach me for anything I have said against the weather in my journal.

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It soon cleared up and proved to be a delightful day; the weather was extremely warm and lovely; we therefore drest and went out to take a walk in the *jardin public*. We proceeded along the *riva degli Schiavoni*, until we arrived at the broadest street in Venice about as wide as Murray St; this width continues however but $\frac{1}{4}$ of a mile. On one side of the street is a large iron gate with granite columns which leads into the *Jardin*. Several long avenues lead into different parts of the garden; this garden was the work of the French when they were here from 1805 to 1814; it is entirely built on piles; the earth was brought there and raised into artificial mounds, hills, etc. which form very delightful promenades; from this retreat, you enjoy a beautiful view of Venice throned on its hundred isles; its numerous domes, spires, campaniles, and its houses rising like Cybele from the ocean; the Lido, Malamocco, the Island of St George in the distance form very agreeable pictures in the landscape, but these gardens although they were made with such vast labour are 2 miles round. In such a place as Venice these gardens are quite singular, for many of the inhabitants have never been in a field, seen an ear of corn, nor heard any birds sing, except those in cages.

There are 18 public schools in Venice, and several musical academies where young girls are instructed in music. In one of these Madame Catalani cultivated her extraordinary powers.

Venice has been aptly compared to a large fleet windbound; every one orders their boat and rows round, and all do the same; St Marks 'is a ball on board the commodore'; in all its palaces and buildings you may read 'sermons in stones', or as Lady Morgan observes, "we feel that we are reading a history."

After leaving the garden, where we had staid an hour enchanted with the beautiful view, we returned to the *Piazza di San Marco*, where crowds of persons were lounging about; few ladies were to be seen, as they never make their appearance in the street in any Italian towns. They remain at home a great deal, go to balls, parties, operas in the evening, after which they assemble in St Mark's *Piazza* at midnight the fashionable time, and there linger several hours, eating ices chatting and lounging. The fashionables are said to retire at 5 or 6 in the morning, and to arise at noon or at 1; this you may think is keeping very extraordinary hours, but every one unites in this statement.

We admired these splendid edifices, walked into the cortile of the Ducal Palace, where we admired the extreme richness of the archi-

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ecture; the exterior of the Palace is of red brick surmounted by a slender fretwork; underneath is a number of small arches and intersected circles of white marble. It is remarkable that the 2 sides of the palace, one facing the Piazza and the other the Grand Canal should be built of Brick whilst the third in the interior of the courtyard is all of marble exquisitely carved and ornamented, and ornamented with porphyry, verd antique etc. There is a noble flight of steps leading up to the palace, called the Giant's Staircase from the colossal statues of Mars and Neptune at its base; the staircase is of white marble very much carved and ornamented; at the head of the stairs are 2 lions' mouths which gaped night and day so as to receive the anonymous informations that ensured the gratification of private revenge. On the broad eminence at the top the doge was invested with his insignia of office, and on these stairs, Marino Faliero, the traitor doge, received his sentence, "the marble stairs, down which the grizzly head of Old Faliero rolled from the block." Having thus described the exterior of the palace, the interior of which we intend visiting tomorrow, we stept into the Church of St Mark; the sun was shining brilliantly and as it shone upon the gold mosaics of the ceilings walls etc. made it resemble a sea of gold; this church is not remarkable for the beauty of its architecture or for taste, in which it is deficient, but from the extreme richness of both the exterior and interior; it is ornamented with columns which were the spoils of Constantinople and the Levant; there are 600 of these columns on the front of the exterior; there are also several mosaic pictures with gold grounds representing scenes of St Mark's life. On entering the church you enter a vestibule which is adorned with 8 columns of oriental marble, ornamented with birds etc., said to have belonged to Solomon's temple. I do not vouch for the truth of this. The columns of this church are of porphyry, verd antique, oriental marbles, the pavement of small pieces inlaid, such as jasper, agate, lapis lazuli etc.; the minute details of this church we have not yet examined; tomorrow we shall probably do so; but there are 4 columns of oriental alabaster perfectly transparent and brought from Solomon's temple which I cannot forbear mentioning. There is a great deficiency of light in this church; there are many parts of it extremely gloomy and dismal, but it is generally supposed it must have been intended for nocturnal illuminations like St Sophia's at Constantinople; the old Church of St Mark's was destroyed by fire in the 9th century and the present one was erected just at the time

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when every thing from Constantinople was in vogue; it was consequently built by Byzantine architects, who have adopted that oriental style. The walls are ornamented with slabs of agate, verd antique, jasper etc., therefore you may imagine that this diversity of colors alone would be sufficient to destroy the effect of the purest architecture; the church as usual was filled with forlorn looking objects praying, and as it was our dinner hour returned home; at the door of our hotel, met M^r Haydon, who had just been to pay us a visit; dined very pleasantly, and after dinner, read, chatted, and spent the evening pleasantly; it was a lovely moonlight night.

VENICE, Monday, November 26th, 1838

Rose, and breakfasted at 10; morning rather pleasant, wrote journals till 12, waiting for Frederic to return from his banker's.

At 12, he returned, and we immediately went to the Ducal Palace; in the courtyard of the palace are 2 large bronze cisterns, admirably wrought; we ascended the Giant's Staircase, which I have already described, and then mounted the golden staircase, so called because the ceiling is gilded, and very richly carved; we then entered the grand library; this library was founded by Petrarch who left his valuable books and manuscripts to Venice, and this small but valuable collection was since increased by Cardinal Bessarione, and others, and it now contains 70,000 books and 5000 manuscripts. This splendid hall is ornamented with a great number of large pictures, illustrating the history of Venice; the first by Tintoretto, which is immensely large is considered the masterpiece of this artist, but it is now so defaced and disfigured by time that it is remarkable for nothing but its vast extent, and the number of figures which he has grouped with great art. The other pictures are by Bassano, Paul Veronese, and others; several of the subjects are the interviews of the Pope Alexander III, Frederic Barbarossa and the Doge, in one of the pictures; there are a number of these all equally curious; over these paintings were the pictures of the doges; in the place where Marino Faliero ought to have been placed, but in its stead is a black veil with the words Marino Faliero decapitated for his crimes; in this room there are several very remarkable sculptures; the most remarkable are Leder and the Swan, 2 fauns, the dying soldier, and many other antiques. There is also another room called the Hall of Scrutiny, where each member during the election of the doge, stated his objections to the candidate; in this room are 2 rows of statues,

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and the walls and ceiling are decorated with paintings by Tintoretto, Bellini &.

We were then conducted into the hall of the Council of ten; but it bears no traces of antiquity; for it has been entirely refitted, and looks now like any modern room; we then entered a magnificent hall of the Four doors; all of which are very magnificent and ornamented with antique statues; we also past through the chamber of the Inquisition, but it bears no traces of its former horrors. We past through numbers of other rooms, but as they are rich only in old paintings and rich carvings, I will not weary you with descriptions.

We were then conducted down the Escalier d'Or, and were shown the Senate Chamber, which was decorated with immense allegorical pictures; the seats of the senators are situated around the room, in ranks of 2 or 3; but the room was in some confusion on account of some exhibitions which were to take place there; we then went into a side room where were 2 very fine pictures, one Europa, by Bellini, very beautiful.

We were then conducted to the Prisons di Piombi, in the highest part of the Palace; this was said to have been the prison of Silvio Pellico, and as such I looked upon it with much reverence.

We were then shown 2 large apartments with wooden floors and wooden ceilings, about 6 feet high, the partitions which separated the prisoners having been taken away.

Our guide, who was not very communicative told us that they had been very comfortable prisons, but that they were now never used; we asked in vain to be shown the exact prison which Pellico occupied; but he repeatedly told us that it had been converted into modern apartments; finding us however very much bent upon seeing it, he conducted us through a great number of dark and poky passages, and at length we arrived at a gate, through which he showed us a handsome new looking room, which he said had formerly been his prison, but I imagine when he was there, he was very destitute of luxury. We were reconducted through the *garret* passages and finally returned to the Giant's Staircase where we took leave of our guide.

We then put ourselves into the hands of another man who was to show us the dungeons beneath the palace; we arrived at the head of a stairs, concealed by a trap door, and our guide having provided himself with a light, we descended a flight of stone steps and arrived at a gallery, containing 8 cells; the only entrance was by a very low

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door; we with some difficulty entered, and found them about 10 feet by 12; the woodwork which had formerly covered the whole of the interior had been burnt by the Venetians, who, when the French entered the city, and opened the prisons, entered, and so great was popular rage that they burnt every thing; one cell alone escaped their fury; in this they found a living man who had been a prisoner 14 years; they immediately liberated him, but it was so long since he had seen the light of day that he became immediately blind, and only lived 4 days. In each cell is a board which serves as chair, table and bed; they had a bundle of straw which composed their bed, and a covering; they only enjoyed the light of day during one hour throughout the day, when they received their food. On the walls of some of the cells are cut figures and words which have been evidently traced by a wandering hand in the dark; these inscriptions are very sad and melancholy, yet even this sorrowful amusement must have been a great resource to these unfortunate beings; we were then conducted down another flight of steps, which brought us to a range of cells on the level of the sea; we were here shown other cells, but these were even more cheerless than the former. As we were walking through the dismal gallery, our guide struck violently on the floor with his foot and the hollow prisons beneath reverberated with a horrid sound; he then showed us a cell with an iron grating looking into the passage; the prisoner in this cell was fastened to this grating with a rope round his neck, which was drawn tight by a wheel which immediately strangled the poor victim; what horrors did we see in this frightful place, and as the guide was narrating to us different frightful anecdotes, he would lower his voice into a mysterious whisper which added greatly to the effect; we were then shown a guillotine; the prisoner knelt down on a stone and a sharp iron fell on his head; we saw 3 holes near the guillotine in the stone floor down which the blood used to run; we could almost imagine that we saw in the damp floor traces of sanguinary deeds; a door was shown us through which the bodies were thrown into a gondola in waiting, and were then carried to the cemetery of St John and St Paul; all these executions took place at night, so that no one knew it, or heard of it, and in this way fell many of the richest and most powerful of Venice's nobles who had perchance incurred the displeasure of the inquisition. Beneath these cells is also a lower range, but as the water by some accident inundated them, they have never since been used, and the trap door is now masoned over; we were

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very anxious to cross the Bridge of Sighs, but as we were positively assured that we could not without obtaining admission, we were obliged to leave it till tomorrow; having seen as many horrors as we could well support in one day, we left the Prisons, and after having repast a number of poky passages, at length emerged into the open air.

We then crost from the Prisons to the Tour d'Horloge; situated on the north side of the Piazza di San Marco. It consists of a large tower, ornamented with different colored marbles; over the face is a very rich purple ground ornamented with gold stars, and under this a gilded figure of the Virgin and Child, and 2 doors on each side, which open by machinery, and out come 4 figures; the first is Fame; as she comes in front of the Virgin she blows her trumpet; immediately the clock strikes; she is followed by the 3 magi, who are all represented in very rich costumes; as they pass they raise their turbans, and make an obeisance to the Virgin; these figures only make their appearance during the first fifteen days of May, and during the visits of great persons; we however bribed him, and he exhibited them to us; on the tip top of the tower stand 2 bronze figures who strike the hour on a large bell; we took a view of Venice from this eminence; the city looked very beautiful, but the snow clad mountains of Friuli looked extremely handsome and grand; we then crost over to the Mint, where very little is doing; we however saw the different processes of melting the ore, cutting and stamping it, but after the Philadelphia Mint it appeared so insignificant that it did not merit a visit.

We then returned to an excellent dinner; we for the first time tasted a pomegranate which resembles in its appearance a fine large apple; the seeds are red, and very juicy and form the only part that is eaten; I thought it rather tasteless; during the evening, M^r. Haydon paid us a visit, and at 10 we retired.

VENICE, Tuesday, November 27th, 1838

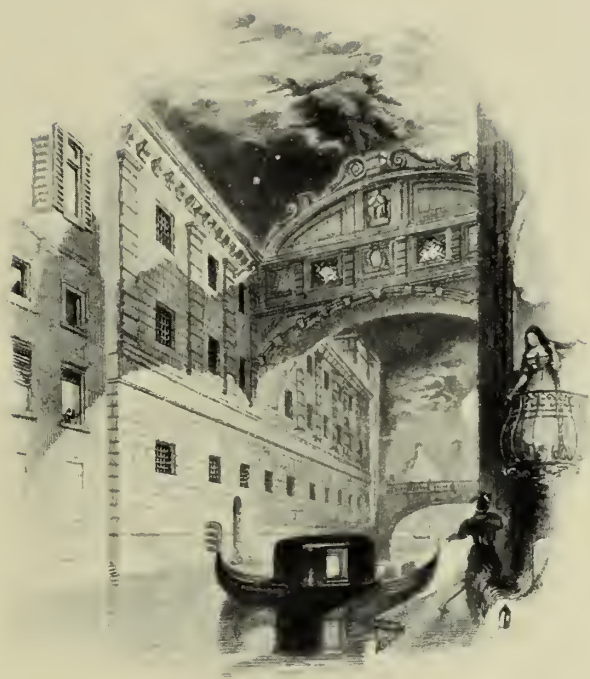
Rose, breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, and went to the palace to obtain admission to the Bridge of Sighs; we had made an appointment to be there at that hour, and we found M^r. Saul already on the spot; while waiting for the guide, we went up stairs, into the Grand Council Chamber, where we were shown the celebrated map of the World by Fra Mauro, made in 1460; it is inverted, the south being at the top and the north at the bottom; as we were not in the habit of look-

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ing at this kind of map, we were very much puzzled, and could not make anything of it; it appears from a note on one corner of the map that they knew something of America, as it was stated that some islands at the West had been left out for want of room; the Cape of Good Hope was also traced though it was not then discovered.

We also saw a very remarkable cameo found at Ephesus, a few years ago; it is a head of Jupiter crowned with a civic wreath; it is very exquisite and has been thought of sufficient importance to have a book written concerning it.

We then descended, and at the foot of the stairs, met a man with the desired key, who was waiting to conduct us to the Bridge. We were conducted to the passage where a large door obstructed our passage; the mysterious key was brought forward, the door was thrown open, and after mounting a few steps we found ourselves on the Bridge of Sighs; this bridge is divided into 2 passages, through one of which all the prisoners are brought from the large prison; then pass through a secret passageway and up a secret stairs into the Chamber of the Inquisition; those convicted of lesser crimes are then sent into the dungeons of the Palace, while capital offenders are taken back through the other passage, where they enter the prisons, where they receive their last punishment — death, or else they are sentenced to eternal imprisonment; as we stood upon this fatal bridge we could not but think how many unhappy wretches had past here, at first with a faint glimmering of hope, and then sent back with the horrid certainty of a horrible death or eternal imprisonment. What horrid sensations must these walls have been witness to, how many tears of anguish must have been shed by these miserable beings; this bridge has been also hallowed by the immortal verse of Byron; M^r. Saul had fortunately brought Byron with him, and we had the great satisfaction of reading Byron in this most interesting spot. The bridge is covered, and 2 grated windows on each side enabled the prisoners to take their last view of Venice; the entrances into the Prison are now walled up, and there is now the one only through which we came; it is now no longer in use, and is shown only to strangers; on the walls we read a great many names, but principally of Americans; you know that our countrymen are very fond of writing their names everywhere; among others was that of W. P. Willis, M^r. & M^{rs}. Henry Whitney; I omitted to mention that in Adelsberg cave we saw the name of Loyd Rogers, M^{rs}. Murray's brother, I suppose.



BRIDGE OF SIGHS



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We left the Bridge of Sighs, very much delighted with our visit, and as M^r. S. had not seen the prisons which we visited yesterday, we paid them another visit; we then went to obtain permission from the president of the Criminal Tribunal to visit the Celebrated Prisons; we obtained it, and were conducted through a number of galleries with grated windows opening on them; numbers of prisoners came to the windows as we past; there were several in the same apartment; the rooms were large and airy, and indeed very comfortable prisons. We arrived at a porter's lodge, where we were stopt for some time by some conversation between our guide and the porter; our guide finally turned round and asked us if we were French; we answered, no; Italian? No! Americans; we were then immediately conducted into a kitchen where we were requested to sit down while the porter went for the key; a large indian pudding was smoking on the board, and over the fire was a pan filled with some ragoût which was served on a dish, and as we complimented the pretty cook on her good cooking, we were earnestly requested to partake of the banquet; this, however we declined, and soon the porter returned, bearing in his hand, a bundle of chickens and all sorts of nice things. He then conducted us through a vast number of passages; we saw a great number of prisoners all put here for different offences; we were then conducted into the infirmary; but there were no sick prisoners; we saw the remains of an instrument of torture; it consisted of a bar in the ceiling to which the prisoner was hung and then strangled; on leaving the infirmary the guide took us into a small greenhouse, and gave us each a piece of geranium. We then bade adieu to the prisons, and once more emerged into the open air.

We then went to the banker's, but Frederic only went in and M^r. Saul escorted us into the palace Pisani, where we saw a complete plan of the city of Venice, with its canals, etc. it gave us an admirable idea of the city, and all its principal buildings; every house in Venice was represented, the gardens were made of worsted; we were then joined by Frederic, and soon after returned to the Piazza di San Marco, just in time to see the pigeons assemble to receive their daily food; some countess left a certain sum in her will to the city for the purpose of feeding a large number of pigeons every day at a certain time; this has been continued to the present time, and is very amusing to see the immense number of the pigeons which assemble

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regularly at 2, in the piazza to receive their food; it is a very curious and interesting sight.

We then ascended the Campanile of St Marc, about 300 feet high; it is a square red brick building; at the base of it is a Loggia, originally a public tribunal; it was built from the designs of Sansovino is of white marble and of the Corinthian order. The ascent of the Campanile is very easy and gradual; it is a series of inclined planes; it is said that mules have been up; Martin carried M^{rs}. Jones Schermerhorn up, as she was not well enough to walk; the view from the summit is very beautiful; you not only have a very fine view of Venice which lays extended at your feet; but you enjoy a view of the Alps, the Gulf of Trieste, the Adriatic Sea, the many islands surrounding Venice; the serpentine course of the Great Canal, and the graceful and slender arch of the Great Canal; but the day was not sufficiently pleasant for us to enjoy it fully, as the weather was rather cold, and we found our situation on the top rather too airy; we therefore descended, and as we had some time to spare, we went to the Church of St Mark's. We wandered about the church looking at its extraordinary riches in the way of oriental marbles and other curiosities; we lingered as if unwilling to take our last view of this extraordinary edifice; we went into a small chapel, which contains the bronze monument of Cardinal Zeno; it is of bronze very well executed. But the altar piece is a very great curiosity; it is composed of 4 columns and a canopy of bronze admirably executed, and carved with arabesques, *meanders*, and friezes; there are 3 bronze statues, one of which is that of the Virgin and remarkable for a golden shoe which is on one foot; there is also a small statue of the Virgin cut out of the rock which Moses struck with his rod on Mount Horeb, and from which a fountain of water issued.

After lingering for some time in the chapel, and wishing repeatedly that we could see it illuminated as the effect of the gold mosaics must be so beautiful, we ascended several steps and went out on the platform to see the 4 bronze horses which appear better when seen near by than at a distance; the rejoicings at the time of their return from Paris, are said to have been very great, all Venice went out to receive them, and seemed to welcome them as their guardian saints.

We then redescended, and returned to our hotel, and having taken leave of M^{essesrs}. Saul and Haydon, dined. After an excellent dinner, part of which was composed of pomegranates and roasted chestnuts

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which by the bye are delicious; we lingered some time over the fire; Frederic and I then went out in the brilliant Piazza di San Marco, and made some purchases preparatory to our departure; we then returned and I spent the remainder of the evening writing my journal which has tired me so much that I have scarcely strength left to go to bed as it is nearly 11 — so adieu for to night; to morrow we leave Venice.

VENICE, Wednesday, November 28th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast, Frederic went to his banker's, while we made our final preparations for departure; at 12 we started, in a *post* gondola with 4 post horses or rather gondoliers, we left our letters at the post office, and after a rather disagreeable row as it was raining we arrived at Mestre. The banker told Frederic that the Palace Pesaro, the handsomest one in Venice, might be hired for \$300 a year. Nothing can equal the splendour of this palace, and at so small a price; he also mentioned that Miss Kemble, sister of Fanny Kemble had just arrived in Venice and was to make her *début* as a singer on the Venetian stage.

On arriving half way across from Venice to Mestre, we were stopt at the Custom House, but as Martin administered a few francs judiciously we escaped without a search.

We arrived at Mestre at 4, and were quite astonished to see horses and carriages; we were conducted to the hotel, where we warmed ourselves, and took dinner, with some roasted chestnuts, while Martin superintended the packing of the carriage, putting on of the trunks, etc.

In an hour we returned to our delightful carriage and proceeded on our road to Padua; as it was very light all the time we were riding, we had a fine view of the beautiful palaces which lined the sides of the road; these palaces belonged to the Venetian nobles, who used to retire here from the delights of Venice, but though the buildings were all splendid palaces, adorned with statues, etc., still I did not think that they were remarkable for the beauty of the situation; however I presume the ancient Venetians were like all the rest of the world fond of variety; at 9 we arrived at Padua, the 4th city in extent in the Austrian Italy. We obtained very excellent rooms, and soon after retired.

PADUA, Thursday, November 29th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast though it rained we went out to see the city and its curiosities; Padua is not a very handsome city; it is

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lined with arcades which are very very agreeable for foot passengers to preserve them from the sun and rain, but still they render the city very gloomy and dull; we however found them very serviceable for they protected us completely from the rain; Padua is a very ancient city, being acknowledged by all historians to be older than Rome; it is celebrated for its university which was for many centuries the most learned in Europe; we first went to the University which is built in the form of an open square, with a courtyard in the centre; round the walls fronting on this courtyard are the arms of all the students who have studied in this university; many of the most celebrated in Europe; there were in the days of its prosperity 18000 at one time in this university, and the professors were all the most scientific men; among them were Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood; Galileo, who was at one time the master of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, and many others; among the most celebrated students were Dante, Petrarch, Tasso and Chaucer; the students came from all parts of the world, Europe, Turkey, Arabia and Persia. Their scientific instruments were used all over the world, at present there are 1800 students; formerly the students were so riotous that it was extremely dangerous to go out at night; among the professors was a lady who used to deliver lectures on Philosophy.

We next visited the house of the great historian Livy, but it is so entirely changed and restored that nothing but the form of the house remains.

We then went to the grand council hall, which is built entirely without columns; it is one single arch supported by joints of iron; it is the largest in Europe of this kind; the fresco paintings by Giotto; this room was built in 1172, and was intended as a hall of Justice. In this room are 2 Egyptian statues, and a bust of Belzoni, the great traveller; there is also here a stone near the door on which all debtors who could not pay their debts sat for 2 hours; if they swore they could not pay them, their debts were all cancelled; but this practice has been discontinued for many years.

We then past through the celebrated café which is said to be the largest and handsomest in Europe; the exterior is very handsome, consisting of a centre building with 2 wings and of the Corinthian order; the interior is handsomely ornamented with marble tables, crimson velvet chairs etc, and with the greatest taste and luxury.

We then went to the cathedral which is quite a handsome struc-



VICENZA

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ture of Grecian architecture; it is built of brick but was intended to have been covered with stucco, but this was never done. Mass was performing in the church; there is nothing remarkable here except the monument of Petrarch by Canova, which is extremely beautiful from its simplicity; it consists of a black marble slab with an oval in which the bust of Petrarch is set; the head is admirable, exquisitely carved and said to be an excellent likeness; round this black marble is a frame of white marble with 2 beautiful Corinthian pilasters of white marble; the monument is set in the wall, and has a very fine effect; we then returned to the hotel and at 11 left Padua for Vicenza; the road is very uninteresting particularly as it was raining very hard; we however rode 18 miles to Vicenza, and as it still continued to pour we determined to spend the night here; we obtained delightful rooms at the Deux Roues; soon after we had arranged ourselves comfortably in our rooms it stopt raining, and we determined to go out and take a view of the city; Vicenza is rather a forlorn place though it is filled with palaces planned by the great Palladio; as this was the birthplace of that great architect the city is filled with buildings designed by him; as they were principally of brick stuccoed over, time and the weather have peeled off a great deal of the stucco and they have a very forlorn look although the architecture is very fine.

We were taken by our guide to see numerous efforts of his skill; the handsomest was the Palace Chiericati now converted into a public building; we also saw several arches, churches and other palaces all remarkable for their beauty; the Basilica or Town Hall is also a very handsome building.

We then went to the Olympic theatre. It was built by Palladio, and is his pride; the interior is very singular. The stage advances as far as the seats, which are in the form of an amphitheatre and there is no pit as there is also sufficient room for the orchestra; the scenes are stationary and form a very beautiful perspective; the front of the stage is a very beautiful style of architecture, and ornamented with statues, bas reliefs etc.; the architecture is very much admired by connoisseurs; it has been lately fitted up as a ballroom; when the Emperor past through there was a ball for the nobility who danced on the platform of the stage; it was of course very handsomely fitted up; after leaving the theatre we went to the cathedral, where there is nothing remarkable to see; the marble steps leading to the altar, are very handsome and the marble of the interior of the church is

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Rosso di Francia; we then returned home, having seen as many of the beauties as the rainy weather would permit; we were scarcely seated at dinner, before it cleared up beautifully; the sky was perfectly blue and clear and there was a beautiful rainbow; after dinner, we sat by the fire talking, laughing etc. and finished the evening by writing our journals instead of taking a walk by the light of a lovely moon as we might have done, for there never was a more beautiful night; we depart to-morrow at an early hour.

VICENZA, Friday, November 30th, 1838

Rose at 6, drest by candlelight and a warm fire, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, we were on our way to Verona; the country which we past through was not very interesting and the inclemency of the weather deprived it of all that it possessed.

We past the Mount of Brenner, over which is the celebrated pass of that name said to have been made 13 years before Christ; it is the oldest known in history; it was by this pass that Attila and the Goths penetrated into Italy, Odoacer also at the head of the Heruli, and Theodoric with his Ostrogoths entered Italy by this pass; on the road we met nothing but country waggons drawn by oxen, grey and white of very large size, and kept perfectly clean and free from mud; you know the Italian oxen are celebrated; in the spring, they are ornamented with flowers and their horns are tipped with silver.

We arrived at Verona at 2, and obtained rooms at the "Due Torri." Though it was still raining we determined to take a carriage and see the curiosities; Verona is a very handsome city and contains many splendid palaces, which however are going to decay.

We first drove to the Cathedral, which contains nothing at all remarkable except a picture of the ascension of the Virgin by Titian.

We then went to the Church of St Zeno, remarkable for its antiquity; it was commenced by Pepin, father of Charlemagne; the exterior is quite remarkable; the two columns of the portico are supported on the backs of 2 lions; there is much curious carving in marble round the portico, and in the interior are the remains of 2 immense bronze doors of curious workmanship. The interior is very remarkable and impressive. The roof of the church of St Zeno is very singular, being supported by arches in the side aisles, from which ribs ascend to support the roof. There is a very large porphyry vase, the diameter of which is 13 inches, formed of one single

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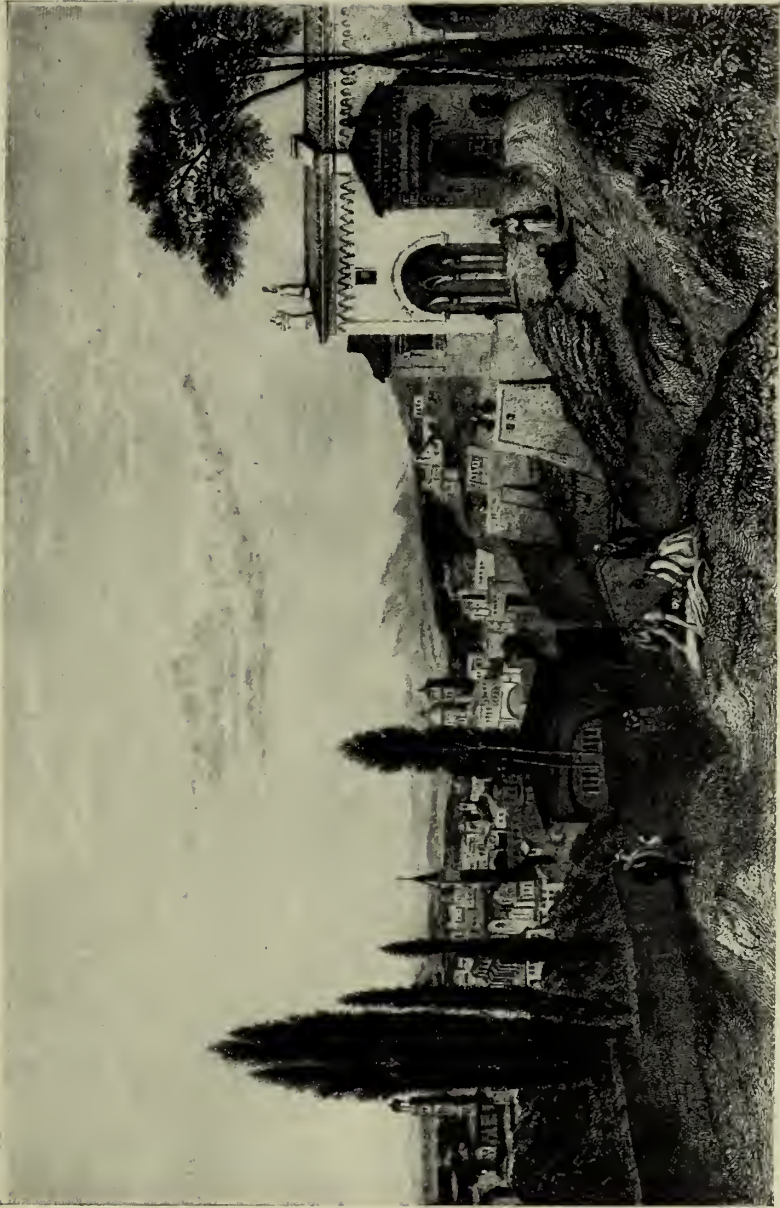
block; there is also a marble statue of St Zeno, who is said to be an African; under this Church is a subterranean Chapel, but it contains nothing remarkable; we were then conducted to the Cemetery to see the tomb of Pepin, but it is an empty sarcophagus, the body having been carried to Paris. We then saw the tomb of Juliet which is $\frac{1}{2}$ mile distant; it is in an old outhouse, covered with reeds, straw, etc.; this was formerly the cemetery of a Franciscan convent, nothing now is to be seen but a rude sarcophagus, now converted into a trough for cattle to drink out of; the place for the head is still to be seen, and the holes into which the candles were put to scare away fiends. Frederic tried in vain to bribe the man to let him have a piece of the tomb, but as we had a valet with us who probably would have informed against the man, he remained invulnerable. F. showed me the spot where my seal had been taken and the stone around still preserves the same yellowish colour peculiar to the Verona marble of which it is made; we were then shown the place in the garden where the tomb had been laid, but now it is filled with salad, celery, etc. freshening in the water which filled it. Having visited this interesting spot, of which I have given so unromantic a description, we drove to the palace of the Capulets; this is an old dark looking palace, though in days of yore it must have been handsome; we were shown the windows of the room in which Juliet was born; a few plants were standing on the window sill, but they looked forlorn, and you can easily perceive that they were not reared by her fair hands. We then past the palace of the Monteschi, which looks much handsomer, it is very large, and there appear to be some remains of painting on the exterior. We then drove to the amphitheatre, which is said to have been built but a short time after the Colosseum at Rome; though not so large as the latter edifice it is larger than those of Paestum or Pompeii; the pilasters are of the Tuscan order; it consists of a large open arena, with seats all around to accommodate 60,000 persons; it is very ingeniously arranged, the opening below the seats were for the wild beasts to enter, and those who were wounded or killed were carried out on the opposite side; there is also a large apartment for the gladiators who were all capital offenders; there are 43 tiers of seats which slope from the top to the bottom; when the Emperor was here 2 months ago, 60,000 persons were assembled here to see equestrian exercises. After leaving the amphitheatre, we went to see the tomb of the Scaligers; these are large monuments of white Carrara marble, with bases of Verona

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marble of gothic architecture, and enclosed within a beautiful iron railing; the family was one of the most powerful of Verona; there is a very beautiful bridge constructed by one of this family when Governor of Verona. We also saw a double gate of Roman origin; it is made of stone now very much worn, and is covered with curious carvings. We then returned to dinner after which we wrote our journals.

VERONA, Saturday, December 1st, 1838

We left Verona this morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, though unfortunately it still continued to rain; we however urged the postilions on and at 2 arrived at Mantua, and drove to the hotel La Fenice, we then enquired the distance to Parma, and were informed that it was 7 hours, as this would have been very late, and in Italy there is always danger of robbers, we determined to stay at Mantua, and spend the afternoon in seeing its curiosities; we first went to the Cathedral which was designed by the great architect and painter Giulio Romano; there are 2 long side aisles covered with arched arcades, but the effect is very bad, and the architect has done himself no credit; we then went to the Ducal Palace where after waiting some time we were conducted through immense suites of apartments embellished with fresco paintings by Giulio Romano, and ornamented with Flemish and Mantuan tapestry, representing the cartoons of Raphael; some of these rooms were very handsome particularly those occupied by the Emperor during his visit and those of the viceroy; the ball room is very handsome being lined with mirrors, chandeliers, etc. We then went on the balcony where we saw in the distance the little village of Andes now Pietole, the birth place of Virgil; it is 5 miles from Mantua; we also saw a small room entirely ornamented with fresco paintings by Giulio Romano, representing scenes of the Trojan war, though they are very much injured they are still very much valued. We then went to see the church of St. André; this is a very handsome edifice, and as we entered we were very much struck with the grandeur and noble simplicity of its architecture, but the number of paintings in fresco, representing candelabras, arabesques etc. take away very much from the purity of the architecture. Under the church is a subterranean chapel, built in honor of our Saviour's blood, which is said to be contained in an alabaster vase and deposited in an altar made of verd antique and other precious marbles; it is never taken out of this altar except on grand occasions when the Emperor visits the Church; the altar is ornamented with 2



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beautiful statues by Canova, Faith and Hope, they are exquisitely finished, the drapery is extremely graceful and natural and the figures perfect. Mass is performed every day at this altar, and crowds flock to the shrine. We then walked a short distance out of the gates to the Palazzo del T., so called from a building which formerly occupied this site; it is built in the form of a hollow square, is of an ugly yellow, and consists but of a ground floor; there is nothing remarkable in the apartments except the fresco paints by Giulio Romano, which I think very ugly; the fall of the giants is considered a great wonder, uniting the sublime, the austere, and I think the ridiculous; it represents a vast number of monsters, thrown about in the utmost confusion; their limbs and features are on the most gigantic scale, and their attitudes appear to me forced; in this room there is a whispering gallery; we walked through the other apartments, but saw nothing remarkable; we then returned to the city, and past by the house of Giulio Romano, designed by himself. This artist is a contemporary of Raphael, and for some time he copied the works of that great master, but afterwards he launched forth and produced some very remarkable works. We then past the Piazza Virgiliana, which is a very pretty green spot, ornamented with some fine buildings; it was formerly a marsh, but is now quite an ornament to the city. We then returned to dinner; after a very excellent repast, we embroidered our worsted work, and spent the evening pleasantly chatting, etc.

MANTUA, Sunday, December 2nd, 1838

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 left Mantua, and through a very thick mist pursued our journey to Parma; we crost the Po, so celebrated in Roman history, and shortly after the sun gladdened us with his rays; how the heart rejoices at his presence, when he has been long obscured by mist and clouds. The weather became perfectly lovely, resembling more a spring day than a winter's; the winter crops just peeping out of the ground, and all nature smiling, as we past through the villages, we saw numbers of peasants in their Sunday dresses, and when we stopt to change horses, they would gather around us and criticise us with the greatest pleasure; after a delightful drive we arrived at Parma; as we entered the city we were immediately struck with the gayety of the streets, so many persons passing in their Sunday garb, it formed a very pretty scene; we drove up to the grand Hôtel del la Poste, where we obtained delightful rooms, a very good

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dinner, both of which we have found very good in Italy, so far. After dinner wrote journal and retired.

PARMA, Monday, December 3rd, 1838

Immediately after breakfast we summoned a valet de place to escort us round the town, but we found him so exceedingly stupid that we were obliged to send for another, whom we found in the sequel might be his brother, for he was also so stupid; we however sallied forth and arrived at the Church of La Steccata, which was so dark we could not see it satisfactorily; the guide books called the light religious, we found it entirely too sombre. We then went to the large wing of the palace which contains several public societies; first, the Academy of Fine Arts, 2d, the Library, 3d, the Theatre Farnese, and 4th, a large and curious collection of Antiquities; we first entered the Academy where we saw a number of modern paintings, and then past into the ancient gallery particularly celebrated for the paintings of Correggio; the Madonna della Scala, though somewhat impaired by time is distinguished for its exquisite sweetness and that bewitching smile that only Correggio can paint. Among the other most interesting pictures are the celebrated Madonna della Scodella by Correggio; the Virgin is represented sitting on a green bank with the infant on her knee, Joseph is playing with the infant's hand, and his face is indicative of the greatest love and affection; the face of the Virgin is extremely lovely, and the infant is very pretty, the effect of the whole is very fine, numerous little angels are sporting in the clouds; the chef-d'oeuvre of Correggio is also here; it represents the Madonna, the infant, Mary Magdalene and St. Jerome; it is extremely fine; the face of the Virgin is inexpressibly beautiful, but the child and the angel are in my opinion faulty; there are many other paintings of Correggio, among others a copy of the Madonna crowned by St. John by Carracci; it is very beautiful; we then went to the Library, where after passing through several rooms lined with books, we arrived at the one over the door of which Correggio's Madonna crowned by St. John; it is a perfect gem. We then saw the wing built by Maria Louise, and then went to the Museum of Antiquities, consisting chiefly of Roman remains found in the city of Velleia, which was buried in the 4th century by a tremendous éboulement; it is 18 miles south of Piacenza; the ruins were first discovered in 1761. Among the most curious relics are a bronze tablet, recording a donation made by Trajan of a con-

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siderable sum for the support of poor children; it is about 10 feet long and 4 wide; a copper tablet, a fragment, many mosaics, coins and statues, and a head of Adrian which was originally gilded, still preserves traces of the gilding after the lapse of centuries; we also saw some gold coins, chains, bracelets, found in an earthen vase which had been probably buried in time of war. We then tore ourselves away from a very talkative old guide and went to the Theatre Farnese, which was built 250 years ago; it was designed by Vignola, and was built after the manner of the ancients and containing 6,000 persons; the whole is built of wood, but is principally remarkable for the great distinctness with which the voice is heard through every part; it is uncommonly beautiful and a perfect model, the pit or arena was lined with lead and filled with water and was intended for water exhibitions; now the water has disappeared and the lead was taken away by Napoleon to make bullets; this building was erected by Ronnecio Farnese, and 2 equestrian statues of the Farnese, made of wood and covered with plaster are still over the door. In the palace were formerly preserved many relics of Napoleon and his son, such as the mother of pearl cradle inlaid with gold, of the Duke de Reichstadt, Napoleon's bedstead, and many basins and vases of solid gold, but Maria Louisa after her marriage with Neipperg, seemed to wish to obliterate all remains of her departed husband, had all the gold melted and turned into money. We then visited the Convent of St. Paul; we saw only the Refectory, which is ornamented with a very handsome and rich ceiling and embellished with several frescoes by Correggio; they all represent little cupids engaged in the Chase with Diana, some were playing with the bows and arrows, some were bearing off as trophies, heads of deer etc., and all the faces were painted with great expression and all possess much beauty; the varied expressions of youthful glee and light heartedness depicted with the greatest spirit and nature, but the chef-d'oeuvre was Diana herself; she was seated in a car, holding the reins which guided her fiery coursers in her left hand, and with her right seizing her arrows; her position is extremely graceful and very spirited; we could not sufficiently admire her, and wished to carry her off with us. After looking at these great prizes, we went to the duchess' stable to see Napoleon's horse who is still alive being 40 years of age; we past through the stables which contained 100 handsome horses, and finally arrived at the stable of the old courser; though so old, he did not appear at all infirm, and though his size has dwindled from age,

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and his beauty much impaired, he still looks well; this horse I consider one of the greatest curiosities in Parma, the horse that was mounted by that mighty man. We then went to the coach houses where we saw a vast number of very handsome carriages; two were shown us that had belonged to Napoleon, but what appeared to me very extraordinary, Maria Louise has taken off his arms and substituted those of Austria; we also saw the state carriage, used by the Duchess at the Coronation at Milan; it is extremely handsome, of a dark lake blue, and lined with drab silk, with silver lamps. We then went to the Cathedral which is chiefly remarkable for the frescoes by Correggio; the dome is one of the artist's masterpieces, it is the Assumption of the Virgin; but it is now so defaced by time and mildew, that it is scarcely perceptible; at each side of the grand entrance are two frescoes of singular interest; 2 pillars are painted in bold relief, and from behind each statue the head of a man, they appear to be peeping at each other for fun; one is Correggio painted by Parmagiano, and the other Parmagiano painted by Correggio; it is said that the latter surprised the former with his portrait, and he retorted the trick upon Correggio. Under the Cathedral is a subterranean Chapel, chiefly remarkable for its marble columns; near the Cathedral is an immense statue called the Baptistery, the interior is filled with antique statues and paintings, the baptismal font is of marble of great antiquity; we then went to the church of St. John the Evangelist; the dome is painted by Correggio and is remarkably beautiful; besides these paintings there is nothing remarkable; we then returned home having first visited Bodoni's printing press, and after a *déjeuner à la fourchette* left the gay little city of Parma; we had scarcely been an hour on the road when we saw the archduchess Maria Louise approaching in a very handsome carriage drawn by 6 horses, as she past us she honored us with a bow; she is now quite an old lady, and looks older than she really is; she has an Austrian face which bears no traces of beauty; a lady and gentleman were with her; I could not but look upon her with a prejudiced eye, as she was the supplanter of my favorite Josephine, she is however much beloved by her subjects. We continued our journey past Reggio, the birth-place of Ariosto, and after having listened to the long stories of many a beggar, arrived at Modena at 6, obtained very pleasant rooms, and after a very good supper of tea and cake, wrote my journal which is now quite a laborious undertaking, as I have written up 3 journal books, and can get no more till we reach Flor-

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ence (if then) I am obliged to write the same copy twice; we then retired.

MODENA, Tuesday, December 4th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast we ordered post horses, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 were on the road to Bologna; the morning was unfortunately very misty and we had every prospect of a cloudy day. We amused ourselves as usual with our books, and I am very much interested in reading Dandolo's Letters of Venice, which is a very delightful little work. The country through which we past was richly cultivated and bordered with mulberry trees, with grape vines festooned between the trees; after having our passport examined several times we arrived at Bologna; this city is under the papal jurisdiction; during a disturbance in this city 8 years ago, the Pope implored the assistance of the Austrians who immediately sent them some troops, the French fearful that they would obtain too great an ascendancy in the city, immediately insisted upon sending some French regiments; they however made a treaty lately and it was determined that both parties should withdraw their troops; it was then a matter of dispute who should go first, but the Austrians left last week and the French are to leave shortly. We past through some of the handsomest streets, lined with arcades as in Padua and Modena. We obtained very pleasant rooms at the hotel del Pellegrino, and soon prepared to go out and see the curiosities. We first went to the Church of St. Giacomo Maggiore which contains nothing remarkable; we then went to the Academy of Fine Arts, which contains more good pictures and fewer bad ones than any Gallery in Italy; it contains a great number of gems; among those which struck me most, and which are the most celebrated are St. Cecilia by Raphael, this in the time of Napoleon was taken to Paris, but was afterwards restored; the face of St. Cecilia is lovely; it is said that the whole was not painted by him; there are 2 masterpieces of Domenichino, the Madonna del Rosario, and the Martyrdom of the Innocents; of this last we also saw a very good copy; there is also the Martyrdom of St. Agnes, but this artist is very unfortunate in his subjects as they are too repulsive, the power of the master is however very great. There are also several masterpieces of Guido who is a native of Bologna; the Assumption of the Virgin is extremely beautiful; the Virgin's face is of surpassing loveliness; Guido's masterpiece the Madonna della Pietà is here; it represents the Crucifixion; there are also several pictures by Albano; the Baptism of Christ, the Assumption

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of the Virgin; we have heretofore only seen the village rural pictures of this master which I did not much admire, but these are of much greater merit; we saw many pictures of the 3 Caracci, and a lovely one, the Assumption of the Virgin by Guercino. We admired very much 2 pictures, one a small Magdalen, upon inquiry we found them to be by Elizabeth Serani, pupil of Guido, and buried in the same tomb with him. Having lingered a long time looking at these beautiful paintings, we left and went to the Church of San Domenico, which contained the body of this "wicked saint." He was the Archdeacon of Osma in the old Castile in 1170, and was the founder of the Inquisition; this Church is ornamented with a splendid altar built over the saint's remains; it is of white marble exquisitely sculptured by Pisani, representing the acts of the saint; it is of such exquisite workmanship that it obtained the admiration of Michael Angelo, to whom a very beautiful statue of a little angel is attributed; this little angel is perfect. The fresco of the dome is painted by Guido, and represents the ascent of St. Domenic into Heaven; the tomb of Guido is also in this Church. We then went to the Palazzo Ranuzzi now occupied by Prince Bacciocchi who married the sister of Napoleon who is now dead. The palace is still occupied; but is so remarkable for its staircase that strangers are allowed to see it; it was designed by Palladio; it consists of two splendid flights of steps, joining at the top, and forming one immense flight; these stairs are of white stone, and are ornamented with statues and different designs; we then past the celebrated leaning tower of Bologna, the Torre degli Asinelli and the Torre dei Garisendi; the height of the first tower is nearly 400 feet and it inclines $1\frac{1}{2}$ feet; the Garisendi is only 140 feet high and inclines 8 feet, it appeared to me to be almost tumbling over on one side, indeed the inclination is much greater than that of Pisa. In the piazza del Giganti stands the Church of St. Petronio, in which Charles V was crowned by Clement VII. Its whole length was to have been 712 feet, 120 more than St. Peter's, but it was never finished, and is now only 400; the interior is quite handsome, but the architecture is said to be very faulty; on the pavement of this church is the meridian line traced by Cassini in 1683, it is 178 feet long. We then went to the church of St. Catherine which is distinguished for nothing except the Saint herself; after some talk with the priest we were led into a small apartment where seated under a canopy the Saint was sitting in state, her face, hands and feet were as black as those of a mummy;

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she was robed in a very costly dress and her fingers were covered with the most splendid jewels; 4 candles were kept burning in front of her; her feet were enclosed in a glass case and 2 women who went in with us, kissed the glass very fervently, and continued their prayers accompanied by the priest; we tried in vain to obtain permission to see the nuns of St. Catherine, but the priest would not consent, and our valet said it was because they were so handsome that they did not wish them to be seen. We then went to the church of San Stefano which consists of 7 churches united into one, but it is a gloomy looking place; we then went to the Cathedral which is very handsome; the interior is airy and grand, it is 248 feet long; the order is Corinthian, the capitals gilded; the dome is said to have been painted by Ludovico Caracci, the altar is very simple; we then returned home, on our way we past the fountain with a statue of Neptune which is said to be the chef-d'oeuvre of John of Bologna, it is of bronze and there is much grace and majesty in the position; we then returned to dinner and ate some delicious Bologna sausages. In the evening wrote journal.

Bologna, Wednesday, December 5th, 1838

After breakfast, as it was a very rainy day, we determined to go and see the galleries of paintings in private palaces; on our way we stopt at the church of San Bartolomeo, where is a very beautiful Madonna by Guido, the face was extremely lovely and it is very celebrated; we then went to the church of the Madonna di Galliera, where we saw a magnificent painting by Albani, it represents the passion of our Saviour; he is standing on a flight of steps, the Virgin and Joseph are standing on each side; it is very beautiful and I wish you could have seen it. We then went to the Palazzo Sampieri where we saw a number of very fine paintings, among others, a Madonna Lucretia by Guido, extremely fine, and a vast number of other handsome pictures, arranged in large rooms, with handsome frames and in the best lights; we then went to several other palaces, where we saw a large number of other handsome paintings; we then went to some private cabinets where we saw some beautiful work tables, secretaries, etc., of ebony, ivory and tortoise shell; we saw also many rich tables of marbles of beautiful workmanship; we also went to the Palazzo Zambeccari, where among many beautiful paintings and other works of art, we saw Benvenuto Cellini's celebrated Crucifixion in silver. I was not as much pleased with it as I expected to be; in the course of the morning our eyes became fa-

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miliarized with the paintings of Guido, Domenichino, Guercino, Caracci, etc., many of them of very great beauty; we past the whole day in these different galleries, and as our taste for paintings has very much increased, we were very much delighted; among others we went to a merchant's who had 9000 pictures to dispose of, they were almost all copies, but many of them very fine, but they were in such confusion, that we saw them to great disadvantage; we viewed them with great attention, and having spent a very pleasant morning, returned to dinner; after a very nice dinner we talked over the fire for some time, and then prepared to write my journal. Martin has just been in to tell us that the Prince of Russia is expected every minute and that 57 horses are engaged to take him on to Florence immediately. After writing my journal, talked and listened to a delightful band playing under the Prince of Russia's windows which are opposite our hotel. The music was very fine of Rossini's, who was a native of Bologna, consequently this ought to be the place to hear his music in perfection; at 10 retired.

BOLOGNA, Thursday, December 6th, 1838

Soon after breakfast we put on our hats and cloaks, and went out to see some more galleries of paintings; we visited several which contained many handsome pictures; our valet then told us that he was going to take us to see some of the handsomest that we had ever seen; we entered a small room the wall being hung with numerous pictures all for sale, but none of them were very handsome, we however waited a few minutes, and the proprietor opened a green silk curtain which displayed to our view one of the most beautiful visions that Imagination could create, a Madeleine by Correggio; I never till this moment appreciated the power and beauty of the art, the most lovely angelic face that it ever entered into the imagination of man to conceive, in an attitude of supplication; her lovely eyes were turned towards Heaven, and she seemed imploring for pardon, her face and neck were of the most natural and beautiful color, her skin seemed almost transparent; over her lovely shoulders was thrown a crimson drapery which seemed to render still more dazzling the excessive purity and delicacy of the complexion; her clasped hands added intensity of interest to the picture; her hair disheveled hung with graceful negligence over her lovely neck and shoulders. We remained for some time, entranced before the lovely vision and gradually the low tones of deep admiration burst from

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every bosom; lovely, angelic, exquisite, were the first words we uttered after the first transports of surprise, and we lingered many minutes gazing at the magical performance; as when we admire anything particularly the first impulse is to ask one's self "Can I obtain this?" Frederic and I looked at each other, and we both read each other's thoughts, the price was asked, the answer was \$20,000, upon hearing this reply, you may readily imagine that we abandoned all idea of purchasing, and after numerous affectionate adieus and last looks we took our leave. We then went to several other galleries, and though the paintings were many of them very handsome they all looked insipid; as the person who showed this lovely picture only allowed it to be seen by strangers it is supposed that some prince in Bologna, a little embarrassed in his circumstances, asked to sell this picture without having the mortification of its being generally known. We also visited the Gallery Domenichino in the house in which Domenichino lived and Guido died; we then past the house of Rossini, the great composer, which is very handsome; he still lives, is 50 years old, but is so rich that he composes no more; he is now resting upon his laurels and his money-bags. We then took a carriage and went out to the Campo Santo, a cemetery which is the most beautiful in Italy; Napoleon when he was here in 1801, ordered this to be finished, it is on a very magnificent scale. It consists of a very large number of porticoes, or long galleries, extending to a very great distance; the niches in these porticoes are filled with the most splendid marble monuments taken from those churches and convents suppressed by the French; there were also several large rooms where the monuments and slabs are arranged in their respective centuries; there is also a very handsome hall where are arranged the busts of all the great men; as this is the only cemetery in Bologna, there are parts of it allotted to all classes; from the prince with his splendid monument of Carrara marble exquisitely sculptured to the meanest beggar with a simple block of wood to mark his last resting place; and yet how much more to be envied is that mean beggar, who is now about enjoying the treasure which he has amassed above, to the splendid sinner who is now about waking to an eternity of misery and woe. Cypresses trained in spiral form adorned the open square in the center of these porticoes and though every accessory of Death was around us, and yet mid such extensive preparations for other splendid monuments and tombs, I could scarcely realize that we were in a burying ground;

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yet mid all this pomp and display of splendid monuments, how much more beautiful the picturesque simplicity of Mount Auburn! This cemetery is quite unique, is very extensive and still in its commencement, it struck me with surprise that in Italy where everything is decaying so rapidly, cities now powerless, palaces mouldering and falling to decay, that there should be such a very great expenditure of time, money and art upon tombs; it seemed almost symbolic of the present state of Italy, its ancient glory faded and flying for refuge to the tomb. We left this splendid but melancholy abode, and went to the Academy of Fine Arts to take a last look of its splendid paintings; they appeared still handsomer than before, and after paying a pretty long visit, we returned home while Frederic went to taste some Bologna sausages of which he intends sending you a sample by the first opportunity. We then dined and after dinner talked for some time, then wrote our journals, and spent the remainder of the evening in reading, talking etc.

Bologna, Friday, December 7th, 1838

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 we left Bologna, and proceeded on our road to Florence; on account of the shortness of the days, this journey which in summer is made in one day, we were obliged to make in two; the whole day's journey was very hilly, but we seemed to go unusually slow; it is the custom on the road instead of putting on extra horses, to put on oxen, and therefore you may imagine that we went at a snail's pace; however we amused ourselves with our books & with conversation; we could not get out and walk up any of the hills, it was so very muddy; Frederic had bought some Bologna sausages to serve for our dinner, and with the addition of bread, fruit and wine, we had a very good dinner; we had expected to arrive at Covigliaio, a small village situated on the highest peak of the Apennines, and where there is a very good Hotel, but on account of the dense fog, which rendered it necessary to have a man walk before with a light, we were obliged to stop at Filigare, a post this side of our destination, although Martin declared that the inn looked forlorn, still we determined to make a venture of necessity and to be pleased with everything; we seated ourselves round a warm wood fire and soon after they gave us some excellent cream, nice bread & butter, and we had our own tea; thus far all went well, but presently the room began to smoke, and we were obliged to open the windows, but as the stable was too near, we were obliged to close them; we

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talked round the fire for some time, no one having courage to propose that we should retire to such unpropitious looking beds: 10 o'clock however came, and we prepared for a dreadful fight with any enemy who might attack us: but after having ascended by the aid of sundry chairs to the height of 5 or 6 feet, we found the top of the bed, which before seemed almost inaccessible, and unattacked by any foe we were unconscious of every thing till Martin thundered at our door, announcing the break of day.

FILIGARE, Saturday, December 8th, 1838

After a very comfortable night's rest we arose, dressed by candlelight, and at 7 were en route; we immediately commenced the ascent of one of the highest of the Apennines and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 arrived at Covigliaio, where the Prince of Russia had stopped the night before; we then flattered ourselves that we had finished ascending, but we were obliged to have recourse several times to the "bovi," the name of which Caroline and I began to loathe as it was a sure precursor of an hour or two slow walking, as those animals are so dignified that they never hurry themselves. The sun at last broke through the clouds, and illuminated what before appeared a wild and barren landscape. Before reaching Covigliaio, I forgot to mention a very singular phenomenon. About $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the road there is a high mountain called the Monte di Fe; there is a space about 14 yards in circumference at the foot of this mountain, covered with loose stones from which flames are constantly issuing, when the stones are moved fresh flames arise; these flames burn still brighter in damp or rainy weather. Prince Baschocky caused some excavations to be made here, but the volcano increased to such a degree that they were forced to desist. After passing Covigliaio, we drove on through a country very wild and barren with not a tree to relieve the monotony of the landscape; we continued for several hours and at length arrived in the land of olives and rosebushes; we arrived at the summit of a very high mountain from which we obtained a very fine view of the Val di Mugello, and the valley of the Arno; this view was delightfully diversified with hills and dales, the high snow capt hills terminated the extent of the view, while the intermediate heights were rendered picturesque by romantic ruins and old castles; we passed through groves of olives, the banks of the mountains on either side of the road looked as green as in summer, and roses were growing most luxuriantly in the open air, we past a

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wall covered with rosebushes in full flower to the extent of 150 feet; nothing could be more beautiful than the sight of these lovely flowers, at a season when we are usually expecting snow and ice, and we enjoyed a lovely view of the fertile valley in the center of which lay Florence, with its domes and spires, and the silver stream of the Arno with its classic vale. The olive trees are however one of the most beautiful features of the landscape, for the tops of them are so white, that they resemble the early morning frost, before the rays of the sun had melted it away. We arrived in Florence, amid the cracks of the two postillions' whips and the clattering of the horses' feet on the smooth and large stones of which the Florence pavements are composed. We passed by a very beautiful triumphal arch made of dark stone and ornamented with statues and bas-reliefs; it is considered a very beautiful work of art, and was built at the time of Francis I's entrance into the city; we passed through a number of gay streets lined with handsome houses and palaces, which though very dark, had not the forlorn and desolate appearance of the Venetian and Veronese. We crossed the Arno over a bridge so perfectly beautiful in its proportions that many persons have said that it ought to be inclosed within a wall as it was too beautiful to be desecrated by carriages, carts etc. We arrived at a very large and handsome hotel (Schneiderff's) where, as Martin was a great favorite, we obtained very good rooms; the entrance of this Hotel is very handsome; a double flight of steps ornamented with orange and lemon trees, and many beautiful greenhouse plants, leads to the upper story, and the landing place at the top is also adorned in the same way; this charming display of plants gave us a very favorable impression of the house, which has been very much increased upon further acquaintance; among these plants are interspersed statues which add greatly to the pleasing effect; a delightful dinner was soon served and the pleasure of dining was very much enhanced by a very delightful and affectionate letter which I received from my dear Mother, which was quite a rarity, as circumstances have prevented my receiving one since I left Vienna. After dinner Frederic went to see his old friend Mr. Ombrosi, the American Consul, while I amused myself as in days of yore at the piano: I will not venture to tell you how much I have lost, as I intend practising very hard this winter to make up for lost time. I amused myself with Maria Louisa's favorite overture *Semiramide*; it quite recalled old associations; while in Vienna we bought this overture



CAMPAÑILE DELLA CATTEDRALE

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very beautifully arranged as a duett, and I flatter myself that next year at this time Maria Louisa and I will play it with the greatest brilliancy & execution. When Frederic returned he told us a great deal of news from M^r. Ombrosi which I will not repeat as it may not interest you. We soon retired.

FLORENCE, Sunday, December 9th, 1838

Breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, and after making numerous preparations for our sojourn here, dressed to receive M^r. Ombrosi; he soon arrived; and in a short time we had received a detailed account of the Americans and their doings in Florence. He is an elderly man, very talkative and rather agreeable; he reminded us of our friend of La Haye M^r. Davezac but did not converse in as agreeable and entertaining a manner as he; he remained with us a short time and then took leave, having promised to send to Leghorn for some manifold writing books, as I am absolutely in distress; he is also to send us an Italian master tomorrow; he also mentioned having seen M^r. & M^{rs}. P. Brinckerhoff, the Schermerhorns, Olmsteads, and other Americans. After he left us Frederic and I went out to take our first view of the delightful city of Florence; the Prince of Russia was to have taken rooms at our hotel at 500 francs per day, but Madame d'Hourbert of the Hotel de l'Europe offered him her whole house for 200 francs per day; he accepted it; the Duke of Tuscany had offered him the Pitti Palace for his residence; he very politely declined on the ground that he had not accepted the offer from any place that he had visited. We first visited the Cathedral which is the most extraordinary building I have ever seen; it is composed of different colored marbles joined together with very bad taste; although the architecture of the immense edifice is very fine, still the gingerbread appearance of the marbles strikes the eye immediately and offends it extremely. The Campanile is an immense tower built after the same model, but the architecture is very much admired; the baptistery directly opposite is also in the same style; this building is remarkable for its three bronze gates, two of which are by Ghiberti, & the other one by Pisano; the two by Ghiberti are admirably sculptured in bas relief and represent various scenes from the Old and New Testaments; they are considered the most beautiful specimens of this kind of work in the world; Michel Angelo frequently said they were worthy of being the gates of Paradise. Near one of these gates are two immense porphyry pillars with a large iron chain

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attached to them which were presented to the Florentines by Pisano after the latter returned from their conquest of the Balearian islands. We entered the Cathedral which is extremely dark; the architecture is very grand and simple, but the painted glass windows attracted our particular attention; the colors appeared to me unusually rich & brilliant; we walked around the church, staid but a few moments and left a minute examination of its beauties till some other time. We then walked to the Grande Palace; among the most conspicuous objects on this square is the Palazzo Vecchio, built of dark stone in the rustic style of architecture which resembles rocks; in front of this palace is a magnificent fountain ornamented with bronze figures of fawns etc. and on the centre a large marble statue representing Neptune in a car drawn by sea horses; a beautiful equestrian statue of Cosimo de Medici adorns the piazza, it is in bronze, and represents him as entering Florence in triumph, after the conquest of Siena, on the pedestal are four bas reliefs representing the vanquished city. Under the arches of the Palazzo Vecchio are several very handsome statues, thought by connoisseurs much too handsome to be allowed to remain in the open air; among these is a group in bronze representing Judith & Holofernes by Donatello; the next is the celebrated group in the same metal of Perseus holding the head of Medusa by our old friend Benvenuto Cellini, and group in marble, the Rape of the Sabines by John of Bologna. We then continued our walk through numerous streets; we met some gaily drest ladies, and fine equipages & liveries, and after a delightful walk along the street on the southern bank of the Arno, we returned home. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 we dined, after which I wrote my letter while Caroline was so amiable as to copy the brilliant effusions of my pen in my journal, as a cold had prevented her from accompanying us in our walk. After writing my journal I talked, read, etc. till 10 o'clock.

FLORENCE, Monday, December 10th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast we went out in a carriage for the purpose of shopping; after having completed our purchases, and having visited some French stores which are here very good, we went to the grand gallery of Paintings where we were very much delighted with the splendid paintings and exquisite statuary. Among the most remarkable paintings in the Tribune, are 2 madonnas by Raphael, the Fornarina by the same master, a madonna by Correggio, Herodias by Luini, a copy of which has been made for D^r Bron-

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son, and is extremely beautiful and well done; it is just finished Frederic having sent the Doctor's order to Florence when we were in Paris; the Sibyl by Guercino struck my fancy particularly; in this room are also the celebrated statues of the Venus of Medici, Apollo Belvedere, the slave sharpening his knife, and the celebrated group of the Wrestlers, but I will forbear describing any of these, as our stay was so short that we could not fully enjoy them. As soon as M^r. Ombrosi arrived we went to the Hall of Niobe; this is a splendid hall in the same building built expressly to receive these statues; it is impossible for me to describe to you the exquisite and touching figure of Niobe as she shields her child from the wrath of Jupiter; her look of entreaty, her extreme beauty and her graceful attitude arrest and rivet the attention, the interesting group of her children around her all endeavoring to avert the wrath of Jupiter form one of the most interesting scenes you can imagine. But I must not attempt to describe these beautiful statues as we were obliged to fulfill an engagement at a certain house and therefore could not linger longer, though it was almost cruel to show us such exquisite performances and tear us away almost immediately; M^r. Ombrosi had made an engagement to take us to the studios of M^r. Schneitz, the gentleman who copied D^r. Bronson's picture; after mounting several very high flights of steps, we arrived at the top, and entered the studio; there were many very handsome copies, all of the most celebrated pictures in the Grand Gallery; we staid there some time, had a beautiful view of Florence from the windows and then took our leave; we then went to the studios of M^r. Powers, the young American sculptor; we there saw the bust of Miss Barker and Professor Farras, both excellent likenesses. M^r. P. showed us many plaster casts which he had taken of General Jackson, Van Buren, Calhoun, G^{en}. Granger, M^r. Webster, all of them admirable likenesses; he is said to be a very promising young man, and excels particularly in busts, he has been here only one year but he promises to equal if not surpass Greenough. We made a very interesting visit and then went to a sculptor next door where we saw a very pretty monument of a mother deploring the loss of her dead child; the whole was admirable; the child was lying on the mother's knee, powerless and lifeless, the mother with one hand held the drooping child and with the other pressed her forehead in an intense agony of grief; the whole was full of spirit and beauty. We then left M^r. Ombrosi at his house and after visiting a few stores returned

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home. After an excellent dinner, Signor Garello, our Italian master arrived and we took our first lesson, after which I went out to take a walk with Frederic and very fortunately found a journal-book which enables me to write as formerly. Spent the rest of the evening talking.

FLORENCE, Tuesday, December 11th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast took a carriage and drove to M^r Greenough's, which is a short distance from the city; the morning was lovely, like spring, all the windows were open and the ladies walking with parasols; the birds were singing merrily, and the roses hung in luxuriant bunches over the white stone walls, and all nature seemed to smile; I too felt in glorious spirits at the return of spring; we soon arrived at M^r Greenough's but unfortunately he had no work of interest to show us; he is a young man but has married a very rich wife and he lives very handsomely; he showed us several busts of different ladies and gentlemen, M^r & M^{rs}. L White and many others; we inquired for his statue of Washington which is to be here in 10 days, we are then to see it; we were then joined by M^r Ombrosi and we went to see the Leghorn hat manufactory; we saw some of exquisite fineness but in a few days we are to see some much finer. We then went to see the Mosaic manufactories where we saw the most splendid mosaic tables; it is impossible for you to form an idea of the extraordinary beauty and value of these mosaics; the flowers are admirable and beautifully shaded far surpassing those of the breastpins which we saw in America, but the price, of course, is equal to the workmanship; we saw one that cost about \$1000, and even this was an inferior table; we saw also many beautiful works in alabaster, colored marble and porphyry, all extremely beautiful. After visiting numerous beautiful stores of this kind we left M^r O. and went to 2 or 3 stores, we then returned home and soon after M^r O. came in to dine with us, he amused us very much with several anecdotes of M^r Thorn during his stay here some weeks ago; you know this gentleman makes himself conspicuous wherever he goes; after a very pleasant evening spent in chatting, he left us at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 and we soon retired.

FLORENCE, Wednesday, December 12th, 1838

Again a lovely day. After breakfast we called for M^r Ombrosi in the carriage; this gentleman is extremely kind to us, no labor is too great or too fatiguing for him to undertake for our sake, and as he is quite an elderly gentleman, this compliment is much greater; we

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first went to the studios of Bartolini,* the most celebrated sculptor in Italy; Napoleon when in Italy, on account of his great talents and art, appointed him professor of the Academy of Sculpture at Carrara; his studio was extremely interesting; there were many allegorical figures and beautiful designs, some just begun, others partly executed; he is the Canova of Italy at this time. After a very interesting visit we left there & went to the Palazzo Pitti; this edifice is of a peculiar and grand style of architecture; it is of stone rude and uncut in the rustic style; the effect is magnificent; it stands on a small eminence alone in its majesty and though not entirely finished it is the handsomest palace we have seen. The palace was the residence of the grand duke but it was built by Pitti, an ostentatious Florentine merchant but he had not sufficient wealth to finish it; this palace ruined him; the architect was the celebrated Brunelleschi of the 15th century. We entered the gallery of paintings which is magnificently fitted up, the rooms were handsomely furnished and each room has 2 large Florentine mosaic tables which surpass in beauty any thing you can imagine, large porphyry slabs with flowers and shells and other beautiful designs so magnificent that such immense wealth appears to an American eye very princely. But the pictures which have been the admiration of Europe for so long a time must not be forgotten mid my transports about these tables, though I must confess I much prefer the latter. In the first room were 2 magnificent landscapes by Salvator Rosa, the Holy Family by Andrea del Sarto, a beautiful female by Titian; 2nd room, 2 beautiful Madonnas by Murillo, a picture of Rembrandt, but the gem of the collection is the Madonna della Seggiola by Raphael; it is an exquisite picture, the whole attitude of the Mother and Child are inexpressibly lovely; I admire this more than any other painting in the gallery; in the 3rd, the 3 Fates by Michael Angelo and numerous beautiful paintings by Correggio, Raphael, Andrea del Sarto, Rubens, etc., but I would weary you were I to tell you one half of the names of the painters, therefore I desist. In one of the rooms is Canova's Venus, a perfect model of beauty, it is encircled with a small iron railing and kept very strictly. In the suite of apartments there is a beautiful bathing room fitted up with blue and white silk draperies, glasses, exquisite statues, beautiful little tables and very handsome marble mosaic pavement; the bronze

* A marble bust by Bartolini must have been made at this time. It is now in the possession of Lloyd Griscom, husband of Elsä Bronson Griscom, her granddaughter.

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bust of the Archduchess adorns this chamber. There is also a very singular secretary of ebony, of immense size ornamented with mosaics, paintings on marble and many precious stones, there were innumerable little drawers opening on all sides; the centre drawer appeared to turn upon a pivot and exhibited successively 4 different fronts, one composed of mosaic work, another a small altar piece of amber, another the figures of the Virgin & Saviour in amber and the 4th a copy of one of Correggio's paintings. Having visited these splendid rooms we went into the lower story where we were conducted through several magnificent rooms and at length arrived at a very handsome room where were 2 beautiful statues, one by Ricsi the late sculptor; it was a female figure representing Purity, and it is indeed one of the purest looking faces I have ever beheld; Modesty and Innocence sate enthroned on her lovely face, a little bird was perched on her left hand while with her right she held the folds of her drapery. The other was Charity by Bartolini, a lovely female was represented with a little infant in her arms, and teaching a little boy how to read; the beauty of the female and of the infant was inexpressible, the hands were exquisite, they had the appearance of flesh and blood, and the sweet little dimples attracted my particular admiration; after leaving these beautiful specimens of art, we left the Palace, where we had spent so delightful a morning and drove to the Cascine where we arrived after a short drive and we found the walk filled with numbers of gaily drest ladies and gentlemen. The Cascine are the farms of the Duke which are liberally thrown open to the public, and they are the most fashionable place of resort. The palace of the Duke is situated in the farms, but it is not a very handsome building; while we were walking with the rest of the gay crowd the Prince of Russia past us, we immediately recognized him; he has been very much fêted by the Grand Duke, he leaves tomorrow. We then returned home, dined, took our Italian lesson and wrote till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 and retired.

FLORENCE, Thursday, December 13th, 1838

As it was a delightful day, immediately after breakfast we took the carriage and drove to our very kind friend M^r. Ombrosi, he immediately joined us and we went to the Academy of Fine Arts, we were there conducted through several large and handsome rooms filled with paintings; the first room contained a collection from the earliest masters of the Italian School from Cimabue and Giotto to

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Perugino, Raphael and the later masters; these paintings were interesting only from the history which they related. We were then shown many sketches from the old masters and some very interesting modern pictures, among others the death of Atala, of Leonardo da Vinci and several others of great interest. We then past through a room filled with young artists drawing, sketching and arrived at a hall filled with plaster casts of the most celebrated masters; among these were the interesting group of Niobe and her children, the Venus, the Apollo, the slave sharpening a Knife, the boy extracting a thorn from his foot, Aristides and the Orator; these 2 last are very remarkable for their great simplicity, there were also the models of the bronze gates of the Baptistry; we lingered some time in this interesting hall endeavoring to improve our taste for sculpture and after some time left to visit the next building which is the royal mosaic manufactory; we were here shown all the different stones employed in this work; these stones came from every part of the world, they look many of them very rough and indistinct, but you can perceive little lines and colors which seem to resemble leaves, flowers etc. Nothing is employed to color these stones, the colours are all natural, occasionally a little acid is used. We were shown several very handsome works, one table was of porphyry, with a wreath of flowers, a lute and a flute, these were executed so perfectly that they resembled nature admirably with one exception that they seemed infinitely to surpass her. This cost the grand duke \$25000. We also saw several very beautiful slabs which were intended to decorate the altar of the church of St. Lawrence; the groundwork of these slabs was lapis lazuli with the most beautiful figures inlaid; flowers and the vases used in the Catholic service were all executed with admirable art and beauty; nothing could equal the brilliancy of the colors, the exquisite execution, but it is useless for me to endeavour to describe that which can only be realized by the sight of the object itself. Having admired these beautiful slabs we descended into the lower story where we saw a very large and splendid porphyry monument which the grand duke is erecting to his late wife who was very much beloved; it is a splendid monument, on a granite slab are the arms of Tuscany & Saxony (the princess was of Saxony), executed in the most beautiful mosaic work; every little fleur de lis is made of the most minute stones and joined together with the greatest art and beauty; nothing could be more beautiful than the execution of the Tuscan crown, small jewels

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adorn the little band which encircles it, and the whole is of exquisite workmanship. After giving a just tribute of admiration to this monument which is erected to the memory of one who while she lived was the pride of Europe, we took leave of M^r. Ombrosi and returned to dinner; after a delightful dinner, we took our Italian lesson & then drest ourselves to attend a private concert given in the Standish theatre, a small theatre owned by an English gentleman; the theatre is not large, but is quite pretty; there were many persons assembled when we arrived but we obtained very excellent seats. After waiting a short time amusing ourselves with the ladies already assembled the Princess Poniatowski entered accompanied by a very pretty lady who I afterwards heard was her daughter, and by Marshal Marmont who is said to have 60 wounds as he is a very valiant courageous man. Soon after Signor Pagnuni a singer came forward and sang a very pretty air and afterwards Signora Olivier favored us with a song but she was such a very affected lady, made so many grimaces that I was very much disposed to laugh, the audience however was very complacent and they applauded her very much. Still the great attraction M^r. Liszt the celebrated pianist had not arrived and there was every probability that he would not make his appearance. M^r. Liszt is of Vienna, is 24 years old and is considered the most wonderful performer in Europe; M^r. Schwartz when we were at Vienna gave us a description of him which was very amusing, he showed us a caricature of him which had 10 fingers on each hand; our curiosity had been very much excited to hear him and we were on the tiptoe of expectation; at length the welcome intelligence arrived that M^r. Liszt was about to appear; all eyes were turned toward the door, when a young man quite tall and very, very thin, with long light hair, made his appearance on the stage; loud and clamorous plaudits welcomed him, but without further ceremony he prepared to commence business; with much ease he pulled off his gloves, threw them down on the floor with an air that denoted a genius, and sat down to the piano which he soon began to treat with little ceremony, he gradually became excited, and without notes he played one of the sweetest and most brilliant pieces I have ever heard; I do not remember ever to have heard such astonishing execution, and it was generally thought that the piece was an impromptu; he performed some of the most difficult and brilliant chromatic runs, and indeed I could scarcely imagine that he had not 20 fingers for I am sure 10 fingers never did such hard work before.



FRANZ LISZT



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After finishing his performance he retired mid the tumultuous applause of the audience, he was called for 3 times successively, he finally retired and the singing commenced; there was one very pretty duett, a comic song sung by 2 Italians after which M^r Liszt again made his appearance and was equally successful. After the singing was finished the curtain rose and displayed to our view another piano, 2 being already on the stage and we were on the eve of hearing a very extraordinary performance, a piano performed by 12 hands on 3 pianos; the pianos were all arranged, the 5 gentlemen appeared at the head of whom was M^r Liszt, they commenced a grand piece which was very beautiful and brilliant and which was executed with entire success. It was finished mid the enthusiastic applause and tumultuous shouts of the audience who encored it; it was repeated if possible with greater brilliancy than before, and we left, the cheers and shouts still ringing in our ears. We arrived at the lobby where we found Martin who with the care of a considerate and thoughtful mother had brought us our cloaks. We hurried into the carriage and at 12 arrived at our hotel and of course sat up for some time to talk over matters and things.

FLORENCE, Friday, December 14th, 1838

Rose at 9, breakfasted at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 drove to the church of Santa Maria dell' Annunziata. The cloisters of this church are ornamented with frescoes by Andrea del Sarto; among the subjects are a dead child restored to life by touching a garment of a saint; this is strikingly beautiful, the Nativity, the Assumption, the Revilers killed by lightning, the Marriage of the Virgin and several other very beautiful paintings a little injured by time; these frescoes are now enclosed with glass windows and doors. On entering the church the first thing that strikes the eye is a chapel adorned with a silver altar, silver angels, supporting a silver curtain which falls behind the altar; 2 immense silver candelabras, and a profusion of silver lamps adorn the chapel; the pavement is of porphyry and Egyptian granite; the walls of the adjoining oratory are incrustated with agate, jasper and other precious stones. In this church there is the tomb of John of Bologna, which is ornamented with a bronze crucifix and bas reliefs of bronze of his own work. In the corridor of this church are painted the celebrated frescoes of Andrea del Sarto, the Madonna del Sacco, before which Michael Angelo and Titian are said to have stood entranced; this though very much impaired

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by time is still eminently beautiful and at a little distance produces one of the most striking effects imaginable. After leaving this church we joined our very obliging and kind friend M^r. Ombrosi, went to order our mosaics and then went to the church of Santa Maria Novella. We first visited the pharmacy attached to the church and kept by the friars, it is in very handsome order; we past through several rooms where all the bottles, tonics etc. were arranged with the most scrupulous exactness, and arrived at the roof where medicines and perfumery of all sorts are sold; they are celebrated here for their soap, pomatum and liqueur: we tasted some of the latter and purchased some but I thought it rather sickish; the pomatum, however, was excellent; we were very much amused with an old friar who was busy pouring some liqueurs into small vials; though quite old he took up a large vessel full of liquid and filled a number of little bottles with such a steady hand that he did not spill a single drop; when we complimented him upon his skill and firmness of hand he said it was merely habit as he had done this business for 50 years. We left the store and entered the church which is very handsome and cheerful; there is a very large and handsome altar which cost \$30,000 made from the profits of the store; this church is so beautiful that Michael Angelo called it his sposa; there are several beautifully painted windows; there are also 2 singular pictures, one representing Paradise and the other the Inferno of Dante; while walking down the aisle we met M^r. & M^{rs}. Thompson; we then took leave of M^r. Ombrosi and drove about till dinner after which took our Italian lesson and wrote and sewed till 10.

FLORENCE, Saturday, December 15th, 1838

Soon after breakfast, at 11, Martin brought us a ticket which was to procure us admission into Count Demidoff's silk manufactory; we took a carriage and as it was a delightful and warm day had a charming drive; we arrived at a very handsome country seat, with a splendid entrance, and gate ornamented with statues; we walked up a beautiful avenue lined with rose bushes in full bloom, and arrived at the mansion; the grounds are very beautifully laid out and every thing is arranged with the greatest taste; the superintendent came forward and showed us through all the different apartments where were all the processes of spinning the silk, winding it and lastly making silk; there were many very beautiful patterns for silks, of all colours and of very good quality, calculated for dresses; the

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manufacture of silk for dresses was very interesting; we were then conducted up stairs and saw the manufacture of velvet which resembles that of silk very much, a little gold thread is run through the silk and the silk is then cut with a sharp instrument, the gold thread prevents the instrument from cutting the silk; we saw many beautiful velvets of splendid colors; we were then conducted into a very large and handsome apartment, the ceiling painted with beautiful frescoes, the walls hung with silk and the chairs gilded with crimson velvet backs and seats; in the center of the room was a beautiful statue of Venus by some Italian artists. We were also shown a very large and beautiful picture representing the death of Manfred; we were then conducted into the store and were shown a portrait of the grand duke in silk, it was curious but very ugly. We were also shown a great assortment of velvet, silks etc. The owner of this establishment is Count Demidoff, a young man; he had a quarrel a short time ago with the Grand Duke, and the Grand Duke gave him to understand that he had better travel a few years to finish his education; the Count, very much exasperated, though he was evidently in the wrong, left Florence but the establishment is still continued though it is said he lost 200,000 francs by it. He is the son of one of the most respected old men in Florence, who died some time ago; his loss was sincerely lamented by all classes. Bartolini the celebrated sculptor is at present engaged with his monument which is to be very splendid. We were then conducted to his stables which are very handsome; the stalls are all made of cypress wood and are, as our guide told us, absolute boudoirs; we then walked through the garden and visited the greenhouse; as they have a large plantation of mulberries Frederic asked to buy some of the seed, as they had none for sale he was referred to the gardener who told us that he could procure the seed which we desired from his brother at Turin who is the gardener of the king of Sardinia; he is to call at our house in the morning. We then left the establishment and drove to Signor Metgher's to see some paintings but as he had none to show us we returned home leaving Frederic at M^r Ombrosi's on business. We went out for a short time before dinner, dined, after which we took our Italian lesson and M^r Ombrosi spent the evening with us. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 he left.

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FLORENCE, Sunday, December 16th, 1838

A lovely day, breakfasted at 10, soon after which Count Demidoff's gardener called to take our orders, we gave him a part which he was to execute as soon as possible as he is obliged to send to his brother at Turin. As Frederic had a cold and a bad headache I immediately took him under my particular care and therefore positively prohibited all out door expeditions, we therefore spent the day pleasantly at home, though the day was so remarkably lovely that it was some temptation to desert the fireside; we amused ourselves however with our books and with some American newspapers of September and October which though not very new were interesting to us from the little incidents which they related; we dined at 5, Frederic being on the dieting list; we spent the evening chatting and looking through D^r. Buchen's domestic medicine for remedies for colds and retired at 10.

FLORENCE, Monday, December 17th, 1838

Immediately after breakfast we drove out to enjoy the delightful air which I thought would be of good service to my patient; we drove to the church of St. Lorenzo celebrated for being the richest church in Florence. In the Sacristy, which is entirely built after the designs of Michael Angelo, are several sarcophagi adorned with the unfinished statues of the same artist; there are several allegorical figures; on one tomb are the recumbent figures of Day and Night while opposite are those of Twilight and Daybreak, there is also a Madonna and Child, which were it finished would be the masterpiece of the artist. We then entered the Chapel of the Medici, this Chapel is attached to the church, is of an octagon and was designed by Michael Angelo. The walls of this chapel are inlaid with the most precious stones in large slabs, jasper of different colors, agates, precious marbles, lapis lazuli, all join to form this splendid mosaic work and though this chapel is by far the richest in Italy, still at first sight it offends the eye and you do not become aware of its splendors until you examine it minutely. This chapel was commenced by the Medici family and is intended exclusively as a sepulchre for their family. It is not yet finished, scaffoldings still adorn the building put in after the lapse of some time, preparations are again making for its completion. I presume that in time it will be finished. While the unworthy descendants of Cosimo and Lorenzo lie in state under marble sarcophagi with brass and marble to commemorate deeds which are even now forgotten, Cosimo the father

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of the country lies buried in the body of the church of St. Lorenzo with nothing to mark his tomb but a single flag stone with the words "Pater Patriae." On leaving the church we past into the Laurentian library which contains 7000 manuscripts, among the most remarkable of which are the Pandects of Justinian which are in the most perfect preservation, the finger of Galileo is shown preserved in a glass case and pointing toward Heaven; the manuscript of Longus which was blotted by Courier a Frenchman who was allowed by the kindness of the librarian to take this manuscript home to copy. Courier by accident or purposely put in the book as a mark a piece of paper filled with ink which of course blotted the manuscript so as to be entirely illegible; the librarian enraged immediately accused him of doing it intentionally in order to give his copy which was the only one of the work entirely complete, more value; at all events Courier was obliged to write an apology stating it was done by his *étourderie*, and this is kept in the book and was shown to us; we saw also an edition of Petrarch with the pictures of Petrarch & Laura; the oldest copy of Virgil extant and several very beautiful illuminated manuscripts. This hall was designed by Michael Angelo, the ceiling and the pavement are considered very beautiful, but I thought the room entirely too plain to lay any claim to architectural beauty. The marble steps leading to this hall, by the same architect, are remarkably handsome and extremely graceful; they consist of a large centre flight with 2 smaller ones on each side but the symmetry is perfect. After leaving the Library we went to M^r. Ombrosi's and obtained a letter of introduction to see the celebrated silk factory of Matteoni; we saw several handsome pieces of silk but nothing very extraordinary; we then called for M^r. Ombrosi who accompanied us some distance out of town to a garden where we were to procure some mulberry cuttings and some roses, and arranged that we should call in the morning to settle everything. We were very much pleased with the man indeed, but out of curiosity went to another gardener, but he had not his plants in order so that we saw nothing. We then returned home to prepare ourselves for a little dinner party which we were to have at home; the invited were M^r. Ombrosi and Captains Griffin and Mesdon whom we wished to interest with the mulberries, we therefore concluded to invite them to dinner to get in their good graces, and now Mother if I die of ennui at this party I shall put it entirely down to your account and you must one day prepare to pay me in the same

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way. 5 o'clock arrived and so did the guests. We found the Captains good, hearty and ruddy young men; I had feared at first they might be very diffident but one of them took courage and with the powerful assistance of M^r. O. we had quite a pleasant dinner party; the dinner was excellent and entirely of Martin's arrangement; we adjourned after dinner to the fireside and the Captains very politely offered to take anything to New York which we might desire; we accordingly accepted their offer, but a subsequent letter will inform you more fully concerning them. At 9 they departed and I amused myself playing on the piano until after 10 when we retired.

FLORENCE, Tuesday, December 18th, 1838

Mulberry man called, received his orders and departed promising that all should be done in the best style. After breakfast wrote journal until 11, then prepared to go out. We took our carriage and drove to the Palazzo Borghese which is one of the most delightful palaces we have seen; the apartments are very handsome and the furniture is very magnificent, there was an air of comfort about it which struck my fancy extremely, the rooms were all hung with fluted draperies and furnished with the most beautiful chairs, sofas, divans, with splendid chandeliers, candelabras, looking glasses, bronzes and vases of Sèvres porcelain; the rooms were all magnificent, but the ball room surpassed them all, the ceiling of this room is painted in fresco most beautifully, and these paintings are reflected in the numerous mirrors which line the room and the frames of which are concealed by the folds of most beautiful blue and white silk draperies; 700 lights illumine this apartment and they must have a very beautiful effect in the numerous mirrors; the chandeliers and candelabras are splendid; above are 2 large places very beautifully ornamented with gilt railings for the orchestra; a beautiful little parlor leads out of this ballroom, beautifully furnished with every thing that taste could suggest or money could procure. But one invention that pleased me very much, was a seat which is raised and lowered by pulleys; this was invented for the Princess Borghese who was immensely large and could not go up and down stairs; this is a delightful invention and I wish it was more generally adopted. We left this delightful palace and proceeded to the Palazzo Corsini which is directly opposite our hotel on the banks of the Arno; I have forgotten to mention however that the Palace Borghese was the residence of Pauline, the beloved sister of Napoleon;

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she married a Prince Borghese. The Palazzo Corsini is a very large and splendid palace with a fine southerly exposure, and though handsomely furnished is more celebrated for its gallery of paintings, among which are several paintings of Rubens, several splendid pictures by Salvator Rosa, Poesy and several others by Carlo Dolci, 2 inimitable portraits by Denner, and Lucretia by Guido which please me infinitely. We walked through a vast number of very handsome rooms and then drove to Mr. Ombrosi's, he joined us and we went again to the grand gallery; after walking through several long galleries closed on one side by windows and ornamented with statues & paintings, we entered the Tribune, where we again joined the circle round the Venus de Medici for almost every day she holds a levee, and is confessed to be by all the greatest belle in Europe; numbers of devoted admirers were worshipping at her shrine and I must here join in the general chorus, that there can be nothing more graceful and more angelic than this lovely statue, but a truce to ecstasies; but I believe I have already enumerated the works of art which adorn this room; the room itself is of an octagonal form and lined with crimson silk, around the walls are the celebrated masterpieces of Raphael, Titian, etc., and in the center of the room stand the statues. We walked through the different rooms in which are arranged the paintings of the different schools, the Venetian, the Tuscan, Dutch, Flemish etc., but the rooms were so excessively cold, and the marble pavements sent such a chill through our frames that our enthusiasm was somewhat cooled. We then visited the collection of gems, which consists of all the gems & jewels belonging to the Medici family. As Benvenuto Cellini lived in the time of the Medici we saw many works of his hands, many of them were extremely beautiful and very rich, abounding in the most splendid jewels. Here are preserved all the ornaments of the altar intended to be erected in the Medici Chapel; columns of lapis lazuli, jasper, rock crystal, set with beautiful jewels; but it is unnecessary for me to give you a catalogue of all these splendid articles, I should only weary you; we then went to see the collection of antique bronzes, we saw the bronze casts of all the celebrated statues; among the originals was the inimitable Mercury of John of Bologna; this messenger of the gods is represented as flying, he is borne on the breath of a zephyr, and he looks as if he was even now bent upon some errand of the gods; in the same room are a beautiful helmet and shield the work of Cellini and also a model of his large statue of Perseus; there

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are many other very interesting casts, relics and remains of animals, horses' heads, statues remarkable for their extreme beauty, but I leave these to be described by an abler pen than mine, as I have a very bad headache and very sleepy, and it is very late. By the bye I advise you to read "Rome in the Nineteenth Century," letters by a lady. I have not read them all but those on Florence are very amusing. We then returned to the carriage and after spending some time running about the city, returned home to dinner after which took our Italian lesson and wrote my journal. I have forgotten to mention a little adventure of ours to day; while driving along the street on the northern bank of the Arno, on account of the flat paving stones, our horses both fell, numbers immediately came to our assistance and in a short time the horses were on their feet; I, as usual, was not much alarmed. Florence is delightfully situated in one of the most fertile plains of Tuscany, sheltered from the rude blasts of winter by the high snow clad chains of the Apennines, the classical and golden Arno winding its way through the principal street, the beautiful environs, the adjacent mountains covered with villas and groves of olives, Fiesole with its isolated convent, and the perpetual roses and flowers which meet one at every step, render this one of the most delightful cities we have visited; you cannot walk out a step without being accosted by a pretty flower girl with the peasant's bonnet, the Leghorn plat, which worn as they wear them here are extremely picturesque; these girls have baskets on their arms with flowers, throw them in your carriage as you pass, and expect in exchange some money; it is a very gay city; handsome equipages with splendid liveries dash past you constantly and the Grand Duke himself makes a great show with his 6 horses, out-riders and 4 footmen to each carriage, all in a handsome dark and silver livery with cocked hats; we have not as yet seen the Grand Duke, but we have caught a glimpse of the little princess about 8 years old.

FLORENCE, Wednesday, December 19th, 1838

Rose this morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7, and as Frederic's cold was much worse, we immediately sent for the doctor; we had the great consolation to find that he was an Englishman, as his name was Playfair, we anticipate much from his attention. He arrived and prescribed hot tea etc. As Frederic was not well enough to go out, we spent the day at home, I assuming my position at the bedside, where taking pattern after my beloved mother, I endeavoured to make myself as

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invaluable as possible, but I fear that I fell far short of my illustrious model, whose kindness I have often experienced under similar circumstances. The doctor called again in the evening and pronounced his patient better; during the doctor's visit I stole away to take my Italian lesson, and then returned to my charge and retired at 10.

FLORENCE, Thursday, December 20, 1838

Rose at 8, found my patient much better but not well enough to leave his bed, the doctor called at 9, and allowed him to receive a visit from M^r. Ombrosi who spent some time with Frederic at his bedside, while he insisted upon my going out accompanied by Caroline and escorted by our invaluable Martin who is a father to us all in sickness and in health; returned and found Frederic better; doctor called in the evening and pronounced him better, took my Italian lesson and spent the rest of the evening with Frederic, retired at the usual hour.

FLORENCE, Friday, December 21, 1838

Frederic better, Doctor allows him to sit up, received a visit from M^r. Ombrosi, went out while M^r. O. was there, soon returned & found him better and still sitting up. Doctor called in the evening, took Italian lesson; in the evening received a visit from M^{esses}. Saul and Hayden, who talked a great deal, I then returned to Frederic and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 retired.

FLORENCE, Saturday, December 22nd, 1838

Soon after breakfast Martin came and informed us that the rooms which M^r. & M^{rs}. Jones Schermerhorn occupied were now vacant, and though they were much smaller, still they were more pleasant & comfortable than ours, and fronted the Arno. As Frederic was well enough to move, Martin caused every thing to be moved, and in a short time every thing was again arranged in the bureaus, and we are now very delightfully settled with a very gay prospect from our windows; these rooms have just been vacated by Marshall Maison, a French general. At 2 M^r. Ombrosi called giving us the agreeable intelligence that he had just been to see the mulberry trees packed, he pronounced them admirably packed and sent them off to Leghorn. He congratulated us very much on our change from the rear to the front of the house and after paying us a visit of an hour, left. Frederic joined us to-day at the dinner table though not able to enjoy fully all the luxuries of the table. After

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dinner took our Italian lesson and spent the evening delightfully chatting etc., when the doctor made his appearance at 9. He amused us very much with his conversation and anecdotes and having made us laugh a great deal left us at 10, at 11 we retired.

FLORENCE, Sunday, December 23rd, 1838

As usual a lovely day; nothing like the Italian sky though the atmosphere is a little chilly. Spent the morning in reading, looking out on a very gay scene and writing up my long neglected journal, which was not laid aside from laziness, but from a reason which I know you will excuse, the sickness of my patient. M^r. Ombrosi called and made us a visit of an hour, after which M^r. Saul honored us with a visit. We then dined and spent the evening sitting around a delightful fire, amusing ourselves with books and chat; we were only interrupted by a visit from the doctor.

FLORENCE, Monday, December 24th, 1838

Frederic not so well to-day, confined to his bed the greatest part of the day, sat up towards evening; leaving him to the care of M^r. Ombrosi Caroline and I went out to take an airing of an hour. Spent the evening sewing and talking, received a visit from the doctor.

FLORENCE, Tuesday, December 25th, 1838

Merry Christmas, Mama and Papa; I wish you many happy returns of the day. I hope that the weather is pleasanter with you than with us; the weather which has been till now so delightful has changed and Christmas arrived accompanied by rain & snow; last night at 12 there was a grand mass in the church of the Annunziata; numbers of persons went from curiosity; the music is said to have been good. We spent Christmas very quietly at home, Frederic being still confined to his bed with a headache & cold. Nothing remarkable occurred. At 5 C. and I dined, had a plum pudding & roast beef, real Christmas dinner, and spent the evening as usual entertained by the doctor who is rather a young man, very chatty and amusing.

FLORENCE, Wednesday, December 26th, 1838

Spent the day as usual, Frederic a little better. Caroline and I took an airing at 2 o'clock as Frederic would not consent to our remaining so constantly at home, though I infinitely prefer staying at home, as I not only wish to keep an eye upon my patient, but it af-

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fords such a glorious opportunity of repairing the damages caused in one's wardrobe by a journey of 9 months. Dined at 5, the doctor called again in the evening and we took our Italian lesson as usual.

FLORENCE, Thursday, December 27th, 1838

My patient is beginning to improve, he is able to sit up some hours in the course of the day though he still suffers from headache which has not yet yielded to medicine. M^r. Haydon called to see us this morning but told us nothing new, he is suffering from a severe cold as is almost every stranger in Florence from imprudent exposure; Caroline and I joined in the general chorus but we are now off the musical list. We took a drive at 2 accompanied by our faithful Martin, whose assiduous and devoted attentions to Frederic are quite touching. I cannot sufficiently praise this invaluable friend and cannot but compare him to our former Courier, who though pretty good could not bear the comparison. Saw to-day the Princess de Montfort, Jerome Bonaparte's daughter. Her mother was the sister of the King of Wurtemberg, but she is now dead; Jerome lives here in great style and entertains very handsomely; his soirées which take place once a week are very splendid. The English Ambassador Lord Fox, together with his pretty and interesting wife, entertain splendidly, they give a ball tonight. The Princess Montfort is a very pretty, talented, accomplished & amiable girl, she has but one fault, she is very fat, but though it does not affect her appearance materially now, excites fears in the minds of her friends that it may in 2 or 3 years. Dined at 5, took our Italian lesson and received the doctor's visit at 9.

FLORENCE, Friday, December 28th, 1838

Spent the day as usual, Frederic a little better, the doctor allows him a little more liberal diet; read, talked, sewed till 2, then drove out leaving M^r. Ombrosi at home, doctor called etc., and we retired at 11.

FLORENCE, Saturday, December 29th, 1838

Frederic much better, the doctor allowed him to eat a woodcock, which he relished very much, he sat up all day. The weather continued pleasant but rather chilly. Caroline and I took a walk and returned finding F. much better. M^r. Amory of Boston who is here with his bride and her parents M^r. & M^{rs}. Green called to see Frederic but he was not well enough to receive. Caroline and I went out

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as usual & found it rather chilly, but I observe that I have repeated the same thing twice, excuse my dulness and my prolixity, for my notes are a little dulled and I have not much to say. M^r. Greenough called in the evening, sent in his card "Greenough" with his compliments to inquire after Frederic's health; we made some comments on the style of the card which seemed to me to suit the rank of "Bonaparte" rather than an American sculptor. M^{rs}. G., as I have said before, called upon us but we have not been able to return her visit. The Italian Master Signor Garello paid his visit, and D^r. Playfair his, the latter was the most satisfactory as I was informed that the disease of my patient was eradicated and nothing remained but to give him air and strength; tomorrow the doctor says he may take a drive.

FLORENCE, Sunday, December 30th, 1838

Tomorrow has come, but with it clouds and wind, Frederic is therefore, I fear, housed for the day though the doctor has not made his morning visit. I mean now to give you, my dear Mama, a little sketch of my present position. I am sitting in a fine large arm chair, the pattern of the black one in your room, which as Frederic is still taking a nap in bed, he has not occupied. I am sitting near a wood fire (I was going to say cheerful but upon looking round I found it almost out, through my inattention), I have however renewed it; our windows open on the river Arno, not now the silvery but the muddy Arno; just by our window is a bridge which is a great thoroughfare from one side of the city to the other; it affords an endless amusement to watch the queer characters that are constantly passing; peasants, priests, women and laborers of all classes and colours, for one black man past, the first I have seen in many many days. I stared at him in mute astonishment, wondering from what part of the world he could have come, but as he was in livery, concluded he must be a Spanish servant. Both sides of the Arno are lined with houses, of all sizes and colours, from the Palace to the nice cream colored 3 or 5 story house with its neat green blinds; the irregularity of the houses reminded me of our own city. The mountains which enclose the city rise in majesty behind, their summits capped with snow; I hear on all sides the Sunday bells ringing for church, one of which bears in my opinion a striking resemblance to the sound of St. John's; under our window at the end of the bridge is a little chapel, which not having any regular bell, appears to have a little hand bell which is constantly ringing, and which with another

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smaller one which they occasionally ring make such an incessant noise that our invalid can scarcely sleep. I never heard such a ringing of bells as in Florence, and on Christmas eve the noise and singing in the streets appeared to banish the god of Sleep from the city. But my patient has just roused himself from sleep, and calls for my assistance, so an end to my prating & good bye till some other time. At 2 M^r. Ombrosi called and entertained us with a chit chat of Florence, of which he has always a great fund; dined and received a visit from D^r. Playfair, and after a long chat retired.

FLORENCE, Monday, December 31st, 1838

Frederic is to-day much better, and as it is a delightful day, we intend taking a drive round the walls of the city. At 2 entered the carriage and drove round the beautiful city of Florence, admiring its beautiful situation enclosed by mountains covered with snow, and rendered "couleur de rose" by the rays of the sun; the luxuriant olive groves growing on the hills on all sides, and the numerous villas which stud the mountains, the numbers of trees which lined the road, and some of which preserve their green foliage, rendered it a lovely drive. We returned delighted with the climate of Florence, which is acknowledged by all Italians to be remarkably fine this winter. Dined, after which amused myself reading O'Meara Napoleon which was lent us by one of our Italian friends. Became very much excited reading the atrocity of which that violent and brutish commander Sir Hudson Lowe was guilty and became strongly interested for the much abused and injured Napoleon. Also looked over Las Cases Memoirs of Napoleon, extremely interesting.

FLORENCE, Tuesday, January 1st, 1839

"Happy New Year, ladies and gentlemen, I wish you many happy returns of the season." Such are the words which I think I hear repeated numbers of times in the elegant and recherché salon of Hudson Square. But no such words are addressed to us this day. I imagine the custom in Florence on this day is an exchange of cards not only by the gentlemen but by the ladies to each other, but no one stays at home; on the contrary there is a general turn out of equipages and ladies on the Cascine. Last night there was a grand ball at Jerome Bonaparte's, and to night the Grand Duke gives a splendid entertainment, and one or two American gentlemen are to be presented. No one is admitted except in full costume such as a

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uniform or velvet coats embroidered with gold, white socks and cocked hats. M^r. Amory and M^r. Haydon having uniforms are to appear in them; this is an extraordinary fête; on ordinary occasions, ordinary dress is permitted. We took a drive to-day, and really I could not persuade myself it was January, it seems to be May; the day was lovely, perhaps a little too warm, the birds were singing gaily, the windows were open, the grass luxuriant and green, and all nature smiled. We took the same drive as yesterday, admiring particularly the dome of the Cathedral which Michael Angelo considered so graceful and beautifully proportioned, that he said he could never succeed in making one so handsome though he intended to make an humble imitation at Rome. We returned home and I received a very handsome New Year's present from the *Cook*, a beautiful bouquet, and another from the waiter. But the present which I valued most was a letter from you my dear brother, this was an unexpected thing as I had been gladdened yesterday with a charming one from my beloved mother dated Nov. 23, yours was of the 30 Nov. I have now received all except number 25, which may be a mistake in the numbering. On our return found the cards of M^{essesrs} Saul & Haydon with the compliments of the season. Spent the evening with Napoleon, interrupted only by the doctor who called at a late hour, evidently in party trim with white gloves, pumps, etc.

FLORENCE, Wednesday, January 2, 1839

Frederic better, still suffering however from a slight headache. Again a delightful day; we took our drive and returned to dinner. In the evening received a call from M^{essesrs} Saul, Haydon, Baldwin & Co., returned to Napoleon who is a delightful companion.

FLORENCE, Thursday, January 3rd, 1839

Again a lovely day. We determined to take a drive on the Cascine at 2, we sallied forth in a closed carriage, though Martin wished us to take a barouche, however we were prudent, the day was delightfully warm, and the ladies were flitting about with their gay plumes and feathers looking like butterflies on a May morning. After taking a delightful drive through the shady avenues of the Cascine, and enjoying a succession of the most lovely views of Fiesole, etc., we returned to the promenade of the ladies; this promenade is on the banks of the Arno and is bordered with hedges; among the distinguished promenaders, Madame Murat was pointed out to



LA PRINCESSE MARIE D'ORLÉANS
DUCHESSÉ DE WÜRTEMBERG

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me, she was walking with a young lady and gentleman; her dress consisted of a blue satin hat and white camel's hair shawl; she is rather fine looking but old. She was once very beautiful, though she never obtained the great reputation of her sister the beautiful Pauline; her name is Caroline. Numbers of ladies past us on horseback, it is very much the fashion to ride here, and in consequence Caroline and I have both been getting riding habits, though the sickness of our beau has prevented us from wearing them as yet. We returned home, dined and spent the evening pleasantly as usual. Took our usual drive though to-day was not quite so pleasant. Heard of the death of Princess Marie, duchess of Wurtemberg and daughter of Louis Philippe; she was taken very ill in Paris and her physicians immediately ordered her to go to Pisa to spend the winter; she accordingly undertook the journey and the grand duke appropriated the Palazzo Vitelli to her use; she was accompanied by her husband; as she was constantly declining the duke de Nemours her brother, came from Paris to make her a visit; the Grand Duke and the Grand Duchess Maria Louisa his wife then left here to go to Pisa to make a visit to their royal guests, but the princess was too ill to receive them. The duke de Nemours then came to Florence to return the visit but only staid 24 hours; the funeral of the princess takes place to-morrow at Pisa with great honors. Dined, received a visit from M^r. Ombrosi, took our Italian lesson & spent the evening reading a very amusing Irish novel 'Canvassing' lent to us by the doctor; it gives a very amusing picture of Irish living, Irish wit etc., and we at first were very much amused. I read it aloud and F. laughed so much that I was obliged to lay it aside lest his symptoms might be aggravated.

FLORENCE, Saturday, January 5th, 1839

Frederic is quite well, but a little weak. Occupied ourselves packing up our valuable jewels etc. to leave here, as we would not require all of them at Rome; the doctor entered in the midst and approved of our precautions against robbers and other vicissitudes of travelling. We then went out to take a drive, called at M^{rs}. Greenough's and left a P.P.C., then went to the Bankers for money and finished by taking a drive on the Cascine, then returned, dined, and took our Italian lesson; this evening there is to be a great procession of the people to open the Carnival; this procession consists of all sorts of persons parading with flambeau torches etc. and blowing horns and endeavoring to make more noise than his neighbor, sev-

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eral triumphal cars ornamented with Christmas greens and filled with men all bearing torches, blowing horns & followed by a numerous and boisterous suite; each of these cars was drawn by a number of horses. We had told Martin that when these cars past we wished to be informed, accordingly Martin and the waiter who takes great interest in us, both came running to tell us to fly to the windows in front of the house, we accordingly left our teacher aghast for he never looks upon these processions as any thing out of the ordinary line; we flew through 2 rooms before we could get to the windows, awoke Frederic 'en passant', and at last after opening the shutters obtained a view of this singular procession; having watched them till they past we returned to our master; he saluted us with "Mais, qu' y a-t-il de remarquable?" I suppose he could not realize that we never had carnivals in America. All the evening we were subjected to a terrible noise, boys screaming, horns blowing etc. At 11 we retired.

FLORENCE, Sunday, January 6th, 1839

This morning is cloudy and rainy and consequently we will not be able to attend the English church as I had hoped. I therefore wrote my journal which had been neglected since last Sunday. Am I not wicked? but Mama must not reproach me. At 11 it cleared delightfully, it is warm and balmy, we have consequently ordered the carriage at 2 that we may take some fresh air. Amused myself looking at a man who came from the little chapel under our window, with a little tin canister in his hand, which he offered to all the passers by in order that they should drop their alms in to it for the benefit of the chapel, as he stationed himself at the four corners. I could not help laughing at his activity, running from one person to another and giving the tin a shake as he presented it, several persons gave him a copper, but one young man presented a piece of silver for which he asked some change, the very accommodating alms seeker emptied his box, and gave him the requisite change. At 2, after having spent the morning reading, writing, etc. we entered the carriage and drove to the Cascine.

Tuesday was lovely and warm; all my ideas of an Italian winter are realized, in January the winter is like May. We met numbers of very brilliant equipages filled with gay princesses, duchesses, marchionesses, countesses, there were certainly 150 to 200 carriages out and the scene was remarkably gay. The drive itself was very beautiful, the farms through which it extends are beautifully laid out,

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they are situated on the bank of the Arno; opposite the castle near the water, the ladies leave their carriages and take a promenade on the bank; among the distinguished persons there to day, were Prince and Princess Poniatowski, who is quite a fine looking old lady; Princess Pacchioni who is connected with Napoleon's family, and numbers of others, among our acquaintances were M^{rs}. & Miss Greenough and several gentlemen. After driving for 1 ½ hours here we returned home and received a visit from M^r. H. There has been a duel here between a Russian and a French count which has created quite a sensation; the Russian was wounded but not mortally. We have just received accounts from Rome which inform us that all the hotels are crowded. We have found it impossible to get mulberry *seed* here; it can only be procured by ordering it a year beforehand. I cannot sufficiently express the very great pleasure which our visit to Florence has given us, and though we could not participate in the gaieties of society, still I leave the spot with sadness though we shall again visit it.

FLORENCE, Monday, January 7th, 1839

Spent the morning till 2 packing up and making our preparations for departure, while Frederic went out in the carriage to attend to some business, though it rained and was very unpleasant. At 2 we called for M^r. Ombrosi and went out with him to transact some business, returned at 4. Frederic being somewhat fatigued, dined, took our last Italian lesson and spent the evening embroidering slippers while M^r. Ombrosi entertained us till ½ past 10; after such a fatiguing day I feared that Frederic would be worse the next day and my fears were realized.

FLORENCE, Tuesday, January 8th, 1839

Rose at 6, finished all our preparations, breakfasted, and just as we were about starting it commenced raining furiously; we judged it improper to start in the rain, and as we could not arrive at Siena if we started later, we gave up going for the day. At 10 it cleared up delightfully and was quite warm; had Frederic not suffered so much from the fatigue of yesterday we would have been sorry not to have gone, but we congratulated ourselves on being in such good quarters; he spent the rest of the day in bed, and Caroline and I amused ourselves embroidering & reading Daru's History of Venice; in the evening Martin procured some of Galignani's Messenger for us, I wheeled my arm chair up to the bed and edified my companions by reading the whole of the President's Message, after which dry read-

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ing, I amused them with the lighter articles contained in this interesting journal, we retired at 10.

FLORENCE, Wednesday, January 9th, 1839

Rose this morning at 6, but as Frederic was not well enough to commence his journey, returned again to bed where I lingered till $\frac{1}{2}$ 8. I then rose and found it a splendid morning and quite warm, the river was as placid and clear as glass and the houses on each side were reflected in it like a mirror. Spent the morning writing and reading and at 2 we intend taking a drive on the Cascine. At the appointed hour we took our drive, but as it became cloudy there were fewer persons than usual driving, returned, dined, and toward evening received a visit from the doctor.

FLORENCE, Thursday, January 10th, 1839

Spent the day reading, embroidering and taking care of my patient. Received a visit from M^r Ombrosi, dined and spent the evening as usual reading Galignani's Messengers which are sent to us daily by a very polite English gentleman.

FLORENCE, Friday, January 11th, 1839

Frederic not so well, spent the day as usual, reading Daru's Venice. Dined, received doctor's visit and retired at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10. The weather continues delightful.

FLORENCE, Saturday, January 12th, 1839

Frederic a little better, spent the day as usual. This afternoon Frederic is much better. Doctor paid us a long visit and we retired at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10.

FLORENCE, Sunday, January 13th, 1839

The weather is charming, Frederic this morning is much better. After watching for some time the great variety of passengers which are constantly crowding the bridge directly before our windows, an amusement which would give Grandmama great pleasure, read, chatted, and endeavoured to render as pleasant as possible to my patient the *Course of Time*. I imagine these little details annoy and do not interest you, but you well know that the scenes and events of a sick room do not afford much scope to the imagination or play of fancy. I know that your forgiving spirit will pardon and as it is 4 o'clock we are summoned to dinner, so adieu for the present.

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There are several American families in the house but none of our acquaintances; they are Bostonians, Philadelphians and Carolinians. Spent the remainder of the day reading etc., and in much the same way was Monday spent. To-day, however, Frederic is improving slightly, his disease is changed into an affection of the liver.

FLORENCE, Tuesday, January 15th, 1839

Spent as usual. To-night there is to be a very singular performance at the Standard Theatre for the benefit of the poor. Prince and Princess Polniatowski and several others of the nobility perform. The Princess has a very fine voice, but it appears to me to be very degrading to come forward in this way on the stage where everyone is admitted who pays so much, but these great folks think they can do what they please. I was made happy to-day by the receipt of a letter from my beloved sister, and though we shall not again visit Switzerland, we will endeavor if possible to obtain the vases for her; we saw plenty of them, but bought none fearing they might be cumbersome.

FLORENCE, Wednesday, January 16th, 1839

Spent as usual. Frederic better. Received a visit from M^{essa} Ombrosi and Saul who gave us an account of the performance at the Standish Theatre. Thursday spent as usual.

FLORENCE, Friday, January 18th, 1839

Frederic much better. Received a visit from M^r Haydon who described the ball at the Casino last night. M^r Ombrosi called as usual.

FLORENCE, Saturday, January 19th, 1839

Frederic a great deal better; we amused ourselves embroidering, reading etc.

FLORENCE, Sunday, January 20th, 1839

Again a delightful warm day, such weather in winter is incredible. At 2 Frederic took a drive out in the country to enjoy the air and exercise. The weather was lovely, and the drive charming. I cannot describe to you the lovely environs of Florence. We returned, F. very much benefited. Was called during dinner to look at the masked persons who were parading the streets drest in the most grotesque style, very much like the Invincibles which amused New York for some time. This is one of the usual amusements during the carnival; only the common people amuse themselves in this

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way, very much to the edification however of the higher classes. I spent the evening reading and writing.

FLORENCE, Monday, January 21st, 1839

Spent the day as usual. M^r Ombrosi favored us with a visit. Drove in the Cascine and talked, read and sewed in the evening. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday spent in the same way, therefore I will weary you no longer with these uninteresting details.

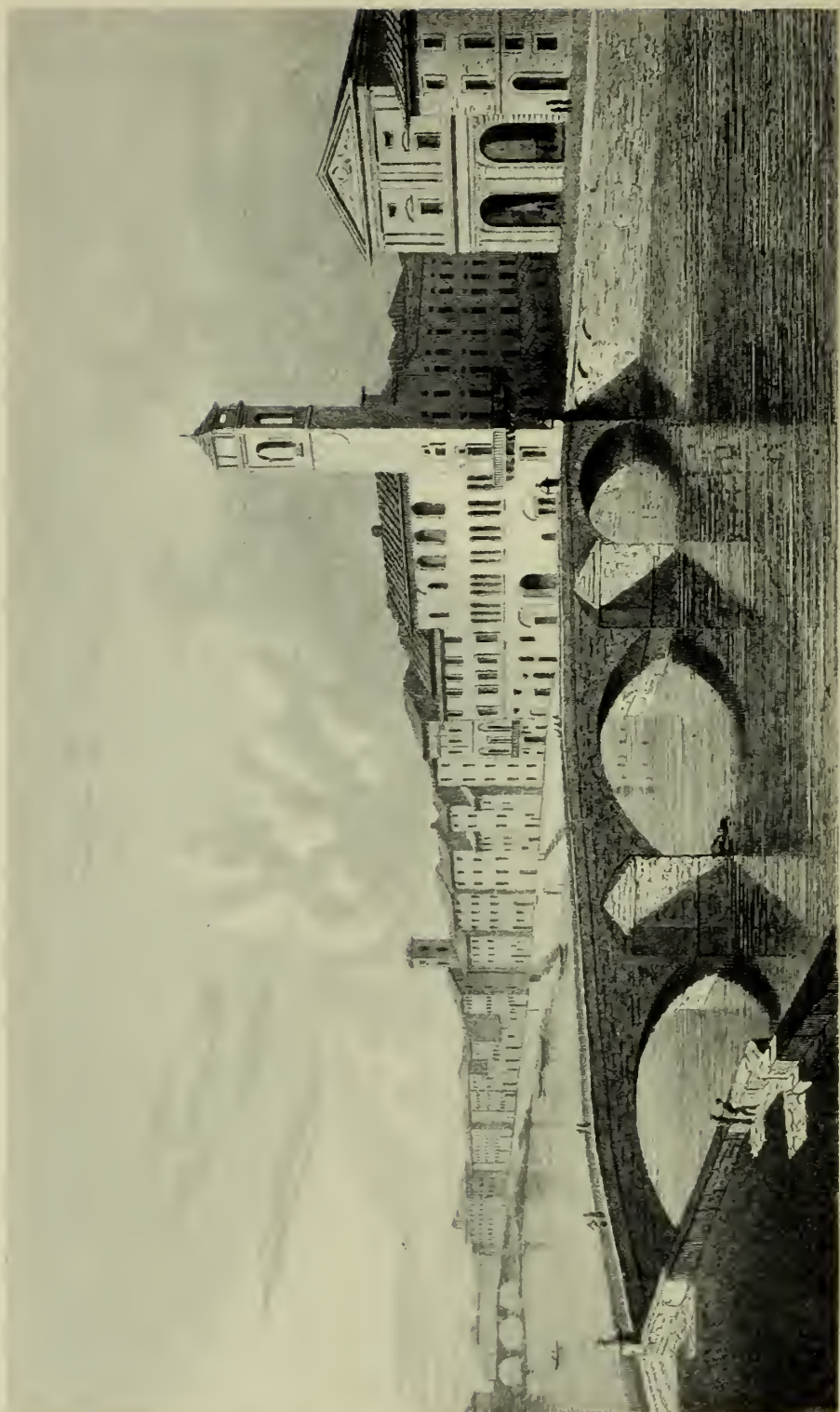
FLORENCE, Friday, January 25th, 1839

Again a lovely day, the doctor was here a short time ago and says we may leave here tomorrow for Pisa, thence to Leghorn where we are to take the steampacket to Civita Vecchia, accordingly we made our preparations; our passport is again signed, trunks and carriage packed, and we then took our drive to the Cascine, there were many handsome and stylish equipages. Among other liveries the most remarkable is that of Prince Corsini; he has a *black* footman who wears a white and red Turkish turban and trousers. On our return I stood by the window inspecting the horizon, when I perceived a number of little clouds assembling which had a very suspicious look; as our departure depends upon the weather, we know not where we shall be tomorrow night, perhaps at Florence, but I hope at Pisa for we have been here 7 weeks. Goodbye for today, spent the evening sewing and reading.

FLORENCE, Saturday, January 26th, 1839

Rose at 7, found it a pleasant day, breakfasted and at 9 were on the road to Pisa; the weather which appeared to be so delightful soon changed and it commenced raining very hard; as we had commenced our journey we were obliged to continue and after passing through a lovely country arrived at Pisa. The road lies entirely on the banks of the Arno and the scenery is very grand. This is called the garden of Italy; about 3 the clouds dispersed and it cleared up delightfully and all nature seemed to smile; the grass and grain looked as green and verdant as in the spring, and the drops hanging on the trees reminded me of a beauty in tears. We arrived at Pisa at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 and stopt at the Grand Hotel of the Hussar kept by an Englishman. We found the rooms very comfortable and after having sate for an hour by the side of a comfortable wood fire, we par-





PISA

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took of a delightful dinner and spent the remainder of the evening, reading, embroidering, etc.

PISA, Sunday, January 27th, 1839

Rose this morning and found the day delightful, after breakfast staid at home till 1 reading, talking etc., then drest and went out to see the beauties of the town. Pisa like Florence is situated on the banks of the Arno whose waters divide the city into 2 parts. The principal street the Lung Arno is lined with handsome houses and palaces. There are three bridges across the Arno, one of which is celebrated for the sham fight which takes place on it every 3 years. The origin of Pisa is uncertain. Dionysius of Halicarnassus and Strabo assert it was founded by a colony of Greeks after the ruin of Troy. This is confirmed by Virgil. Under Augustus, Adrian and Antoninus it enjoyed much prosperity and was embellished with theatres, triumphal arches, etc. It was afterwards sacked by the Goths and shared the same fate as Rome; it however afterwards revived and became the rival of Venice; the Crusades added to its importance but in 1283 it was unfortunate in the East, and the rise of its neighbor Genoa plunged it into insignificance. The Florentines soon after determined to take possession of it. Capponi was sent to besiege, and after a vigorous resistance it surrendered. It has continued since that under the government of the Florentines and is now the second town in Tuscany. The greatest curiosities are enclosed within a small space. The Cathedral, the Baptistery and the Leaning Tower. We first visited the Cathedral which was commenced in 1603; it is built of black and white marble and its architecture is Greek Arabic; the façade is ornamented with 5 rows of columns; there are 3 bronze doors admirably wrought by John of Bologna; they represent the passion of Christ. The interior is very rich and striking, the ceiling of the choir is ornamented with gold mosaics, and the ceiling of the domes curiously painted, the walls are hung with numbers of pictures, many of them very fine; there are several by Andrea del Sarto. I was very much struck indeed with the appearance of this Cathedral, and very particularly with the view taken from the grand altar. There is celebrated to-day the Feast of the Holy Sacrament; the altar of solid silver was illuminated with numerous lights and the effect was beautiful; numerous devotees were kneeling round the shrine offering up their prayers though it was not the hour for service. After having walked round the church with a guide who explained every thing to us, we went

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out of the door, and were as usual assaulted by numerous beggars, men, women and children all relating doleful tales. We however succeeded in getting rid of them, and were soon lost in astonishment and admiration gazing upon the far famed Leaning Tower. This is built of white marble, and is ornamented with 7 rows of columns which alternate with the greatest taste and beauty. It is in the form of a cylinder, and the inclination is full 15 feet though it appeared to my eye somewhat more. Though I have so often heard of this great curiosity I was not at all disappointed. This tower was built by 3 archbishops. From the top of this tower Galileo made his observations and came to those vast conclusions which when revealed to the world cost him his liberty; this fact renders the tower still more interesting. As Frederic was too weak to mount to the top we satisfied ourselves from the view from below. We then entered the Baptistery; this is the same style as the Cathedral, it is of a circular form, is decorated with several rows of columns and is surmounted by a cupola. In the interior is a pulpit of white marble admirably sculptured, in some places it is transparent, there is also a very singular echo which was made eloquent by our guide. We then left and went to the Campo Santo which consists of cloisters 140 feet wide and 450 feet long; the walls of these cloisters are covered with frescoes by Giotto etc. and numerous ancient and modern monuments; the architecture is Gothic and is very beautiful; there is a small parterre in the centre of these cloisters, all the earth of which was brought from the Holy Land; it is of course regarded with great reverence. We then drove along the Quay to the small church of Santa Maria della Spina which is remarkable for its Gothic architecture; we have procured views of all these places which will give you a better idea of them than my descriptions. We then drove up and down the Quay, basking in the warm sun shine and looking at the vast numbers of ladies and gentlemen who throng the streets; past the palace where the late duchess of Würtemberg was; how affecting are the incidents of her death, and how beautiful are the emotions of Louis Philippe and his affectionate and attached family. Returned home, dined, and spent the evening reading. Late in the evening Martin came in with a very long face, announcing that he had just seen a friend from Rome, who confirmed all the accounts we had received of the difficulty of procuring rooms at Rome; there are acknowledged to be 50,000 strangers at Rome and not a room to be had for love nor money; two gentlemen have just arrived who say

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that after the greatest difficulty they obtained rooms at \$16 a day, meals not included, many families have been obliged to go 16 miles from Rome to obtain quarters for the night having spent six hours in the street looking for lodgings. Martin is in the last stages of despair, but we give ourselves no uneasiness as it is all his lookout.

PISA, Monday, January 28, 1839

Left Pisa at 9 for Leghorn, where we expect to meet the steamboat which is to leave for Civita Vecchia at 4; after a very pleasant drive though the day was windy we arrived at Leghorn, only 14 miles from Pisa. We arrived at 11 and drove to the Locanda San Marco where we obtained very comfortable rooms but received the unpleasant intelligence that the steamboat had not arrived from Marseilles and was not expected until tomorrow. We therefore made ourselves comfortable and happy reading, embroidering, and after dinner spent a very joyous and merry evening; after tea we continued talking & laughing and retired at 10; tomorrow we intend viewing the city.

LEGHORN, Tuesday, January 29, 1839

Rose this morning and found the weather pleasant but rather windy; after breakfast took a walk through the city. Leghorn is a very commercial place, and consequently we found the streets crowded with men, carts, horses and Jews of whom great numbers reside here. We visited a very large and handsome store where we saw a great many Eastern productions, such as Damascus silks, camels hair shawls, but at the most extravagant prices. We then walked about the city & returned to the hotel where we took a lunch previous to our embarkation at 3, our carriage was put on two small row boats, and though the waves were very high, and the wind quite violent, arrived safely on board the vessel which lay 2 miles distant from the shore. We then proceeded in a little boat to the steamboat Marie Christine, accompanied by General McDuffe of South Carolina; we had some difficulty in getting up the side of the vessel as we were obliged to mount a ladder. We arrived safely on board at 4, amid the tossing of the boat and the whistling of the wind. The boat did not get under way until 1 ½ hours after and the motion of the boat became so unpleasant that I expected soon to be obliged to retire. The boat though the best on the line from Marseilles to Naples, was not very good, we however succeeded in getting good staterooms for the moderate sum of \$12½ each person.

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In about an hour I retired and spent all night until 8 the next morning with sensations far from enviable, fortunately however Frederic was not at all unwell. There were 2 American gentlemen on board M^r. Hague and M^r. Arnold, the latter about 17 years old, travelling for his health. At 9 I went on deck and there learnt that we had not only had a very boisterous passage, but a dangerous one, the entrance into the harbour of Civita Vecchia being quite difficult. After another hour's delay in consequence of passports, boats were allowed to come along side to take us ashore; then commenced animated discussions on all sides between the boatmen; the sea still very high, the wind blowing violently, the boatmen quarrelling and almost screaming with rage, indeed it required much courage to descend the ladder, on the uncertainty of getting a footing in the little boat, which the waves were dashing and tossing about; however we all reached it in safety and arrived at the shore, mid the disputes of the boatmen who were endeavouring to be paid higher; after some difficulty we landed, and walked in a violent wind to the Hôtel d'Europe, where we were to breakfast and wait the disembarkation of the carriage, expecting to go on to Rome that night. Breakfasted at 1, but the waves and wind continued so high that we were not able to get the carriage on shore; we waited all day in the greatest anxiety but the sun set and still the wind seemed to increase. We accordingly dined and spent the evening listening to the raging wind, and the pattering of hail. We however retired, and slept soundly hoping for better luck tomorrow.

CIVITA VECCHIA, Thursday, January 31, 1839

Woke this morning, looked out of the window which opens on the sea, and saw Martin busily engaged with a small sloop preparing to take off our carriage, accompanied by 2 others on board; after a delay of 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours, the carriage was landed and was then dragged by 6 men to the custom house; after breakfast we joined the carriage, and after some further delay set off for Rome, hearing from every one that not a night's lodging could be had at Rome; we partly determined to stop at the half way house, and there spend the night while Martin went on for rooms. We drove at a most glorious rate along the seashore, and arrived at the half way house in 3 hours. Martin went up stairs to look at the rooms, meanwhile we looked at the exterior of the mansion; the house was of stone, situated entirely alone and of a very forbidding aspect. Numbers of men of sinister appear-

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ance and bandit like costume were prowling round the house, and numerous ferocious dogs saluted us with frightful barks and yells. Martin returned looking sorrowful and we determined to look at the rooms ourselves; we accordingly ascended the stone steps through dark passages and arrived at 2 of the most forlorn and dirty rooms I had ever seen; stone floors and walls of dark hue and no furniture, but a bed of the most forbidding appearance, a couple of chairs and a table; we all determined that we preferred spending the night in the carriage in the streets of Rome to staying here; we therefore returned to the carriage though it was beginning to rain; we refreshed ourselves with some sour bread and continued our journey to Rome. We had not proceeded far before the rain descended in torrents and soon after it changed into snow and before we arrived at Rome the carriage was covered with sleet and snow. We soon descried the dome of St. Peter's and I was so elated that I could scarcely wait to pass through the dull routine of custom houses before flying to see it, but this ardour soon abated when I thought of the possibility of being obliged to spend so much of the evening in seeking lodgings; it was now after 5 and was quite dark; en passant we caught a glimpse of St. Peter's which only served to revive our ardour. We past the barrier, bribed the custom house officer and were soon driving through the streets of Rome; what a world of histories and classic associations ought to have rushed to our recollection; the heroes of ancient days ought to have stood forward and have spoken audibly while passing the different remains of former days; we past the Castle of St. Angelo, where Cellini made a brave defense, and drove over the celebrated bridge across the Tiber, statues guarding it on each side, but instead of these ancient heroes, our thoughts were all concentrated upon modern edifices and modern heroes and the name of hotel keepers. We drove first to the Hôtel d'Europe, where we received the chilling answer that the whole house was filled and that we should have much difficulty to procure rooms any where; we however drove to the porte Cochère to be protected from the storm while Martin went round to procure rooms for us. I know not at how many houses he applied, but after we had waited (it appeared to me an age) he returned and said that he had procured rooms in a private house for a week; we hailed him with joy, and immediately drove to the Via Bocca del Leone, so we are literally in the lion's mouth. We were pretty well satisfied with the rooms which consisted of two bed rooms, and a salon at \$4 a day

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without lodging, Martin undertaking to keep house, that is to say to buy provisions, wood, candles, etc., a *traiteur* sends our dinner to us at 5, so we are keeping house in Rome; Martin immediately sent out for bread, butter, etc. and after a short delay we sat down to a comfortable tea and retired at 10.

ROME, Friday, February 1st, 1839

Rose at 8, found it clearing off, breakfasted and Frederic then paid a visit to his banker Lorgliona; he then returned for us and we drove to several mosaic stores, where we saw some very beautiful articles, but not being able to restrain our curiosity any longer we drove to St. Peter's, but here my pen falls from my hand bidding me to discontinue for what can my insignificant pen produce? Rather look at the many prints and engravings that have been made of it. We past its jets d'eau and obelisks situated in the open piazza before it and drove through the long arcades of solid stone, the entrance guarded by Swiss in the Livery of the Pope, until we arrived at the large open portico; we entered the church, but to my shame must I confess that in this great marvel of the world I was disappointed, but here let me hide my diminished head for this confession does not affect the beauty or grandeur of the building at all, but evinces my shameful want of taste. Still you must applaud my candour for my sincerity has caused me no mean effort; however I doubt not a further acquaintance with this immense edifice will improve my taste and judgement and I am somewhat encouraged when I am told that few see it for the first time without having this feeling. To describe the interior is an undertaking which I must entirely renounce. I only aim at describing to you my feelings as the wonders of this chef-d'oeuvre unfold themselves to my astonished eyes. The feeling of disappointment which is uniformly felt arises from the perfect symmetry of its proportions. I was completely amazed at the immense size of the columns, but we did not view the church systematically but were only trusting to first impressions, therefore I cannot tell you their circumference, and as we advanced still further on looking at little angels which seemed of very small dimensions on approaching them we discovered them to exceed our size. We past the bronze statue of St. Peter which is at the further end of the church and the toe of which is worn quite smooth by the friction of kisses; many devotees were kneeling round, and several stole a kiss while we were standing there. Notwithstanding all the

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wonders of the Cathedral and the immensity of the structure I fear that my expectations will remain unrealized, but I blush at the confession; however as I find that I am not writing in a proper strain I will leave this subject and return to the more ordinary details of life. We then visited several mosaic and cameo stores, where I saw so many pretty things that I was almost bewildered; breastpins, presspapers and all sorts of beautiful things; after visiting the most celebrated we entered the house of Girombetti the most celebrated cutter of cameos; his apartments are very handsome and he showed us a very large and beautiful collection, among others was a very beautiful head of Medusa and Cupid on a lion exquisitely cut; having seen his curiosities we left and soon after returned home dined and spent the evening embroidering talking over the marvelous events of the day and writing our journals. Martin has just entered the room looking tired to death and has informed us that he has procured the only landau remaining in Rome; this is the favorite equipage here, and such is the demand for carriages that they are not hired out for less than 2 weeks at \$4 per day, we have consequently procured one for that time; as I am somewhat fatigued after this arduous day, and have no doubt that you are equally so, I bid you good night begging you not to dream of St. Peter's lest you may also be disappointed.

ROME, Saturday, February 2nd, 1839

Soon after breakfast we sallied forth and drove to St. Peter's where there was to be a grand ceremony & procession. When we arrived we found files of soldiers and numbers of priests and cardinals in their grand robes. The Pope was already seated on a throne covered with crimson silk, and arranged in his pontifical robe with his mitre. Gregory XVI appears to be quite an old man, I should think he was over 70. On each side of the church were arranged seats covered with old Gobelin tapestry for the ladies. In the centre of the church are 4 bronze columns supporting a canopy of the same metal; these columns are twisted and ornamented with gilding. In front of this canopy is a marble staircase leading down to a vault where the body of St. Peter lies directly under the bronze canopy, a kneeling statue in marble of Pius VII is before the tomb. We obtained very good seats and soon after the ceremony commenced. The Pope blest all the cardinals who came up to him in a procession and presented them each with a long wax candle; this was called the candle mass. Soon after the procession commenced; first came the

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priests in scarlet robes, some with white robes, then came the cardinals with their embroidered robes and high caps and then came His Holiness seated in a crimson chair embroidered with gold and carried by several priests and surrounded by the Swiss guards drest in the costume of the 15th century which consists of a suit of red, black and yellow striped cloth, full at the knee, with tight stockings and shoes, a black hat with a red and yellow feather. The Pope was carried up and down the church, each priest and cardinal bearing the candle blest and presented by the Pope; the Pope also carried a lighted torch. He past close by us and we had a capital view of his face; he looked very much exhausted, and his head hung on one side as if he were entirely overcome; after the procession was finished his robes were changed and he walked a short distance on foot; during the whole ceremony there was a band of choristers singing at the top of their voices, but they were not heard at a great distance. You may well imagine how very novel and interesting this scene was to us. As we had staid there for a long time we left our seats while the Pope was still praying over the tomb of St. Peter. As we left our seats I spied M^{rs}. Robert Livingston (Miss Goodhue) with M^{rs}. Laight. We exchanged addresses and a few words and will probably soon meet again. We also saw M^{rs}. Charles Butler of Geneva, with whom we talked a few minutes. We also saw D^r. Potts. We then left the church and drove to several places, M^{rs}. Butler's, the reading room where we were joined by M^r. Butler who accompanied F. to see D^r. Potts at the Hotel de Russia. We also saw M^r. John Bard, M^r. Bard's son; we then left M^r. Butler and went to the Colosseum, the most interesting of all the Roman ruins. This splendid arena was built by Vespasian 72 years after J.C. It is said that the name Colosseum was from a colossal statue of Nero which was in the centre of the arena. Vespasian set Jewish prisoners to work at it and it was finished by Titus; it was devoted to public shows and to the combats of gladiators; the circumference of the building is 1641 ft. and the height 157, it contains 100,000 persons and consists of 4 rows of arches, each row containing 80 arcades and with 80 half columns intermingled; the seats of the spectators are now entirely destroyed and the whole is overgrown with ivy & other vines; as it was very much destroyed by the invasion of the Goths, it has been supported and propped up by mason work and to prevent further injury it has been consecrated by the Pope and there are several small chapels placed round the interior; while we were still lingering



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there, a procession of monks clothed in gray with their heads entirely covered with only a small opening for the eyes & nose; this procession was followed by a train of ragged men, women and children. We left the Colosseum and stood in admiration before the arch of Constantine; it was built by the Senate to commemorate the victories of that emperor and is covered with bas reliefs representing his great actions; it is composed of three arches and the entablature above is of very fine execution; the order is Corinthian, some of the pillars falling to ruin have been propped up by iron bars and iron bands, the statues and some of the bas reliefs were taken from Trajan's arch; this is one of the most beautiful and best preserved arches in Rome. We next visited the baths of Titus; these baths are almost entirely destroyed, indeed nothing now remains except a few fragments and stones; these baths were built by Titus over the Imperial palace, one part of which he demolished to erect the baths. This palace which is now almost entirely in ruins was the abode of most of the Emperors, it is situated on Mount Palatine which was the residence of Romulus and the Kings Cicero, Crassus and Catiline also had their palaces here. Augustus resided here & built a temple which he dedicated to Apollo. Tiberius and Caligula enlarged this edifice and Nero improved it and called it the golden Palace. It has however been demolished by the Goths and by the destroying hand of time. After the lapse of ages some persons commenced digging and brought to light several chambers. The ceilings and walls of these chambers bear traces of very beautiful arabesque painting, and it is said that Raphael was one of the first artists who first penetrated into them and that he imitated them on the walls of the Vatican; it is also said that to conceal this theft he caused them to be filled up, but this is merely the sting of calumny. In a niche in one of the chambers it is said that the statue of Laocoon was placed. The ceilings of these rooms were immensely high and the rooms themselves were very large. The palace was ornamented with 3000 columns. This was of course extremely magnificent, and causes to dwindle into insignificance all the puerile monuments of modern days. After leaving the baths we drove to the Pantheon; this magnificent temple, the most remarkable in Rome, was built by Agrippa 26 years B.C.; this splendid portico is 103 ft. long, 61 wide, it is ornamented with 16 magnificent Corinthian columns of gigantic size but perfect proportion all of one solid block of granite; they are 14 feet in circumference, 18 $\frac{1}{2}$ high without the base and

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capital, the dome was covered with bronze and the front of the pediment; you can form an idea of the quantity used when I tell you that the nails alone weighed 9574. This edifice was erected in honour of all the gods; the interior is in the form of a rotunda, and is ornamented with statues, etc. One of the niches of this temple Raphael designed for his own monument and ordered his heirs to cause a statue of the Virgin to be placed there; his remains were deposited there with much pomp; there is a singular aperture at the top of the dome 26 ft. in diameter through which the only light which enters the building comes. After leaving the Pantheon we returned home, very much excited after having seen so many wonders and curiosities. Spent the evening writing and talking; Fred-eric went to pay a visit to G^{en}. McDuffee; we had intended to visit the ruins by moonlight, but gave it up as it was damp. Retired at 10.

ROME, Sunday, February 3rd, 1839

Rose, breakfasted and at 11 went to the English church which is a very large room just outside the gate fitted up with seats, pulpit etc. it was crowded to excess; among our acquaintances were M^r. & M^{rs}. Butler, M^{rs}. & Miss Edward Jones; we have since heard that both M^r. E. Jones and his youngest son have both died within a few weeks; they were drest in deep mourning and staid in to communion. After hearing this very good sermon we returned home and received a visit from M^r. & M^{rs}. James Amory of Boston. M^{rs}. A. is a very pretty woman & quite young. We then drove to the Villa Borghesi; the park is a very fashionable drive, it is 3 miles round and is laid out in the most beautiful style; the weather was perfectly clear, the sun shining most brilliantly; the entrance to the park is very magnificent, it is constructed after the Grecian models, and it is flanked by 2 porticoes of the Gothic order; you enter and soon find yourself at the shores of a lake, ornamented with statues on its shores, a beautiful fountain is also playing; after driving through avenues of trees, mid playing fountains and beautiful statues you arrive at the ruins of an ancient arch erected to Faustina, two splendid granite columns render this temple particularly remarkable; in every direction you discover some ancient ruin; there are also several other temples, one erected to Esculapius, another to Diana, all very beautiful. The villa itself I will not describe until I have visited the interior. After taking a lovely drive we drove on to St. Peter's where we heard the end of some very fine in-

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strumental music; we then wandered about this immense church becoming more familiarized with its immensity and consequently appreciating it more. As usual there were several different services performing; passing one altar, a large number of singers were singing at the top of their voices, gradually as we walked along these sounds would die away and new voices would fill the part of the building; numbers of persons were wandering about the church like ourselves looking at the wonders. After lingering there for some time becoming more and more enraptured we left, going out into a chilly atmosphere; it is a remarkable circumstance that throughout the whole year St. Peter's preserves nearly the same temperature, indeed I could scarcely be persuaded that there was no fire. We returned home, dined at 6 and spent the evening reading, writing, etc. Tomorrow we move to the Hôtel de la grande Bretagne.

ROME, Monday, February 4th, 1839

Immediately after breakfast we packed our trunks and left Martin to convey everything to our new abode. We went to several beautiful mosaic and cameo stores where we became perfectly bewildered amid such a world of pretty things; it is indeed very difficult to make a selection among so many pretty things, we selected however a few, and this consumed the whole morning till 12, we then went to our new rooms which we saw for the first time and with which we were very much pleased, we found them large, airy and comfortable; we then went to the Chiesa del Gesù where Frederic delivered a letter of introduction to a priest; he was very polite and promised to come and see us soon. We then went to the Corso accompanied by Gen. McDuffee; we drove up and down the Corso, which is a narrow but handsome street; from almost all the windows there hung draperies of crimson satin or silk bordered with gilt which is always the case on fête days; to-day is the first day of the Carnival in Rome; it only lasts 8 days and consequently very gay. All sides of the street were lined with carriages while the maskers occupied the centre of the street and the side walks; the scene was gay beyond description; the windows were filled with ladies and gentlemen all looking as gay as possible and all having their baskets of sugar plums which they showered from the windows and balconies, which showers were returned with interest by those in the carriages, but the maskers added much to the amusement of the day; it is impossible for me to describe the singularity and grotesque

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appearance of their costume; men drest in women's ball dresses with fly caps and feathers, others masked in a grotesque manner, others in dominoes, nothing could equal the singularity of the scene; as the street was becoming crowded to excess, and as the sugar plums were coming down in such showers as to ruin the dress of all those exposed to them, we determined to return to the window which we had taken in the Corso for the sum of \$15 for 8 days. It was amusing to see the dusty coats and forlorn appearance of those who had been most severely pelted; from our window which was hung with crimson we saw perfectly all the doings in the street; numbers of maskers would dance down the street, performing the most amusing revolutions; opposite us there were 2 windows filled with young men drest in blouses and straw hats who had immense bags of sugar plums which they showered down in torrents upon the unfortunate passengers; even the ladies in the carriages were masked and had their baskets filled with flowers and sugar plums which they dealt out in profusion; some whole families, coachman, footman and all the rest were masked and drest in curious costumes. Even the Prince of Russia condescended to take part in the sport; he was in an open omnibus, (a private carriage) with a large number of young men all drest in blouses, black hats and wire face guards; this sport continued for some time; at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 a cannon was fired and the carriages all left the street which was cleaned by the soldiers who endeavoured to make room for the horse race which was to take place at 5; at that hour the centre of the street was suddenly cleared by 4 race horses without riders who galloped past us with the speed of lightning, they were urged on by small pieces of tin which pricked in to them, and as they ran these pricking then served as spurs; the scene was very animating and full of interest; soon after they past a cannon fired which announced that the amusements in the Corso were finished for the day. When the streets were somewhat cleared we joined our carriage, we drove home where we found a very excellent dinner awaiting us. After dinner at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 looked over our purchases, and wrote our journals till 11. The Jones family are in the same hotel with us. I intend calling upon them soon.

ROME, Tuesday, February 5th, 1839

Immediately after breakfast we sallied forth in search of pretty mosaics as Frederic has several commissions to execute for his friends; we saw several very beautiful landscapes by Claude Lorraine

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& Salvator Rosa set in breastpins; the multitude of persons at present in Rome one would have supposed would have bought up all the pretty things, but there are great numbers still on hand though the prices are consequently higher; having spent the whole morning till 2 in this way we went to see M^{rs}. Robert Livingston who was however at dinner, we did not see her. We then drove to several different places till 4 and then drove to the Corso which was filled with carriages, masks etc. We made our way with difficulty through the crowd and arrived at our window where we soon found ourselves in the midst of sugar plums & flowers, the mask determined to throw us some flowers which we in vain tried to catch, after several efforts we succeeded in catching them and he past on; they have also small ladders which, as they shake, spring out and run to the 3rd story, flowers & fruits are attached to them which the ladies untie and the ladder immediately springs back. The maskers are allowed to take any liberties with every other person and no one must resent the insult or the injury; we were very much amused with an old couple seated in a window opposite; 12 young men past in a carriage drest in white hats and white suits and they all commenced pelting the old couple with sugar plums, they stood their ground for some time manfully but were at last obliged to take refuge in flight very much to the amusement of the spectators. There were also 2 women who past in masks that amused us very much; they were drest in fancy costumes with frightful faces, one had a whisk in her hand, the other a clothes brush, they assailed a gentleman just opposite our window and they commenced brushing his face and his clothes furiously, the poor man in despair but in good humour endeavoured to extricate himself, but several others joining the attack he was obliged to submit to his fate; another was drest as a cat, another as a dog, some as old women, some as fashionable ladies, there was one person drest as a woman with a pink silk with white lace over, a black velvet opera hat with white ostrich feathers and assuming all the airs and graces of a fine lady; it was too droll, we laughed much and became perfectly exhausted; there were many other curious and laughable characters, but were I to describe even a part I should write a whole volume. After waiting for an hour, the street thronged to excess, suddenly the alarm was given, the street was in an instant cleared and the race horses past with tremendous velocity, the crowd hallowing and huzzaing; soon after we left the Corso and drove home, we then dined and amused ourselves reading, writing, talking etc.

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until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 when we were serenaded by a band of music stationed in the entry by our door; at 10 retired.

ROME, Wednesday, February 6th, 1839

After breakfast sewed and wrote journal until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 waiting for Frederic to return home as he had gone out on business. Soon after we received a visit from 2 priests, one of them was Father Vespero, Frederic's friend M^r. Powers the catholic clergyman in New York gave us a letter to him. He told us of some ceremonies which were to be performed in the Sistine Chapel and advised us to attend; as soon as Frederic returned we drove to the Sistine Chapel which is in St. Peter's. A great number of handsome equipages were at the door. We ascended the splendid staircase leading to the Sistine Chapel which is the work of Bernini, Swiss guards in full costume were stationed on the stairs; no one is allowed to enter the Chapel except in a body coat, Frederic was therefore obliged to throw off his cloak and we entered. I will not attempt to describe this chapel as there were so many persons there that we could not see well; the Pope was seated in a large chair under a crimson velvet canopy, at his side sat numbers of cardinals in scarlet robes. Nobody was allowed to enter the gilded grating which divides the church. We however had very good seats and saw all the ceremonies. To-day is the anniversary of the coronation of the Pope. There were many singular ceremonies after which the Pope descended from his chair and accompanied by the cardinals knelt down in front of the altar where he and all present offered up a silent prayer. Don Miguel was seated in a very handsome box lined and trimmed with crimson velvet. He is a very handsome young man; next to him in the next box sate the Queen of Sardinia, but only Frederic saw her. Soon after we left as we were engaged to go to a concert in a room in the Argentine theatre given by Signor Manganelli; there was some very good music, some pretty duets; the female performer was Signora Garcia, but she was by no means equal to her illustrious namesake. After the concert we went round to several stores. Yesterday in virtue of M^r. Pell's order we went to Parletti's for sulphurs. When we had seen some of them we asked him the price. I was decidedly most pleased with the books, and as brother had flattered me by leaving it to my taste I ventured to select them, but they were \$2.50 a box; we told him of the price mentioned in the letter but he said it must have been a mistake as

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he had never sold any at that price. Fearing however that brother would be disappointed if we did not get them and supposing that he would not object to a little difference in the price we purchased 5 books, containing 188 of the most beautiful designs we could find, and I think that they are very beautiful and interesting; the sulphurs are all packed in a little wooden box and the cost is \$14 for the whole; they will be forwarded at the first safe opportunity. We went to-day to several bronze stores, and at last arrived at one where the articles were very pretty and not dear, we accordingly selected four, among others 2 little watch dogs which would in case of robbers be very pretty for guarding the door at Pelham. I trust and hope that he will be pleased with them; if any of the purchases which we make for him are not according to his taste he must consider himself at liberty to hand them over to us. At the same place (the place mentioned in the letter recommending us here) we ordered 100 marbles though we found them more expensive than the letter stated costing at the very lowest and last price 1 paul each; we however persuaded the man to let us have them for 7 sous each making in all \$7; they will also be forwarded as soon as possible. Tomorrow we expect to go out to see about the painting for the ceilings as we have not been able to get the addresses before. As my dear sister told me to get her anything handsome that I purchased for myself, I have bought for her a mosaic buckle which I flatter myself she will approve. Then returned to dinner, after which spent the evening talking and writing; there was to have been a great illumination this evening, but the damp weather which prevented us from going to the Corso prevented the illumination. Martin however went and said it was crowded; when we expressed our surprise he laughed, and said that if it rained stones the Italians would not give up their amusements. I forgot to mention that the price of the buckle is \$9 without the setting, which will be \$3 or 4 more. We went to several different shops, and found that the price of the marbles varied from 1 to 5 pauls each, at the last store we saw a very beautiful table costing 20 louis, the man after much persuasion and beating down agreed to make them as I above stated for 7 sous each.

ROME, Thursday, February 7th, 1839

Immediately after breakfast went with an Italian ceiling painter, considered the best painter in Rome, to see the house of an English gentleman painted by him. An Englishman commissioned by a

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company to come to Rome to select the best artist for painting a ceiling in London, after staying here a year, made choice of this man who executed the order to their satisfaction. The house that we visited belongs to M^r. Watson, and has just been painted by this artist. As we came to no decision on the subject, but only to see the work I cannot give you further particulars. The whole villa was painted very beautifully with arabesque and figures. M^r. W. was very polite, he showed us through the house and gave us all possible information, and interested himself very much in the business. On Monday the artist is to bring some designs to our hotel for us to look at and we shall then give the order. After showing us through the house, he showed us his garden which covers several acres; his workmen were all busy in the garden and notwithstanding the winter is unusually severe, there were roses flowering in the open air. After finishing our visit we drove to the Campidoglio which is situated on an elevation, the ascent to which is by a handsome flight of marble steps; at the head of the steps stand the marble statues of Castor and Pollux with their horses; there are also 2 statues of the 2 sons of Constantine. The Capitol stands at the summit of the elevation with a handsome flight of steps leading up to it. Directly behind a fountain which plays in front of the steps is placed the seated statue of Rome Triumphant; the statue is of Parian marble with porphyry display, on either side is the Tiber and the Nile with appropriate symbols. As an accomplished authoress has observed, "Rome Triumphant seems to be seated at the foot of the Capitol as if in mockery of her fallen state." On each side of the Capitol is a large building; one is the Palazzo dei Conservatori, and the other the Museum of the Capitol. In the centre of the Piazza of the Capitol stands the far famed equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius; it is said to be the handsomest in the world, indeed Michael Angelo was so enraptured with its beauty and nature that he could not help exclaiming to the horse, "Cammina go on." One of M^r. Pell's bronzes is this statue. We then ascended to the top by the tower of the Capitol where we arrived after a fatiguing ascent. As the day was lovely and perfectly clear we had a fine view of Rome and of the different mountains particularly the 7 hills; the different ones were pointed out to us, the Palatine, the Esquiline, Quirinal, Viminal, Caelius, Aventine and the Capitoline on which we stood. We also had a beautiful view of the ruins, and were able to get a very good and correct idea of their situation; among them were the Colosseum,

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the palace of Caesar and Cicero, the Temple of Peace, Concord and Faustina and many others. We enjoyed also an extensive view of Modern Rome with its domes, its spires and its palaces. After leaving the tower we descended and visited the Museum which contains many gems in the way of statuary and antiquities. Among the most remarkable statues in these halls were the Dying Gladiator which was found in the gardens of Sallust and is considered one of the handsomest statues in the world; the Seven in Parian marble, a faun by Praxiteles, a very beautiful sarcophagus which belonged to the family of Seven, and a mosaic vase with 4 pigeons the original which is so frequently copied in breastpins etc.; there are also many fine busts of the emperors and philosophers and 2 columns of Giallo Antico from the tomb of Cecelia Metella. After leaving the Capitol which is in the centre of old Rome, we drove through the ruins, past the Forum, and the magnificent arches and ascended the Esquiline. We then drove to M^{rs}. Butler's where we left our cards, thence to M^{rs}. Amory's, Miss Laight and the Jones, but all were out; we then went to our rooms and prepared ourselves for a sugar plum expedition in the Corso; we provided ourselves with several pounds of flour bonbons, and prepared to pelt friends and foes; the whole street was so crowded that the carriages could scarcely pass, and great numbers were masked and in costume; the scene was much more gay and lively than usual and we entered into frolic with great glee. Frederic kept his hands constantly filled with bonbons and returned with interest the many assaults which we received, flowers and mottoes were showered down upon us on every side, and some one was so kind as to throw a quantity of meal over Caroline which however we soon shook off, however a powdered dress is not an unusual thing on such occasions. We all enjoyed the scene extremely and passing M^{rs}. Robert Livingston who was in a window we threw bouquets at each other; I cannot express to you how much I enjoyed the amusement and every one looked quite as pleased as myself. We drove along the Corso for an hour, and when we past our window in the Corso we spied Martin, Frederic immediately showered him with sugar plums much to his and our amusement. It is considered quite a compliment to be selected for a pelting and the compliment is generally acknowledged by a bow. I must now hide my face with shame for I must confess that I have forgotten to mention that we visited the Tarpeian Rock from which Roman criminals were formerly precipitated; however I must excuse myself by

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saying that everything classical has disappeared, for the surface of the rock is covered with cabbages and washerwomen's yards which we could scarcely traverse from the quantity of clothes hanging up to dry. The rock is now only 50 feet high, as the surface of the city is now raised, houses are built at the foot of the rock and near them flows the Tiber. The ancient Tiber, how many classical associations ought this to inspire, but these associations are all dispelled from my being present at a repast for several of a minute race; and I am sure that Mama could not expect a romantic or classical epistle under similar circumstances. Returned to dinner; after having made a hasty repast we entered the carriage and drove to see the illumination of St. Peter's. We soon found our course obstructed by an immense number of carriages all going in the same direction. Soldiers were stationed in different parts of the street to keep order and after an $\frac{1}{2}$ hour's driving at a snail's space reached the bridge and castle of St. Angelo which were both quite brilliantly illuminated; amid numbers of carriages we drove slowly to the piazza of St. Peter's, the crowd increasing at every step. At last we arrived in sight of St. Peter's and a more brilliant sight I have never witnessed. In a balcony on the piazza which was beautifully fitted up and lighted, sate the Prince of Russia and the Roman nobles; but our attention was drawn from them to the magnificent sight before us; we had scarcely entered the Piazza before a signal was given and the lights immediately changed and became far more brilliant; to describe to you the effect would be impossible, but there was one general shout of applause; the fountains played to a very great height and there was a great deal of water; the obelisk rose in silent majesty in the centre of the Piazza, but St. Peter's with its flood of light, its splendid colonnades, its graceful dome, all splendidly illuminated produced an effect which it is impossible for me to describe; how much I would have given if my dear Mother could have witnessed this sight which alone was worth a journey of 4000 miles to see. It is said that Michael Angelo when he designed the cupola also made a design for illuminating it, which design was followed to-night; the Piazza contained a number of carriages, and though throngs of them poured in constantly, so great is its size it did not appear to be half full. Maskers were running and capering about in every direction, and all of them carried torches in their hands which produced a very brilliant effect. After remaining some time in the Piazza we drove to the Monte Pincio which commands an extensive view of Rome, but on

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arriving there, we found that here also were numbers of carriages. The view of the Cathedral and of the cupola was much more magnificent from this point, and in the midst of a dark night it shone like a ball of fire. The night was lovely, clear, warm, and stars alone were visible; the moon fortunately gave up the field, and thus rendered the illumination still more brilliant; we lingered here for some time in an open landau, then recollecting prudently that we were exposed to the night air, we drove home and talked for a long time of the splendid sight we had just witnessed; after the excitement had somewhat subsided, I commenced writing a description which I feel is very tame, but you must pardon my dulness and prolixity, so good night.

ROME, Friday, February 8th, 1839

I have just heard with regret that there is no amusement to-day in the Corso, as it is Friday and consequently a fast day; soon after breakfast wrote journal and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 went out with Frederic. We went first to several stores where we transacted a great deal of business; after finishing these arrangements we drove to the Vatican where after ascending a number of splendid flights of steps, we arrived at a magnificent corridor lined with inscriptions and fragments taken from ancient tombs and ruins. We then arrived at another splendid corridor at the end of which was an iron railing which opened into the celebrated gallery of statues; we met numbers of persons coming out, among others M^r. & M^{rs}. Amory who informed us that they had just been ordered out on account of the arrival of the Prince of Russia; we were therefore obliged to retreat and went into the gallery of paintings in another part of the Vatican; the collection is not extensive and contains few paintings of much interest excepting the Transfiguration of Christ considered the *finest* picture in the world; we stood admiring it for some time and then turned to the chef-d'oeuvre of Domenichino, the Administrating of the last unction of St. Jerome; there are several other paintings of Raphael, among others the Assumption of the Virgin which I admired very much. We then visited the tapestry copied from the cartoons of Raphael; they were of Flemish manufacture; the rooms in which they were exhibited were splendid; marble pavements and handsome porticoes, with pillars of solid porphyry and verd-antique. We then visited the far famed logge of Raphael; these consist of covered balconies shut in with glass windows on one wing of the Vatican, the walls and ceilings were all designed by Raphael, but most of them

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were executed by his scholars, among whom was Giulio Romano; the subjects are from the Old and New Testaments; they commence with the creation of the world and continue to the birth of Christ, some of them however were by the great master himself, they were also ornamented with the arabesques which Raphael has rendered so celebrated; we then visited the chambers in the Vatican painted by that great master, one of them is ornamented with a splendid fresco representing the battle of Constantine and is celebrated for the great invention and spirit which characterize it; another room contains a fresco representing Heliogabalus thrown down and vanquished by 2 angels; there is also another picture representing the miracles performed at Bolsena; the miracle is this: a priest of Bolsena doubted the real presence of our Saviour in the Eucharist, when he was about breaking the wafer to eat it, blood poured from it. In the next room is the school of Athens, considered Raphael's master piece as regards composition, for in it he has introduced the most celebrated philosophers and School of Philosophy, and the whole is arranged with so much talent that it cannot be sufficiently admired; we spent $\frac{1}{2}$ hour studying it out, and discovering the likenesses and the names of the philosophers; in the same room is the celebrated picture of St. Peter in Prison, delivered by the angel, it is painted over a window and the whole light comes from the angel; it is considered a chef-d'oeuvre. In the next room is the representation of the great fire in the Borgo St. Spirito near the Vatican; the horrors of the fire and the horrified and agonized looks of the sufferers are painted to the life. After leaving these very interesting chambers, which by the bye are as gloomy as they possibly can be notwithstanding the beautiful mosaic pavements of porphyry & verd-antique, we went to the Papal mosaic manufactory also in the Vatican; we there saw several paintings which were being copied in mosaic and several handsome tables, but nothing that could compare with the Florentine mosaics, indeed I think the Roman mosaics far inferior to the former in everything except the little dogs and landscapes, the latter of which in breastpins are extremely beautiful and valuable; there are 25,000 tints used in the mosaic works; after leaving the Vatican which we intend to examine more fully to-morrow we went to the church of the Madonna dell' Orto, but with the exception of its extreme richness of material & the finest colored marbles there was nothing remarkable. We then went to the Capuchin Church, where we saw some very handsome paintings, among others

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the Archangel Michael, St. Francesco Dying, by Domenichino, and the ecstasy of the saint; in this church are the celebrated catacombs which we were very anxious to visit, but a very good humoured priest who accompanied us told us it was impossible for ladies to enter without a special permission, we were therefore obliged to defer it. We then went to the Palazzo Farnese where we were shown some fresco paintings by Raphael; whilst this artist was working at them Michael Angelo visited the palace & when he perceived that they were only the size of life, he took the liberty of having in one corner of the room a colossal head thus intimating that all the figures should have been of this size. Raphael felt the cutting sarcasm, and immediately abandoned the work. We next visited the church of the Madonna Trastevere which is remarkable for the splendid ancient columns of granite which adorn its aisles and for its mosaic pavement. We then returned home to dinner, which was scarcely over when we received a visit from General McDuffie, formerly a member of Congress and also Governor of South Carolina; he remained with us until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10, when we retired.

ROME, Saturday, February 9th, 1839

Soon after breakfast we wrote our journals, and at 11, drove to some stores and afterwards to the Vatican which was unfortunately closed. We then roamed through St. Peter's where as it was the anniversary of Leo X's death, and the Pope was officiating in consequence, we saw among others the beautiful monument of the Farnese family on which there is a female statue, so beautiful that a young Spaniard fell in love with it and became crazy. We also saw at the head of the church the celebrated large bronze chair which has been seated in by no one since St. Peter himself occupied it. Is it not surprising that superstition goes so far? As our valet gravely assured us St. Peter occupied the beautiful chair during 25 years, and even grave books assert that St. Peter was the first Pope. We then left the church and drove to the Palazzo Corsini which was once the residence of Queen Cristina of Sweden; it is celebrated for its splendid staircase and contains a very fine gallery of pictures, among which are Raphael's Fornarina by Giulio Romano, several landscapes by Claude Lorraine and masterpieces by Titian, Leonardo da Vinci & Murillo. After passing through a number of rooms filled with very fine paintings we left and went to the Palazzo Farnese, the architecture of which is very magnificent; in the piazza in front

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of the Palace are 2 handsome fountains brought from Caracalla's baths and in the courtyard is the sarcophagus taken from Cecilia Metellus' tomb. There are several rooms painted in fresco by Carracci and there are many old ruins & fragments of statues. I will not describe these palaces more in detail, as I should only make a catalogue of pictures which would fatigue both you and me. We then visited the Palazzo Colonna which belonged to the Colonna family, the rival of the Ursini. It is a splendid palace and contains one of the handsomest private salons in Rome; this salon is 209 feet long and 35 feet wide, the ceiling is very handsomely painted; at each end of the gallery there is quite a large room and 2 splendid columns of giallo antico separate the apartments; the walls are covered with paintings which are considered very fine, but the magnificence of the hall attracted my attention; the pavement was of white and colored marble in mosaic and there were numbers of fine marble pier tables with gilded bases; the mirrors which were quite large were singular being covered with painted flowers which I thought in bad taste; the family does not reside here at present, but is at Naples. In one of the side rooms is a very splendid piece of cabinet work inlaid with ivory representing passages in our Saviour's life and other interesting subjects; it is the most interesting work of the kind we have seen. We then went to the Palazzo Doria, which is a magnificent and immense building situated on the Corso; it is one of the handsomest palaces in Rome. We drove through a courtyard bordered with orange trees & were shown up a very handsome flight of marble steps into the splendid apartments of the palace; this family is descended from the celebrated Genoese Admiral Andre Doria & as we have lately been reading some parts of his life in the Venetian history, we found his picture and every thing concerning him doubly interesting. We saw several beautiful paintings by Claude Lorraine from which the beautiful mosaic pins are copied, a beautiful Magdalen by Murillo, 4 misers by a Flemish artist but admirably done and numerous other gems; there were also many paintings by Poussin who was a servant in this family but raised himself by his talents. As the family is now residing at the palace we only saw the gallery of paintings & no other part of the house. We then drove to D^r Wiseman, one of F's friends but he was unfortunately out. D^r W. is the president of the English Catholic College & had published a very able and interesting book. F. also called at D^r Donnavan's who had honoured him with a visit, but he was also out;

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we then drove to the Corso where we drove for some time, but as we were obliged to wait out of the gay part of the street for some time we left the carriage & went to our window where we amused ourselves throwing upon the unfortunate passengers, sugar plums, flowers, etc.; we did not however find it as amusing as being in the carriage; we amused ourselves looking at the curious masks till suddenly the alarm was given and the race horses came tearing through the streets, and avoiding the passengers very much to my surprise. M^r. John Bard called up to our room, & shared our window & enjoyed our delightful society. We then returned to dinner, after which looked at cameos, engravings etc. sent for our inspection by our landlord, after which wrote journal and retired. M^{rs}. Jones left here this morning for Naples, they left cards for us yesterday. Retired at 10.

ROME, Sunday, February 10th, 1839

A lovely day; immediately after breakfast drest and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 drove to the English Church where we heard a very good charity sermon; as usual the church was crowded, and as usual there were 5 or 6 soldiers at the door to prevent disturbance. After church intended to drive to the Church of St. John Lateran, but as the sun was very oppressive I was obliged to drive home for my parasol; we then drove to the church which is situated at the opposite end of the town and is the 2nd church in Rome in point of beauty and richness of materials. In the piazza is the largest obelisk in Rome; at the door we met a young priest who guided us round the church & proved to be very intelligent. In the centre of the church is a large aisle ornamented with marble pilasters and in each niche is a statue of an apostle; these 12 statues are all of white marble and are uncommonly handsome. Opposite the great door is a white marble tabernacle very high in which the hearts of St. Peter and St. Paul are kept, they are to be shown to the public next Sunday & as there is to be some very fine music we are invited to attend. On one side of the church is a small chapel with 4 bronze columns, gilt, & the other is composed entirely of precious stones. In another part of the church is the Chapel of the Corsini which is truly magnificent; the walls are inlaid with the richest marbles, and the chapel is adorned with several statues of the cardinal virtues; the one of Temperance, a beautiful female figure struck me particularly; in this chapel is the bronze statue of Clement XII and also a magnificent porphyry sarcophagus found under the Pantheon & said to be Agrippa's;

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there are several handsome monuments erected in honour of different members of the family, the ceiling is exquisitely painted and rises in a graceful dome; the pavement is also of handsome mosaic work. We then descended into the subterranean chapel under the Corsini chapel which contains the remains of the family. Over the altar is a splendid statuary, the Virgin supporting the dead Saviour; it was shown to us by torch light which increased greatly the splendid effect of the work. It was executed by Bernini in the most perfect style and so beautiful that the sight was really affecting. We left the chapel and returned to the great church where we found our priest ready to conduct us to the Palace of Constantine. The Emperor Constantine built the church, and attached it to his palace, but the palace is now entirely in ruins; all that remains are 4 corridors, now cloisters, ornamented with remains of mosaic columns and fragments of ruins, we saw the remains of several beautiful columns & among other curiosities a slab of granite supported by 4 marble columns which mark the exact statue of our Saviour. We asked the priest how he knew it was the exact measure, he answered that the measure had been brought to Rome from Jerusalem; he also said that no person was exactly that stature, all were taller or shorter; under the palace have lately been discovered the baths of Julia the daughter of Nero, we could only see them from above as they have not been excavated. The priest then took us to see the table off of which our Saviour ate the last supper, it was set in a frame with a glass over it, it was about 9 feet long and 4 feet wide, he showed some remains of silver on it, & said that it was supposed to be covered entirely with silver ornaments but it had been plundered. I will not however vouch for the authenticity of it. We then went to see the Holy stairs which is of white marble covered with board as the friction has worn the marble away very much; numbers of persons, men, women and children were ascending it on their knees, I suppose there were about 40 in all; these stairs are supposed to be the steps of the House of Pontius Pilate and the places where our Saviour is supposed to have trod are devoutly kissed by these devotees; after looking at them for some time we went into the Baptistery which is celebrated for its splendid columns of porphyry. During the Holy Week the ceremony of baptizing a number of Jews takes place. We then drove to St. Peter's where we heard some good vocal music, all male voices. Met M^r. & M^{rs}. Amory in the church and M^r. Langdon but he did not see me, and therefore I did

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not speak to him. Wandered for some time about St. Peter's, admiring its many wonders and becoming every day more satisfied with its grandeur. We then drove to the church of la Trinita delle Monte which stands on an eminence, every Sunday they have very fine music, as the nuns all sing; we entered by a private door and shortly afterwards the nuns took their seats in the choir so as to be invisible & the service commenced; it is a very pretty church and the altar was very prettily ornamented with lighted candles; the effect on the marble columns was beautiful. Most of the ceremonies consisted in singing, and I do not recollect to have heard a more musical or delightful voice than that of the principal singer, a nun, it was one strain of melody, the music was slow, touching and impressive and even a heart of stone would have been melted by her pathetic, melodious voice. I do not recollect ever to have been so much impressed with the grandeur & solemnity of the Catholic service as to-day, my feelings became warmly excited which was shared by my companions; among the listeners was Chas. Graham's sister M^{rs}. Julia Graham and her maiden aunt whom we have frequently seen at church. Returned to dinner after which wrote journal and read.

ROME, Monday, February 11th, 1839

Immediately after breakfast drove to the Vatican; on the way met a numerous cortège of very handsome carriages and were informed that it was the Pope; Frederic was told that it was necessary to descend from the carriage while his Holiness was passing, and several of the lower classes knelt as he past, he was seated in his carriage in his pontifical robes and a scarlet hat, he was followed by a detachment of soldiers and a numerous escort of carriages; as we found the Vatican closed we drove to the church of Santa Maria Maggiore which is one of the handsomest and richest in Rome. It is embellished with splendid columns and also columns of porphyry. The chapel of Sixtus V is adorned with the most beautiful specimens of the finest marbles from the east. The Chapel Borghesi is extremely rich in marbles, bronzes, paintings & sculpture; the Baptistry of the church is remarkably elegant, and the columns are superb. After leaving the church we went to the church of the Angels which is built in the form of a Grecian cross and is remarkable for its extreme simplicity, it is very interesting on account of its having been built with the ruins of Diocletian's baths; there are numerous granite pillars found in the same place; there are several remarkable

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pictures, among others, one by Domenichino, St. Sebastian; the pavement which is very handsome contains a Meridian by Bianchini. We then visited the Barberini which contains several pictures, among others the original head of Cenci by Guido; the picture is very celebrated, and I thought the face interesting until I heard the horrid details of her life; she was the Princess Cenci, and her portrait was taken the day before her execution in her robes of execution; she, together with her mother were executed for murdering her father Prince Cenci; the estates of the family were immediately confiscated, and were bought by the Borghese family. We then visited the Catacombs of the Capuchin church after having obtained permission through Father Vespero, as it is with difficulty that permission for ladies can be procured. Our friend the Capuchin monk met us at the door, and conducted us through several apartments on the ground floor where the skulls and bones of the monks were arranged in every variety of form and shape, they were piled up in different forms at the sides of the rooms and some of the bones were arranged in the form of chandeliers, flowers, arches and other varieties. Some of the monks were preserved and drest up in their own habiliments; though there was something horrid in the scene still there was nothing disgusting. The monk entertained us with their mode of life and their different penance; he says that three times a week at midnight they assemble in church & sing and lash themselves with cords, until frequently the walls are stained with their blood; he had himself been there 24 years having entered at the age of 20. After passing through several apartments we left the catacombs and returned to the church which was the original of the celebrated interior of a Capuchin chapel. We then left the church and visited several studios of sculpture which were very interesting, but Thorwaldsen's was unfortunately closed. We then went on the Corso which was unusually gay, we drove on receiving showers of flowers, sugar plums, until I received a full shower in my face which marred my pleasure for the day as I could not recover fully the use of my eyes. Frederic immediately sent and bought wire screens which we unfortunately had not before. We received a visit from an Italian gentleman who entertained us with a long and amusing account of his beauty and accomplishments which amused us very much. A masker paused for a moment before the carriage, asked how D^r. Willett was and flew off again before we could discover him. The day past very pleasantly and as our valet by accident got us

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out of the line we drove to the Piazza del Popolo where we procured seats to see the horse race; we waited for some time and the starting place having been cleared, 9 furious horses having been brought in, and at a given signal the rope was dropt, and they all started off to be caught in a blanket at the other end of the street; we then returned home and I spent the evening writing to Aunt Louisa.

ROME, Tuesday, February 12th, 1839

After breakfast went out with F. to see some studios and fine paintings; there is an artist here remarkable for his animals, indeed more spirited or finely executed paintings I have never seen; some think he surpasses Paul Potter, I am among these; we also saw the Magdalen by Correggio which cost \$30,000; the Pope has prohibited the sale and will not allow it to leave Rome, but I did not think it to compare with the Magdalen at Bologna. Returned home and Frederic went out to attend to the painting of M^r. Pell's ceiling; to-day is the last day of the carnival. As soon as Frederic returned we drove to see M^{rs}. Schermerhorn's (Miss Hone) bust taken by an American artist, Cranfind, though I recognized it it was not so good a resemblance as I imagined; it was not at all flattering; we then drove to the ruins, on the way we past the theatre of Marcellus; this splendid edifice was built by the Emperor Augustus in honor of his nephew Marcellus, and is of such beautiful architecture that it has for ages served as a model; the building is of dark travertine stone, and was 4 stories high, but on one side it was altogether demolished and on the other nothing but fragments of the wall ornamented still with columns remain, and a very handsome portico with Corinthian columns, it contained 30,000 persons; we then drove to the temple of Vesta, the origin of which is uncertain. Horace however mentions it as existing in his day; it is round and is ornamented with 20 Corinthian fluted columns of Parian marble, like all the ruins it is now converted into a church; we were all shown the house of Pontius Pilate, the walls of which alone remain. As it is in my mind rather doubtful that it belonged to Pilate, I will add what is quite true & very interesting that it was the abode of Rienzi. We also saw the temple of Janus, & the Cloaca Maxima the celebrated sewers which purified the streets of Rome; these are very curious. We then saw the site of the Temple of Romulus; after Romulus' death the Romans deified him and erected temples to his memory, this is one. We then visited the Roman Forum, saw the

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beautiful ruins of Jupiter Tonans, Jupiter Stator, the temple of Concord, the temple of Peace; the splendid arch of Septimius Severus and the no less handsome one of Constantine; we past under the arch of Titus, past the palace of the Caesars, the temple of Remus. The Roman Forum, instead of being a deserted waste without anything to mark its ancient grandeur though it was once debased into a cattle market still preserves relics of its former splendour; it is filled with fragments of immense columns and pilasters and notwithstanding the lapse of ages the elaborate execution of the Corinthian ornaments is still visible; nothing can be more interesting than wandering among these ruins, every stone recalling to mind the ages that have past, and the scenes of glory which their early pride has witnessed; the day was warm and lovely and we wandered about reckless of the passing time; we then went to the Academy of St. Luca where are several very fine paintings by Raphael and other masters, among others, St. Luke painting the Madonna & child by Raphael, 2 landscapes by Salvator Rosa, one the original of a mosaic we have ordered, several paintings considered very fine presented to the Academy by the Pope, viz. Guido's Fortune, and several very much admired frescoes; the skull of Raphael was for many years exhibited, but it was lately discovered to be a mistake and it has been removed; we then went to the palace of the Conservator at the Capitol. We past through the Academy of paintings where are the celebrated Sibyls by Guercino and Domenichino, landscapes by Claude Lorraine & Salvator Rosa and a portrait of Michael Angelo by himself. We then visited the great gallery of paintings where we saw the statue of the bronze wolf which was struck by lightning the moment that Caesar fell; one of the legs was shattered by the lightning and we put our fingers in the hole to bear witness to that fact. We saw also the bronze ducks which were found in the Tarpeian rock and which dispute with the geese the honor of saving Rome. These rooms contain also many paintings and antique statues and busts. We hurried from the gallery to go to the Corso and having provided ourselves with sugar plums and flowers, drove to the piazza del Popolo to get into the line; as the Concourse of Carriages was immense, we were detained some time, but finally succeeded and then commenced a regular fire of flour, bouquets and bonbons; we were pelted from the windows and from the carriages, as black dresses are always the mark at which they aim; you can easily imagine that our black dresses were soon white; on arriving at one of the side

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streets the line of carriages was obliged by the soldiers to make a tour round the Piazza di Spagna and then returned to the Corso, as the concourse was so great that the street could not contain them; the same war was however continued among the carriages who were thus obliged to pass and repass each other. At 4, we returned to the Corso, and had again several visits from the maskers, some of whom appeared to know us as they asked us about New York, etc. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 4 the cannon was fired and all the carriages were obliged to turn out; we then went to the upper part of the Corso where we stationed ourselves in a window which we hired for the occasion to see the horses come in, as we understood they were caught in a blanket & we wished to see the ceremony. After waiting a few minutes two pieces of sailcloth were extended across the street about 14 feet from each other and the hostlers were stationed near; order was preserved by a number of soldiers; the horses came galloping on, their course was checked by the sail cloth and they were soon caught; in front of our window a horse ran over 2 men but neither were seriously injured. Martin saw 4 horses run over one man and he was almost killed. We then returned to dinner after which we drove to the Corso where we witnessed the most amusing scene imaginable; we took our stations in our window from whence we could see the illuminations up and down the street, the houses were all brilliantly lighted and the ladies and gentlemen at the windows were many of them in costume and all held torches; numerous carriages filled with maskers & costumes drove by every one carrying torches or handkerchiefs fastened to the end of a stick with which they endeavoured to put out the lights of their neighbors. Never did I witness such a gay or amusing scene; such shouts of laughter when any one succeeded in putting out the lights, such confusion and shrieks, such a brilliant scene, it is impossible to describe. Among those who entered with much ardor in the amusement, was the Prince of Russia who with a number of other young men with torches & handkerchiefs were amusing themselves among the thousands assembled in the street; we also held torches while Frederic with a long stick and handkerchief amused us by extinguishing the lights of those that past by. Having spent a very gay evening, at a signal given the lights were simultaneously extinguished and the throng of carriages after some time departed and we were at last able to return home after a long day of uninterrupted enjoyment. We returned home and talked over the scenes of the day.

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ROME, Wednesday, February 13th, 1839

Immediately after breakfast we went to the Mausoleum of Augustus which was built by him in this sixth consulate for himself, his family & friends; it consisted of 3 stories and was surmounted by a statue of Augustus; the exterior was of white marble and it was surrounded by enchanting gardens & delicious groves which were liberally opened to the public, and which extended as far as the Piazza del Popolo; there were also subterranean communications which extended to the same distance. The sepulchral chambers where the bodies were placed are still in tolerable preservation; the old Roman walls which are so very pretty still adorn these Chambers; as a great part of the building has fallen in it has so raised the surface that an amphitheatre has been built on the top which is now used for exhibitions of mountebanks, bull fights, etc. Leaving the abode of the dead which was formerly so magnificent and now dedicated to the degraded condition of stables etc., we went to the Sistine Chapel to see the ceremony of the day. The Chapel was crowded with ladies, cardinals and gentlemen and it was with some difficulty that we saw the ceremony of throwing the ashes upon the heads of the cardinals which was performed by the Pope. As soon as the ceremony was over, in company with M^r. & M^{rs}. Butler, we visited the subterranean chapel under St. Peter's which was the old chapel over which St. Peter's was built; it is filled with mosaic pictures, which were very interesting and with the tombs of the Popes; we then returned to daylight & were introduced to M^r. & M^{rs}. Belnapp of Boston and received an invitation from Miss Julia Graham to come and see her; we then drove to the Villa Pamphili which is very extensive (5 miles in circumference) & very beautifully laid out with fountains, long avenues lined with laurels closely trimmed, and as this is now the commencement of spring, and it is very warm we enjoyed our walk through these lovely gardens very much. It is ornamented with a profusion of fountains which are in very good taste; one is ornamented with a faun, who by the aid of machinery plays on the flute. We past the Villa which is ornamented with statues & bas reliefs; we met M^r. & M^{rs}. Amory and M^{rs}. Green here; we then went to the Prisons of Saints Peter and Paul which were cut out of the Tarpeian rock; one of the prisons was built by Ancus Martius but the cell in which the 2 saints were confined was by Servius Tullius; by the aid of torches we descended into the first prison which consists of an apartment now converted into a chapel;

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we then descended a stairs and arrived at a smaller room which was entirely dark; here it was that Peter and Paul were confined, and here it was that St. Peter baptised the prisoners from the miraculous fountain which sprang up for the occasion; we saw also the column to which St. Peter was chained; there was no access to their prisons except by a hole in the ceiling through which the prisoners were let down; tradition states that when lowering St. Peter 2 soldiers thrust him against the wall, and that the impression of his head was left thereon. There is in fact the perfect profile of an aged man, but how it came there I do not pretend to say. After leaving the Mamertine prisons, we drove to the Palace of the Caesars, now quite in ruins; on the site of and surrounding the old palace are situated the Farnesian gardens. This palace was commenced by Augustus and finished by his successors; it soon became a splendid edifice but when during the reign of Nero it was destroyed by fire, he added it to his Golden house, the description of which seems rather like the description of a fairy palace than a dwelling made by mortal hands; though the outer walls are still perceptible, overgrown with vines etc., nothing more remains except an inconsiderable part of the entrance, 2 flights of steps lead up to a terrace on the walls of which are discoverable traces of ancient fresco and mosaic; we wandered for some time over the site of this splendid palace which covered nearly the whole of the Palatine hill; in the gardens are discoverable remains of the baths of Livia; we descended a rude staircase, and by the aid of torches examined the interior of the rooms; we were also shown some very beautiful and well preserved frescoes on the ceiling; as the water was 6 or 7 feet deep we naturally imagined that the Roman ladies understood swimming; on the side of this hill is the house of Cicero, which is so dilapidated that had it not been for the modern walls which support the ancient ruins they must long ago have crumbled away. We then saw the other very interesting ruins situated near the Roman Forum and close to the baths of Caracalla, the ruins of which are splendid; they were on the most magnificent scale having 1600 bathing places; the more luxurious baths were furnished with immense tubs of polished granite and porphyry. These baths which consisted of a large suite of apartments, was 2 stories above ground, and 3 below, was also furnished with all sorts of amusements; it is very curious to see the manner in which the water was carried into the baths; in one room alone 180 feet long and 130 wide there were 9 entrances for water but the whole is now

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in such a ruinous condition that only vague conclusions can be formed as to the arrangement of the interior. After leaving the baths of Caracalla, we went to the church of St. Gregory where we saw several beautiful frescoes by Domenichino and Guido; we then went to the Basilica of St. Paul which was destroyed by fire 14 years ago; it was a very magnificent edifice, ornamented with gold mosaics and very splendid columns; they are however repairing the church, and the Sultan has presented the Pope with granite for 42 beautiful columns which are almost completed. After leaving this church we returned home, dined, after which received a visit from M^r. Cranfind, an American sculptor; I was on pins all the time lest he should stay so late as to prevent us from being at the Vatican at the hour which M^r. Amory had appointed for us to meet him there to see the celebrated statues by torchlight, which is a very great privilege. All the ancients place their statues in subterranean places as they have more fire and spirit than when seen by day-light; we drove to the Vatican with great speed and found M^r. & M^{rs}. Amory, old M^{rs}. Green and young M^r. & M^{rs}. Green waiting to receive us; we left our carriages and went to the grand entrance, where we had the distressing intelligence that our permission was not there; M^r. Amory's courier had not taken the proper steps, or the Custode had been remiss; however we amused ourselves with the violent disputes and altercations which took place between the Italians and made the best of our disappointment. After waiting for an hour in the corridor, anxiously waiting for our expected permission we came to the conclusion that it was useless waiting any longer; after having had a very amusing scene we took leave of the rest of the party who leave here tomorrow for Naples and then returned home.

ROME, Thursday, February 14th, 1839

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 10 we took our carriage and drove to the church of St. Sabina where there is also a convent of Dominicans; this church was formerly a heathen temple and 24 Corinthian columns which adorn the church were remnants of the temple. The remarkable thing in the church was a column about 2 feet high on which was a large black stone which the priest gravely assured us had been thrown at St. Domenich when he was on his knees praying by Satan who sent it through the window, which he points out. Upon our laughing and saying that this story was very, very difficult to believe, "Not at all," said he, "here is the inscription." After leaving this church



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we drove out of the Appian Gate, past the baths of Caracalla, the temple of Mars, the Circus Maximus and stopt at the tomb of the Scipios; we were first however taken to a little distance where we were conducted down a steep staircase, and found ourselves in a small room, where by the aid of torches, we saw numerous urns filled with ashes, and small inscriptions over each urn; the interior also was ornamented with mosaics; this tomb has only been discovered since 5 years. Frederic translated some of the inscriptions, and he found that this sepulchre contained the ashes of the freedmen of one of the consuls of Augustus. We found this place extremely interesting, and amused ourselves for some time reading the inscriptions; we were then conducted to the tomb of the Scipios which though formerly situated at the Via Appia and the Via Latina is now several feet below ground, and traces of the old Via Latina are still discoverable though it has been most changed by modern additions. This sepulchre was the family tomb of the Scipios and among the inscriptions we discovered the one of Scipio. The very handsome sarcophagus so celebrated as the tomb of Scipio is transported to the Vatican; nothing now remains but subterranean vaults & passages and fragments of inscriptions. After leaving this very interesting spot we went to St. Sebastian where are the celebrated catacombs which extend under ground 9 miles to Ostia. We were guided by a priest who armed with 4 lights conducted us to the subterranean abode where we saw several small chapels where the early martyrs used to assemble for their devotions during the times of persecution; certain it is that many of their bodies are here; the passage is formed entirely of pazzolana; that is to say it is dug out of the earth without being supported by any mason work, and consequently as the earth frequently falls it is dangerous to go in very far; 3 years ago a party of 15 students went in and a large mass of earth fell and completely prevented their return and they perished therein. We were therefore determined to go but a short distance, as there is also some danger from the lights going out; we saw several niches in which bodies had been laid; among others we were shown the spot where the body of St. Cecilia was laid; the inscription also bears witness to the fact. After seeing the curiosities of this place, I was very happy to leave it as the wind was constantly on the point of putting out our lights and I could not forget the students; we at last returned to the open air and in a few minutes we were on our way to the tomb of Caecilia Metella; she was the wife of Crassus the

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richest man in Rome and the daughter of Metellus; it is a large conical building remarkable for the immense stones of which it was built; the interior contains one large room and subterranean chambers which are not visible, in this room was found the sarcophagus containing the inscription, I have already seen it in the Farnese palace. The cornice of the building is ornamented with festoons and bulls' heads, and the whole building, the top of which is now open, is covered with vines and evergreens; the tomb is situated on the Appian Way, next to it are the ruins of the Temple of Virtue and opposite to it those of the Dio ridicolo. We then drove to the Circus of Romulus or Caracalla, for both names are given to it. This consists of a large oblong amphitheatre 1678 feet long and 75 wide; it was appropriated to chariot races; there were 4 towers in which the Pretorian guards were placed and in one were placed the musicians who excited the races by their music; there are many conjectures as to the plan and arrangement of this circus, but it is impossible to form a just idea of these arrangements; we wandered about among the ruins, making our conjectures but coming to no correct judgement; we also saw the quarters of the Pretorian guards; after rambling about here for some time losing ourselves in vain conjectures we returned to the carriage, and in $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour were at the Vatican, where for the first time we were to see the wonders of this magnificent gallery. We past through 2 immense corridors filled with ancient statues, busts and fragments of antique inscriptions. On entering the Museo Pio Clementino the first object of interest was the celebrated Belvedere Torso, in the same room is Scipio's tomb, after passing through several other apartments we entered the portico of the court; in this court are several very beautiful columns of porphyry, granite and marble, several sarcophagi covered with ancient bas reliefs and a number of immense baths of black marble, of granite, porphyry, etc., it gives one a good idea of the ancient Roman magnificence to see these splendid baths; these immense bathing tubs were most of them found in Caracalla's baths; on entering the 4 small cabinets round the court, the first contains the statue of Perseus by Canova, on the second is the celebrated statue of Meleager and the third Laocoon, and the fourth the Apollo Belvedere. Of all these statues it is unnecessary for me to mention my impressions, as even if I were not delighted I should have the whole world against me, but I also could not but join in the general applause and pronounce them in my poor opinion inimi-

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table. I was however most pleased with the Laocoon, the writhings of agony caused by the biting of the serpent, and the inimitable expression depicted in the countenance of the father and the 2 sons, in my opinion can never be surpassed. The Apollo Belvedere is said to have been brought by Nero from Greece; it is of great antiquity, consequently the artist is unknown. We then entered the hall of animals, the pavement of which represents animals in mosaics, beautifully executed; there are many very fine animals here, some in the richest marbles & some in alabaster; among these a dog, a stag and a lion are the most remarkable. We then entered the hall of the Muses which was ornamented with several beautiful columns the capitals of which were brought from Adrian's Villa; here were also the homes of most of the distinguished Greek philosophers. We then entered a large circular hall in the centre of which is a splendid porphyry vase 41 feet in circumference; this room was also adorned with statues and busts; the pavement of this hall is ancient mosaic, very beautiful. After seeing all these beautiful things and numbers of others which I will not attempt to describe we past into the gallery of the Nile which contain ancient busts and statues and numbers of fauns and the celebrated group of Ocean and the little Cupids. After spending some time here we returned home and dined Frederic having gone out to dine with his banker M^r. Jones; we were very busily engaged writing our journals when M^r. Bard came in and paid us a long visit, giving us an account of his travels in Spain; at 9 F. returned, at 10 retired.

ROME, Friday, February 15th, 1839

At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 went to the Palazzo Borghese which is the most splendid palace in Rome, its picture gallery is one of the finest; the rooms were filled with persons copying the paintings; among the most celebrated are the Cumean Sibyl by Domenichino, Diana shooting, the masterpiece of Domenichino and Dance by Correggio, and numbers of other beautiful paintings; after spending some time among the beautiful specimens of the arts, we left it and went to the Palazzo Sciarra where there are also many fine paintings, among others our Saviour & the Samaritan woman by Garofalo, the Magdalen delle Radici by Guido; it is a very beautiful painting and the face is lovely; there is also a picture by Leonardo da Vinci of Modesty and Vanity, Frederic was particularly delighted with it. We then went to the Palazzo Spada; in one of the rooms is the statue

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of Pompey at the base of which it is said that Caesar was slain, the leg is slightly tinged with red and it is said that this is Caesar's blood, but I will not vouch for the truth of it. We then past through the picture gallery which contained no remarkable pictures; among the most celebrated however are Judith with the head of Holofernes by Guido and the head of Seneca by Salvator Rosa. We then left the palace and went to the villa Millo which is built on the site of the house of Augustus and also on the ruins. We walked through the garden and were conducted down several flights of steps into several rooms of the house of Augustus; these rooms like all Roman habitations receive their light from above and by means of large doors; we wandered for some time through these rooms which are now so much below the level of the earth, in consequence of the immense heaps of dirt and rubbish which have raised the level of the whole city. The whole is overgrown with ivy; near the old ruins are the remains of a circus & theatre, and beyond are the ruins of the Golden house of Nero; on the other side are the remains of the celebrated Circus Maximus, nothing now is perceptible except a slight elevation of the ground and remains of mason work which mark the spot where the seats of the spectators were arranged. Beyond were the ruins of Caracalla's baths; we left the villa and drove to the studio of Thorwaldsen where we were shown the models of the bas reliefs at Sommacira representing the triumph of Alexander; we also saw many interesting bas reliefs and statues; Thorwaldsen is considered the first sculptor in Europe for bas reliefs and since the death of Canova his reputation for statues has very much increased. We saw several fine statues of the Apostles and many little Cupids and angels. But the most beautiful little angels I have ever seen are on the Palazzo Corsini, the Genius of Hunting and the Genius of Fishing. I fell desperately in love with them but the artist charges \$800 a pair. We then went to the Vatican which was unfortunately closed; we then entered St. Peter's, as we always do when nothing particular commands our attention; we wandered about admiring its marvels, curiosities etc., and then drove to a picture gallery where we saw nothing remarkable; we then went to see the celebrated Roman Pearls, which are manufactured by a very cross, crabbed old woman, and though we liked the pearls very well, we would not buy them of her; we therefore left and on our way home past the grand fountain situated in the Piazza Navona; it consists of an immense rock sustaining an obelisk, at the four corners are 4

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statues from which proceed jets d'eau; these 4 statues represent 4 great rivers, the Nile, the Ganges, the La Platte and the Danube. Under the rock is a grotto out of which appears on one side a sea horse, and on the other a lion; the number of fountains in Rome is immense; there are in Rome no less than 150 fountains, 300 churches, 335 palaces, 30 villas, 500 streets, 275 small streets, 148 *places* or squares and 12 obelisks; thus you may judge of the extent and splendour of Rome. Having transacted all our business, returned home, dined, and spent the evening writing and reading.

ROME, Saturday, February 16th, 1839

Immediately after breakfast drove to the Vatican, where fortunately we obtained admittance; we walked through the long corridors, the walls of which were covered with ancient inscriptions, and past through the beautiful cabinets which contain the statues which are the admiration of the world; we also visited the hall of animals, accompanied by an intelligent man who explained everything to us. We then arrived at the Hall of la Biga, so called from the beautiful chariot which stands in the centre; this chariot was one of those used in the ancient chariot races; the body of the chariot and one of the horses are antique, but the wheels and the other horse are modern; it is a beautiful little vehicle made of a white marble and ornamented with beautiful arabesque carvings. Round the apartment are beautiful sarcophagi of white marble, with bas reliefs representing the ancient chariot races; little cupids drive the chariots and are several times overthrown; we then entered one of the handsome rooms in the Vatican; the mosaic pavement which is very beautiful is taken from Cicero's villa at Tusculum. In this apartment are 2 superb sarcophagi in porphyry, they were very large and covered with bas reliefs very handsomely executed. We then ascended a magnificent staircase under a double colonnade of the finest marbles and granite and arrived at a very handsome landing place ornamented with marble columns where we looked over into the beautiful hall; we then past through long galleries beautifully arranged containing ancient statues, vases, candelabras, etc.; we then entered the Egyptian museum, which is also magnificently finished with marbles, etc.; here there is a great collection of Egyptian curiosities, but in this respect the Vatican must yield the palm to others we have seen, that in Berlin being finer. We then walked through the immense corridor which forms the library; these rooms contain

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numerous handsome frescoes, representing different scenes in Roman history; one of the rooms contains several vases presented to Pius VII by Napoleon, and also several presents from Charles X; these apartments are 1500 feet long; we were shown several curiosities and relics of the early ages of the church. After leaving the library we determined to ascend the top of St. Peter's, as we had procured a permission; half the way we found little fatiguing as it was a broad paved walk with a gradual ascent; on arriving at the first landing place, we walked on a small pathway on the interior of the cupola to see the church below us, till that moment I had not realized the height of the church, but when I saw near by the immense mosaic paintings which from below appear so diminutive, when I saw men appearing like ants below me, when I turned round and looked up and saw the immense height still above me, then I began to feel the immensity of the structure. Lost in astonishment, we proceeded on our way now commencing to ascend steps; after a very fatiguing ascent we at length reached the top, and had a splendid view of the lovely and interesting country round us; the classical hills of Frascati, Tivoli and Soracte rose before us on one side in majestic grandeur, while on the other lay the vast extent of plain called the Campagna di Roma. Nearer lay beneath us the ruins of Ancient Rome, her forum, her temples and her colosseum, the memorials of her former splendour and greatness; still nearer lay the proud mausoleum of Adrian built with extreme magnificence to contain his ashes alone; now the castle of St. Angelo, and at our feet lay the immense pile of the Vatican; a multitude of buildings, a heterogeneous mass without symmetry form or grace; but in the interior what treasures does it contain, far richer in its contents than all the other galleries in Europe; far beyond lay the ruins of the baths of Caracalla, the palace of the Caesars, the ruins of Nero's golden house, the baths of Titus, and of Diocletian; nothing can be more interesting or delightful than the view taken from this high pinnacle; after being for some time lost in admiration with the beauties of nature and art which were scattered in profusion round us, we descended to the cupola, where we walked about for some time, in order to get an accurate idea of the magnitude of the building; the roof is quite a little city in itself; the pavement is of brick in some parts and in others it is paved with large stones; there is such an immense number of small domes in the church that on the roof it seems like a number of small houses; indeed there are 2 regular houses with windows, doors, etc., in which the timber and articles

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for keeping the roof in repair are kept; we made very particular inquiries whether there were any persons living there, but that not a soul slept there during the night, there is however an ornamented fountain here; we walked round the domes and cupolas, and quite lost ourselves in the labyrinth. After spending some time here very delightfully, we commenced the descent which is very agreeable; on arriving again in the church, we walked round it, and then returned to our carriage mid the cries and importunities of numerous beggars. We then drove to Monte Cavallo, one of the palaces of the Pope which he occupies during 6 months. The palace is quite richly but plainly furnished, the walls are hung with crimson damask, and there are some very fine paintings in the rooms; there are several handsome tables, but no frippery such as small nicknacks such as we have seen in most palaces; the floors are of handsome marble, but of chairs and sofas we saw none; however the palace is not at present inhabited. We were conducted through the Pope's private apartments and through his bedroom which is furnished very plainly but comfortably; a simple mahogany bedstead without curtains, a small sofa, a secretary and a few chairs formed all the furniture; the ornaments were a few scriptural pictures and 2 marble heads of our Saviour and Piety by Canova. After viewing his whole suite, we were conducted into those formerly occupied by the Emperor of Austria when here. These are much more handsomely furnished, and among other things we saw a billiard table; we of course expressed much surprise at seeing this in the Pope's palace, but the guide told us it had not been used since the Emperor left. After leaving the palace we went to the Palazzo Rospigliosi,* celebrated for possessing Guido's Aurora, which delighted me extremely; I acquiesced in brother's good taste in selecting this for his ceiling, and I think it will be beautiful. After seeing the other curiosities of the palace, we visited the villa Albani which I will not describe at present, as it is too lovely a place to be dismissed with a short visit, we will again visit it in the spring, when it will appear to still greater advantage. We then returned to dinner and spent the evening packing up our little ornaments and the curiosities which we have purchased here.

ROME, Sunday, February 17th, 1839

At 11, though a cloudy day, we drove to the English church which is outside of the gate of the Piazza del Popolo; we found the

* Her great-niece, Ethel Bronson, married a Prince Rospigliosi.

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church as usual crowded, we heard a very good sermon, but as we were coming out, we perceived that it was raining very hard, we however drove home without getting wet, and shortly after as the rain ceased we drove to the church of San Pietro in Vincola where is the celebrated statue of Moses by Michael Angelo; this statue forms part of an immense marble monument in the centre of which is the colossal seated statue of Moses; on his right hand is Hope, on his left Justice; above him are 3 other figures and the recumbent statue of Julius II; the whole design is very beautiful and the statue of Moses himself is considered that great master's chef-d'oeuvre, but the 2 small horns which are placed on Moses's head give the whole such a singular appearance that I could not admire it; these horns represent the rays of truth and wisdom and Moses is always represented with them, why I cannot tell. We saw several pretty paintings in the sacristy of this church, and there are 2 bronze gates which enclose the chair which fastened St. Peter in prison, but this is only shown twice a year, the Pope keeping the keys. We then visited the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, so called from its being built on the ruins of the temple of Minerva; the church is celebrated from containing the statue of our Saviour by the "divine Michael Angelo" as Cellini calls him; this statue represents our Saviour leaning on the Cross; it is noble and finely executed; I was very much pleased with it, much more than with Moses. We then visited a number of other churches, Santa Maria del Cosmedin, St. Cosma and Damiano and St. Cecilia in Trastevere, here is also shown a part of the habitation of the saint; and the church Bocca della Verità, so called from a large marble mask into the mouth of which persons about to swear in courts of justice used to put their hands, thus insinuating that if they swore falsely their hand would be bitten off; we then visited the church of St. John Lateran where we had been told the heads of Peter and Paul were to be exposed and that there was to be some fine music; the outward case which contained the heads was however alone exposed, and as the best singer in the orchestra, the soprano voice was absent, the music was not as fine as we expected; as we were just by the Colosseum, we entered it and found a large part of priests saying their prayers aloud before each chapel, followed by a worthy collection of men, women and children; we left them however, and ascended the steps which lead to the upper story of the ruinous amphitheatre, but I cannot give you an idea of the effect of the ruins of this splendid building produced upon

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me; its shape is a beautiful oval, and its mouldering arches with the vines overgrowing them, and the magical effect of the light and shade, produced an effect too magnificent to describe; the clouds had entirely dispersed, and the sun was shining brilliantly, and the ruins reflected against the clear deep blue of the sky for which Italy is so remarkable; indeed it is not the glorious tints of the setting sun, nor the splendid colours of the passing clouds which render the Italian sky so remarkable; it is a deep, deep blue which we never see in America, and which is never seen in any other country. We wandered about mid the ruins of this magnificent edifice, thinking of the mighty men whose work this was and lamenting the grievous and ruinous wars which have reduced this to such an immense heap of ruins; during the middle ages, stones were taken from here as from a quarry to build different palaces, many of which were built entirely of this stone, and now every stone is hallowed and soldiers are stationed here to prevent the slightest depredation; after leaving the Colosseum, we drove about a short time, then returned to dinner, after which wrote my journal and read until Frederic returned from visiting M^r. Butler.

ROME, Monday, February 18th, 1839

Spent the morning till 12 packing up and making our arrangements for leaving here to-morrow. At 1 Frederic returned, and having entrusted to the care of his banker some packages which we leave here till our return, we went out to return some visits, and then drove to the church of St. Agnes outside of the walls; there is nothing remarkable in this church except several antique columns, 2 of paronazze the only ones in Rome; 4 beautiful columns of porphyry and a head of our Saviour by Michael Angelo; we were then conducted to a circular building which is said was once the temple of Bacchus; the columns are antique; here lies the body of Constantia the daughter of Constantine; we then went to the church of St. Lorenzo, which struck me particularly from the extreme richness of the pavement; it was a beautiful mosaic work of verd-antique and porphyry; there are also 2 marble pulpits here incrustated with the same precious stones; on the columns in the volutes are the figures of a frog and lizard put there by the artists who made the columns, as these were the significations of their names. We then went to the Porta Maggiore which was formerly a part of an aqueduct, the ruins of which still remain. Near the gate is a large white marble monument which was erected in honor of a baker and his wife; some parts

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of it have lately been excavated; on the top were found their statues which were shown to us in a neighboring house; the relics found here are very interesting, and we were very much delighted with our visit; we then went to the Church of Santa Croce in Jerusalem which is chiefly remarkable for a piece of the true cross which is shown there, and an infinity of other extraordinary relics. We then drove to the Chiesa del Gesù which is uncommonly rich and handsome; the grand altar is ornamented with 4 large columns of lapis lazuli, the flutes of which are gilded; above the altar is a group of statues, and a small angel holding an immense globe of lapis lazuli, said to be the largest in the world; as it was at such a very great height we could not examine it well, but of course our faith has become very strong by travelling in Italy; in Rome it is particularly necessary. We then drove to St. Peter's where we intended to finish our day, being determined that this should be our last sight that we should see. We walked up and down its immense aisles, and since our visit to the cupola, I can realize much better its immensity. We wandered about admiring its splendid monuments and statues; we saw the statue of Christ by Michael Angelo, but it appears to a very great disadvantage, as it is the size of life, and all the other statues throughout the church are so much larger, it suffers from its very diminutive size; we saw several other very fine monuments, but to describe St. Peter's or any part of it is a task which I never mean to undertake. Having spent some time very agreeably in surveying its vast extent, we were reminded by the shadows of evening that it was time to return; we therefore bid farewell to this wonder of wonders and arrived at home at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, dined at 6, and spent the evening writing, reading and making our final preparations for our departure.

ROME, Tuesday, February 19th, 1839

We were delayed by unavoidable accidents until 11 o'clock when the post horses arrived and we took our leave of Rome, passing by the Colosseum, St. John Lateran and a vast number of ruins of ancient aqueducts, some in very good preservation, but all extremely handsome; it is impossible for me to describe to you the beautiful effect of these long lines of arches, some of them extending for many miles, they looked like ruins of temples; there are also numbers of ancient tombs along the sides of the road covered with evergreens and ivy; among the most interesting ruins is that of a monument erected to the Roman Matrons by the Senate on the spot where

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Vitruvia and Volumnia came out to meet Coriolanus and to ask mercy for the city. We then drove on through a lovely country, the view bounded on one side by the classical hills surrounding Rome, and extending on the other over the beautiful and fertile plains of Lateran; throughout the day we enjoyed a succession of beautiful views, which, as the day was fine, looked particularly beautiful; the silvery groves of olives and the verdant fields of grain gave an appearance of spring which was particularly agreeable in this cold month of February. The other most remarkable monument which we past, was one erected to Horatio and Curatia; it is quite a singular one, and is in very good preservation. We soon after past the ruins of a monument which bore the marks of ancient splendour; it is said to be that erected by Pompey to his wife Julia, the daughter of Caesar. After passing this monument we reached Albano so celebrated for the beautiful lake in its vicinity which we intend visiting in the spring. We then past Velletri, and after the most delightful drive imaginable arrived at Cisterna at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, where we were welcomed in a very pleasant & comfortable hotel; we just past the Jones returning from Naples.

CISTERNA, Wednesday, February 20th, 1839

Martin having called us at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, we arose, breakfasted and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6 left Cisterna; the morning was lovely, and the sun was shining beautifully. We drove 8 miles and then arrived at the borders of the Pontine Marshes and accordingly determined to bear in mind M^{rs}. Starke's directions not to go to sleep while crossing them; there have been very strenuous and frequent efforts to drain these marshes, severally by Augustus, by Nero, by the Caesars, several of the Popes but Pius the VI was the most successful in his exertions, and though a great part of the land has been redeemed still a larger part remains undrained. Though the air is so fatal on these marshes, Nature smiles on every side, beautiful mountains covered with olives bound the view on the west, while on the other side extends a vast and level plain covered with the most luxuriant grass. On arriving at the Torre dei tre Ponte as we stopt to change horses, I thought that the inhabitants had a very ghastly and forlorn appearance owing I suppose to the unhealthful air. We drove rapidly through the marshes, and though I had always looked upon this part of our jaunt with so much dread, I was quite agreeably disappointed. We past through several villages and arrived at Terracina

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at 11; as there was to be some delay for post horses, we walked on, the road winding beautifully along the base of the mountains; as we were soon much incommoded by the sun we were very glad to welcome the carriage; shortly after entering it we arrived at the boundary of the pontifical states and soon past the spot where the robbery took place which M^r. Pell has frequently related to us as happening when he past. On the road we met several suspicious looking men on horseback, with guns, and of a very fierce air, but as it was so early in the day, we past on unmolested. We arrived at Fondi where the Neapolitan custom house stands, the official did not annoy us, but such swarms of deformed beggars assailed us on every side that we were almost in despair. We kept one pocket of our carriage well supplied with coppers which from the multitude of calls upon it became very much exhausted; we left Fondi and proceeded through an almost deserted country to Itry, which is remarkable for nothing except being the dreariest place imaginable; we soon past a very large stone monument on the spot where Cicero was murdered when flying from his enemies. His villa is very near this; it was situated on the Mediterranean; we soon arrived at Mola which is beautifully situated on the Mediterranean commanding a beautiful view of Gaeta, its fortress and 2 very pretty villages; we drove through a beautiful avenue of cypresses and orange trees and arrived at a hotel which was formerly the villa Caposile; having procured very good rooms, we proceeded to take a walk in the very beautiful garden belonging to the house accompanied by a little boy, we descended a long flight of stone steps, and descended into a terraced garden filled with orange and lemon trees all loaded with fruit. We picked several oranges which were quite sweet and some lemons and limes which grow here in great luxuriance. We wandered down to the sea shore where we lingered for some time looking at the beautiful bay. We were then shown what our little guide called the temple of Cicero, adorned with several dark stone columns, the ceiling bore traces of ancient splendour; we were also shown several antique grottoes which now contain nothing but rubbish. We then returned to the house and found that 4 other carriages had arrived and that we were very fortunate to arrive so soon. We then sat down to a very good dinner, but as the water was not drinkable, we were obliged to mix with it some of the "tears of Christi," which I assure you was a very pleasant beverage notwithstanding what you may think to the contrary. The taste and colour of this wine is very

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much like Champagne but is not as strong. After dinner wrote my journal and embroidered till we retired.

MOLA, Thursday, February 21st, 1839

Rose this morning at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 and at 7 were again on our way; 8 carriages were also on the road and we were somewhat delayed for post horses; at 8 we arrived at the ruins of the ancient city of Minturnae, the ruins of which alone remain; there is an ancient amphitheatre, an aqueduct and some old temples which mark the spot where the city stood. In the marsh near by we were informed Marius concealed himself from his enemy the tyrant Sylla; he remained up to his neck in mud for a day, at the expiration of which he made his escape from it, but was soon after taken prisoner. We past through a lovely country, the road bordered on each side with verdant fields and budding trees; but surrounded by all these delights, we also experienced the inconvenience of swarms of beggars, who annoyed us beyond description; the sun was also oppressively warm and the roads though fine, quite dusty. At 4 we arrived at Naples and drove about the streets till $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5 looking for lodgings. All the population seemed to be in the streets transacting their business, and such a population; I could not have believed had I not seen it with my own eyes that people could exist in the midst of so much dirt and filth; ah! how I appreciate the delights and comforts of neatness! No better remedy could be found to cure a person of slovenly habits than to send them to Naples where they would immediately become so disgusted with the excessive dirt, that ever afterwards I am sure he would be scrupulously neat. However I must not keep you any longer in the street, but take you to a very comfortable bedroom which we at last found in the Hôtel de la Crocelle, with a small room off for Caroline without a window; we then dined, after which embroidered and talked till bed time, with M^r. Amory and the Greens, we retired at 10.

NAPLES, Friday, February 22nd, 1839

Rose at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 7 awakened by the brilliant rays of the sun which came pouring into the room. Immediately after breakfast Frederic and Martin sallied forth to get rooms, after much difficulty they returned at 12 with the intelligence that they had taken a suite at the Hôtel de Russie though much too large for our party, they were however the only ones in town to be had; they are however splendid

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rooms and command a beautiful view of the bay. We are therefore delightfully settled, and you must consequently expect me to be very much delighted with everything. I have just received my dear Mama's letter for which I cannot be too thankful, it filled me with joy and gratitude. We then took a carriage and as it was then too late to see the Museum we went to the lace stores where we saw many very beautiful articles; we made some purchases and then visited some silk and other stores. We drove through the town admiring its beautiful bay, the far famed Vesuvius which resembles at present a giant asleep, for since the very considerable eruption which took place last January it has been unusually quiet, not even smoke is perceptible on its summit, and it appears like any other mountain; round its base lies the town of Portici. After leaving a card for M^{rs}. Amory, we returned home to dinner very much overcome by the heat which is now overpowering as it is so sudden; dined, and spent the evening sewing, talking and looking at the beautiful bay by moonlight.

NAPLES, Saturday, February 23rd, 1839

After breakfast Frederic went out on business and at 11 we prepared to go out; just as we were leaving Rev. D^r. Potts and M^r. Prentiss called to make us a visit. They leave on Monday for Rome. We were just descending the stairs to enter our carriage when M^r. William Beekman accosted us, and recollecting Mama's injunction I received him with my *sweetest smiles*. As he was also busied about sight seeing, we left him and drove to the Museum, which is particularly interesting as it contains all the articles found at Pompeii and Herculaneum. In the first room we were shown a number of bronze vases and cups found at Pompeii and also several pieces of glass, among the most interesting articles were some bread (now black), some meat, honey, cheese, almonds, olives, figs and different kinds of grain which were petrified, and which were found at Pompeii. A number of gold ornaments, such as earrings, bracelets were found, and we were shown those found upon Diomedes' wife, and also the gold purse with money in it and the key which she held in her hand. We also saw a great number of kitchen utensils, all of bronze and many of them covered with silver; many of these were extremely curious and interesting; there were several very singular portable kitchens of bronze also and which bore the marks of silver upon them; their keys also were very curious; we were very much

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amused looking at the toilette of some lady which I believe was found in Diomedes' house; the combs were of wood but resembled ours very much; the combs worn in the hair were of light bronze silvered over; their glasses were a combination of silver and some other metal and when polished must have been as brilliant as our glasses; there was also a pot of rouge, the colour of the most delicate pink and resembling very much that used in Paris; there were several other very curious accompaniments to the toilette; the pavements of 2 of the large rooms through which we past were all taken from the houses in Pompeii, chiefly from Diomedes' and are placed here in their original shape and form; nothing could be more interesting than to examine these curious things, and as you know how great my curiosity has always been to see these things you may imagine my delight. There are also a vast number of vases used in Sacrifices, of candelabras, of ancient suits of armour, of ancient weapons, etc.; to mention them all would be but repeating a catalogue without conveying to you the slightest impression of their appearance. There is also a very extensive collection of Etruscan and Egyptian vases which were found not only in the houses but in the tombs; as these were found in such great numbers it is reasonable to suppose that they were rather a common sort of ware and were sold at a low price. We saw also the models of several ancient tombs in Pompeii in the ancient city of Nora, etc., they conveyed to us a perfect idea of these tombs; the walls are covered with paintings in fresco in the style which is exclusively Pompeian, and are ornamented with several of the Etruscan vases. Among the vases there were shown us two considered very remarkably beautiful and for which the sum of \$15,000 was paid, but I cannot realize that any vase could be worth that however great its antiquity. After giving you this very short description of one of the most interesting places we have visited I must lead you to the gallery of paintings which is in the same building and which contains some masterpieces. Among these is a group of the Madonna by Raphael, Virtue leading Innocence by Domenichino, a holy family by Correggio and a Magdalen by Guercino; there is also a portrait of Mosamello and his revolution which are quite interesting. After viewing the picture gallery in which are several cork models of the most interesting Roman ruins and the ruins of Paestum, also those of Pompeii, and visiting only a part of this very interesting museum we were obliged to leave as the Museum closes at 2. We then went to the celebrated

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poorhouse which is an immense building, very well regulated and accommodates 6000 orphan children who are educated here and taught different trades; the whole appeared to be very well regulated and tolerably clean; a little boy who spoke English accompanied us, and interested us much. We then went to the Botanical garden which is very prettily laid out; we walked through the hot-houses where we were shown several curious plants; among the japonicas there were some beautiful pink ones which I wished very much to have, but Frederic in vain tried to bribe the gardener, as it is the royal greenhouse he was afraid of detection. After visiting the garden we were conducted to the English cemetery which is very prettily laid out in avenues and each grave is ornamented with flowers which were in full bloom; there are numbers of English buried here; we then went to a store to see some of the modern Etruscan vases which are very handsome but cannot be appropriated to any use. We then returned to dinner after which went round to the king's palace to hear some music, but it was unfortunately too late. We consoled ourselves by going to a café to get some ice cream, and as we were rather doubtful whether it was the custom for ladies to go into cafés, we ate some delicious ice in the carriage; you are probably aware that Naples is very celebrated for its ices. After refreshing ourselves, though it was not a very warm evening, we returned home and at the door of the apartment met M^r. & M^{rs}. Tomes (Miss Hadden) coming to make us a visit. We talked over together our various adventures and M^{rs}. T. inquired very particularly after my dear sister and the lovely Adelia. After paying us quite a long visit they left, and we spent the evening pleasantly as usual; since we have been in Naples we have found fires too warm.

NAPLES, Sunday, February 24th, 1839

Soon after breakfast wrote journal and then prepared for church. Drove to the English church which is in one of the Palaces; a very large room is fitted up with pews, etc., quite like a church, and it was quite filled; after hearing a very good sermon, we left and drove to the church of St. Severino; it is a private chapel belonging to the noble family of Sangre, all of whom are buried in it, and over the body of each is a superb monument; the whole chapel is ornamented with the richest marbles and with statues; among them there are 3 very remarkable, one of them is a dead Christ recumbent and covered with a transparent veil through which the features and muscles

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are distinctly seen; it is an admirable piece of sculpture and has the merit of being entirely original, as neither the Greeks nor the Romans attempted this style of sculpture; there is also the figure of Modesty entirely covered with a veil; nothing can equal the beauty of the drapery as it clings to the body; but the most remarkable of the three, is a man struggling in a net, all out of one block of marble; he is endeavoring to extricate himself from the net and is aided by Virtue who in the shape of a genius is assisting him; it represents the Prince Sangre who was formerly quite dissipated but after the death of his wife he reformed and became a priest; these are 3 of the most extraordinary pieces of sculpture I have ever seen and they made such an impression on me that I do not think I shall ever forget them; we then went to the church of San Gennaro, which is the cathedral. The interior of the church is spacious and grand; the ceiling is painted in fresco and gilded; the most remarkable thing in the church is the Chapel of San Gennaro which is closed by 2 immense bronze gates; on fête days there are 36 silver statues brought out into the chapel and placed round the grand altar; the treasures of this church are very great. Over the altar is kept the bottle of blood which was collected at the martyrdom of the saint, 3 times a year it is exposed to the public and though it has become consolidated by time the force of prayers liquefies it. The Neapolitans are very superstitious, they think that if this blood does not liquefy some great calamity is pending over them. When Napoleon was here, he understood that the priests who were in opposition to him, and who wished to exasperate the people against him intended to prevent the blood from liquefying; he was very much enraged and sent word to the priest that if it did not liquefy his head would answer for it, it accordingly liquefied. After leaving this church we went to the church of St. Clare to which is attached a very interesting convent of nuns; we applied for permission to enter the convent, but were refused, as no lady is allowed to enter it so strict is their discipline. The Queen of England, wife of William the late king, obtained permission from the Pope to enter and she is the only person to whom the privilege was granted; as we were obliged to give this up, we visited the church which is very rich in paintings and marbles; it is here that the royal family is interred and we were shown the monuments of Robert of Anjou, Charles of Anjou and the celebrated Joanne of Naples. We were then conducted by a priest back of the altar where we looked through a small grating into the chapel of the

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nuns; this convent is appropriated to noble families and consequently almost all of the nuns are princesses, duchesses, countesses, etc.; there were a few nuns at their devotions and upon inquiring their names we found they were the Princess ——, the Duchess —— etc.; in the grating through which we looked there is a small aperture through which the priest administers communion to them; they do not take the black veil here, they always wear the white though the engagement is equally binding. After leaving the church we drove up the hill called the Capo di Monte, on the summit of which stands the palace of the king; this drive was lovely and commands a beautiful view of the town, the bay and Vesuvius; it winds up the mountain and is extremely romantic and beautiful, but the weather was cloudy and we did not enjoy it as much as we otherwise should have done. After driving about for some time, we returned home, dined, found M^r. & M^{rs}. Amory and M^r. & M^{rs}. Green's cards and also M^{rs}. Beekman's, and spent the evening writing and reading.

NAPLES, Monday, February 25th, 1839

Immediately after breakfast Frederic went to engage our passages to Sicily; when he returned we went to the Museum and we spent some time wandering through the bronze gallery, but we had not half satisfied our curiosity when the hour for closing arrived and we were obliged to leave. We then drove to several silk stores recommended by M^{rs}. Starke as having very handsome silks the beauty of which we have often heard; we were driven through the darkest, narrowest and dirtiest streets imaginable, and being in constant peril of having the carriage or horses injured, and not being able to find anything of the kind, we gave up the pursuit in despair, and then visited several lava shops where we saw some very pretty articles; the morning ended in rain and we therefore returned home to dinner. At 7 left home to go to the far famed theatre of San Carlos, thought by many to be the handsomest in Italy. The house is very large and handsome, the boxes are all very much gilded and ornamented and the king's box, which is in the centre, is lined with mirrors and ornamented with a crimson satin drapery embroidered with gold and a handsome gold crown surmounts the drapery, 2 winged spirits holding crowns, hold up the drapery on each side; the house was not very full nor very brilliantly lighted; the Opera was the *Bride of Lammermoor*, music by the celebrated Donizetti, the story by Walter Scott. I was very much delighted indeed with the

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music; the singers were very good and the orchestra of 75 musicians very fine; they performed *Semiramide* remarkably well. At 10 the opera finished, and we returned home the weather having cleared up delightfully.

NAPLES, Tuesday, February 26th, 1839

Rose this morning at 7 and made our preparations for visiting *Baiæ Cumæ* and a number of other places. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8 we left home in an open barouche accompanied by Martin and our valet de place, and by the sound of the jingling sleigh bells, which are here used all seasons of the year, we left Naples. We soon arrived at the celebrated grotto *Posilipo*; over the entrance of this grotto is the tomb of *Virgil*; it consists of a small cave or tomb shaded by a luxuriant oak, a very humble tomb for so great a poet, but his memory lies deeper in the hearts of mankind than monuments of marble or stone. We entered this remarkable grotto which is a subterranean passage cut through a very high mountain; it is 960 paces long, 30 feet wide, 50 feet high. The whole is illuminated by lamps which together with the little light which enters at the extremities enables passengers to pass in safety; this is the largest grotto in the world, though on account of the softness of the stone it is a less stupendous work than the galleries on the *Stelvio*; the author of this work is unknown, as well as the time at which it was made. We then arrived at *Pozzuoli* where *St. Paul* remained for 15 days; near *Pozzuoli* we were shown the remains of *Cicero's* villa which must have been very magnificent. We then visited the temple of *Jupiter Serapis*, three columns of which alone remain, together with the beautiful white marble pavement which is now a foot under water; round the temple are seen the remains of the dwellings of the priests and to which are added the baths and a fountain of warm water; we were assailed here by a number of urchins all pestering us with their shells, antiquities, etc. which we had not enthusiasm enough to admire; we then arrived at the ruins of the temple of *Apollo* which is situated on the lake of *Avernus*, supposed to be the crater of an extinct volcano. On the opposite shore at the foot of a hill is the famous grotto of the *Sibyl*; we past through a long subterranean passage lighted by 2 immense torches, the smoke blowing in our faces and our backs almost broken with stooping; we past thus through a long passage until we arrived at another which led to 2 inner rooms where the *Sibyl* is said to have bathed; we proceeded on a little way but were soon almost suffocated by the smoke and steam from the hot baths,

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the men repeatedly offered themselves to carry us over a lake which separated us from these chambers but I had no idea of trusting myself on any man's back, and as Frederic had been across when he was here before, we returned to the long passage and groped our way out into light and air; here the *horses* or men who carry ladies insisted to be paid for their disappointment which point Martin settled with them. We then returned to the carriage and went to the baths of Nero which are celebrated for their intense heat, they are even now visited in summer by the Neapolitans who resort here to enjoy them; the heat of the water is so intense that the vapour comes out in volumes; a man went into the subterranean cavern with 2 eggs and returned with them boiled very well, we tasted them and then bade adieu to the baths. The palace of Nero which was also near this spot has been demolished to make the road. We also past the ruins of Caesar's villa, and entered the temple of Merseus, the interior of which is circular with a very graceful dome; there is a very remarkable echo here and also a whispering gallery; the top which was open was overhung with greens and ivy and appeared very beautiful; we then past the ruins of the temple of Diana and also that of Venus; but why need I attempt to describe ruins for all descriptions must necessarily be alike, ruined columns, broken arches, columns overgrown with ivy; the temple of Venus however is very beautiful, and the view from it very fine; opposite to it are the baths of Venus which have been lately discovered; the ornaments on the ceilings and walls are remarkably well preserved. We then drove up the steep mountain leading to the town of Baia and there leaving the carriage we walked to the Piscina Mirabilis which is an immense building supported by 48 columns and piers; it was used as a reservoir for water; the water was first pumped, then admitted into these reservoirs, and carried to sea in casks and then remained sweet for a long time. We then walked to a small house on a hill commanding a very extensive view of the bay; opposite to us was the villa of Lucullus where Tiberius died. Before us lay also the bay and cape of Messina; it was from this point that Pliny departed to go and see the eruption of Vesuvius of which he was the unfortunate victim. From here also we saw the island of Procida with its castles and houses, Ischia and its castle, and the Island of Capri; nothing could be more beautiful than the view of the bay, and we sat for some time luxuriating on the piazza, and enjoying the beautiful view. We then went to the seashore and walked along the banks, saw the

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ruins of Piscina of Hortensius, this building was erected to contain some remarkable fish. We could not get the correct story, but as nothing now remains but a few stones, it is not material. We then went to the tomb of Agrippina who was killed by Nero her son; as the place of her burial is uncertain there is much doubt if this is really it; we however groped along with strong faith and having knocked our heads repeatedly against the low ceilings, our faith was somewhat shaken and we returned to the open air, and after getting out of patience with the number of beggars which haunted our steps proceeded to the prisons of Nero; we here descended a number of steps and arrived at a suite of apartments where the guards remained; we were then lighted down into the dark subterranean prisons known as the "Hundred Chambers of Nero," where we saw nothing but the narrowest and most confined cells, scarcely large enough to stand upright in and continuing to a vast distance underground; we however left these interesting regions and went to the Elysian fields which lie between the Stygian lake or Dead Sea and the lake Fusaro, which was the Acheron of the Ancients; Virgil has immortalized all this country; owing to the delightful climate and delicious gardens and fountains Virgil has imagined this to be the paradise of the past whilst he has placed the immortal Charon with his magical barge on the enchanted waters of the Stygian lake; but when we arrived at these waters all was quiet and still, but the delicious gardens of the Elysian fields are no more, in their place is a burying ground of the ancient Romans; in the tombs we saw small niches in which had been placed cinerary urns which are now vacant. I was indeed very much disappointed with this terrestrial paradise and I did not get over my disappointment until we again arrived at the lake of Avernus which is the Tartarus of Virgil; it is of this lake that tradition states the exhalations from the water were so poisonous that birds flying across it dropt down dead. It is no longer as dangerous as birds now fly over with impunity. We then drove over a dreary tract of land which was formerly the lake of Lucrino, but in consequence of a volcano which broke out in the centre of the lake, the waters were dried up and in the course of 31 hours a mountain called the Mountain Nuovo which is composed entirely of lava, burnt stones etc., appeared; the lake Lucrino was famous in the times of the Romans for its oysters. We then drove to the ancient city of Cumae which is now entirely in ruins; we drove through the ancient houses and even could distinguish the paintings

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on the walls as we drove through what was once a room; it is really melancholy to pass through a city once so flourishing and now so deserted, it brings sadly to mind the old adage, "Here to-day and to-morrow gone." We past under the triumphal arch called the Arcofelice, which is even now in good preservation and past under the ruins of the ancient castle on a hill overlooking the town. We then drove to the town of Pozzuoli which we had past through in the morning. We stopt to see the ruins of an amphitheatre which they are even now excavating. The corridors are remaining and are very perfect, and the dormitories and caves where the wild beasts were kept; the guide books say that it is as large as the Colosseum, but this I should very much doubt. We then commenced the ascent to the very remarkable volcanic mountain of Solfatara which is now quiescent, on the summit are very curious and interesting works in alum, vitriol and sal ammonia, but as we were disappointed in not getting donkeys, and as it began to sprinkle we determined not to attempt the ascent as it would take us $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour; we therefore returned to the carriage and after a drive of 6 miles arrived at Naples at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5, dined and spent the evening writing my journal for which you must give me great credit as nothing but the greatest resolutions and the persuasions of Frederic could induce me to sit down tired as I was to recapitulate our adventures of the day, which though they were very interesting were extremely fatiguing; however I have done my duty and I can therefore go to bed with a quiet conscience. M^r Thorp and M^r Amory have just left us, the latter having made himself very agreeable, so now good night.

NAPLES, Wednesday, February 27th, 1839

Rose this morning at 7 and spent the morning in packing and making arrangements for our departure for Sicily. There was much trouble and difficulty in procuring our passport which occupied Frederic and our valet for a long time. We then went to the Museum where we saw the very interesting collection of frescoes found at Herculaneum and Pompeii, though the colors are very much faded still they are very beautiful on account of the beautiful drawing. We then walked through the gallery of statues which extends along 12 long corridors, here are assembled many masterpieces of the Greek and Roman school, but by far the finest statue in the gallery is that of Aristides which is remarkable for its dignity and gracefulness and is thought to be one of the finest specimens of the

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Greek art. We past through these immense corridors lined with statues, and after spending an hour delightfully among them, we were obliged to leave as the hour for closing had arrived. At $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 we went to the public garden of the Villa Reale; this is a beautiful garden situated on the bay, and commanding a lovely view, where throng all the beauty, rank and fashion of Naples and it was filled to-day as the weather was delightful; the garden is laid out in beautiful avenues, romantic walks, ornamented with handsome fountains, statues, etc. and embellished with 2 small temples with columns. Nothing can be more delightful than to wander along the shore, shaded by luxuriant trees, the long range of mountains stretched out on one side with Vesuvius towering above them all; at the foot of Vesuvius lies the beautiful and picturesque village of Portici, directly in front lies the beautiful island of Capri, where lies the palace of the Emperor Tiberius, and to the right lies the beautiful point of land leading to Baia, covered with picturesque cottages and villas; in the bay were numerous small vessels with lateen sails which present such a beautiful and picturesque appearance. I have often heard the bay of New York compared to the bay of Naples, but notwithstanding my prejudices in favor of the land of my youth I must give to the latter the preference, as I think our bay can in no wise compare with it. After our walk returned to dinner after which wrote journal etc.

NAPLES, Thursday, February 28th, 1839

Rose at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 6, and although Caroline was not very well, still she thought she was well enough to leave Naples. At 8 we drove to the wharf, took a small boat, and in a few minutes were on board the St. Winifred; this boat though small is an excellent sea boat, and very comfortable; as soon as we arrived on board I assisted Caroline to go to her berth as a precaution against sea sickness, we commenced our course for Messina. Our fellow travellers in the ladies' cabin were a marchioness of Messina, her child and nurse, therefore we were not at all crowded, there were no staterooms on board. We left the beautiful bay of Naples with a fair wind and enjoyed for some time the lovely prospect of this magnificent bay, of Vesuvius and the beautiful villages in its neighborhood, of Procida, Ischia and Capri; I, with my usual good luck felt well all the morning; our old companions M^{ESSRS.} Hague and Arnold were on board, several English gentlemen who made our acquaintance, and an old Russian

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general, who took a particular fancy to us and made himself very agreeable. The weather grew extremely cold, still I was obliged to remain on deck as I was afraid of being sick though I could not but reproach myself with leaving my patient so much alone. After spending the morning very delightfully with our new acquaintances, I determined to go down into the cabin for a few minutes to see if all was going on well, but the movement was so great and the cabin so confined that I soon began to feel the awful symptoms. I then hurried to the deck and notwithstanding the kind attention of Frederic, and the very warm cloak lent me by the Russian I soon became so faint that I with much difficulty dragged myself to my berth. I spent the rest of the day with feelings not to be envied. The sun set beautifully and as I looked out of my window as I lay in my berth I could see nothing but the waves rolling incessantly and gilded with the brilliant waves of the setting sun. I soon however fell asleep and did not wake till 5 in the morning, when to my inexpressible horror I saw two of the sailor boys lying on the floor asleep covered with blankets; upon inquiring their business, I was informed they were the *stewardesses*; can you realize it, yet such is the fact. Soon after Frederic entered and did his utmost to assist us; I rose and drest myself and went on deck at the early hour of $\frac{1}{2}$ past 5.

Friday, March 1st, 1839

I received this morning a very beautiful present from Frederic, a very fine and beautiful Venetian gold chain long enough to go 8 times around the neck, this was doubly acceptable as it was quite a surprise. It is extremely beautiful. When I went on deck few persons were up yet; Frederic showed me Stromboli, the volcano in the distance which is constantly throwing up fire; he came up in the night to see it, and it was very brilliant, but I only saw the smoke; our companions came soon on deck, and we spent the morning very pleasantly conversing and watching the approach of land. We stopt at Tropea where we landed a passenger and then proceeded to Messina; breakfast was announced and I was obliged to go into the gentlemen's cabin without any other lady; we had a very good breakfast thanks to some English tea which we had with us, and which was equally enjoyed by Russians, English and Americans, as that on board was not drinkable. The Russian general gave us a glowing description of the wonders of Russia and spoke in raptures of the grand fêtes which are to take place in honor of the wedding of

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the Princess of Russia to the Duke of Leuchtenberg. He very kindly offered us letters to some of his friends. After breakfast we went on deck to see the celebrated rocks of Scylla and Charybdis which were once the terror of navigators and the theme of poets. But their horrors are vanished, Scylla is now nothing but a rock which seems almost harmless, and Charybdis has sunk beneath the waters, a rapid current now alone marks the spot. We soon arrived in sight of Messina, and of the snowclad hills in its vicinity; yes, the hills are covered with snow and it is cold. I went down in the cabin, drest Caroline, and at 2 after landing in a small boat arrived at the Hôtel de la Grande Bretagne where we have very fine rooms, but unfortunately without fire places; having put Caroline comfortably to bed, we readjusted our costume to take a walk round the city. There are several fine streets in this place, and many fine houses and public buildings. The Via Marino on the quay facing the bay is very handsome; there are on this quay several statues, among others that of Neptune checking Scylla & Charybdis. We past the 4 fountains and proceeded to the cathedral where as usual we were assailed by a throng of beggars; there is nothing remarkable in this cathedral except 24 granite columns taken from some ancient temple, a marble pulpit and a picture of the Madonna & Saviour by St. Luke. We then left the cathedral and pursuing our walk through the city returned to dinner. Just before dinner we received a visit from one of our passengers, M^r. Morris, who came to repeat an invitation given in the morning for us to join the Russian general and himself on a short tour to the ruins of Taormina to return in the evening; on account of Caroline's indisposition we declined. Dined and spent the evening agreeably.

MESSINA, Saturday, March 2nd, 1839

Rose at 9, breakfasted at 10, and spent the morning by Caroline's bedside writing my journal and wrapt up in my cloak. At 1 went out with Frederic to take a walk; the weather was quite cold, so walked along the quay which is ornamented on one side with very handsome houses with columns; we walked for some time admiring the beautiful bay and the snowy Apennines before us, as that view now is the only attraction of this place, as all vestiges of the old city are now entirely destroyed by an earthquake which happened 50 years ago. We continued our walk for 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ hours and then returned to the hotel just in time to receive a visit from M^r. & M^{rs}. Morrison

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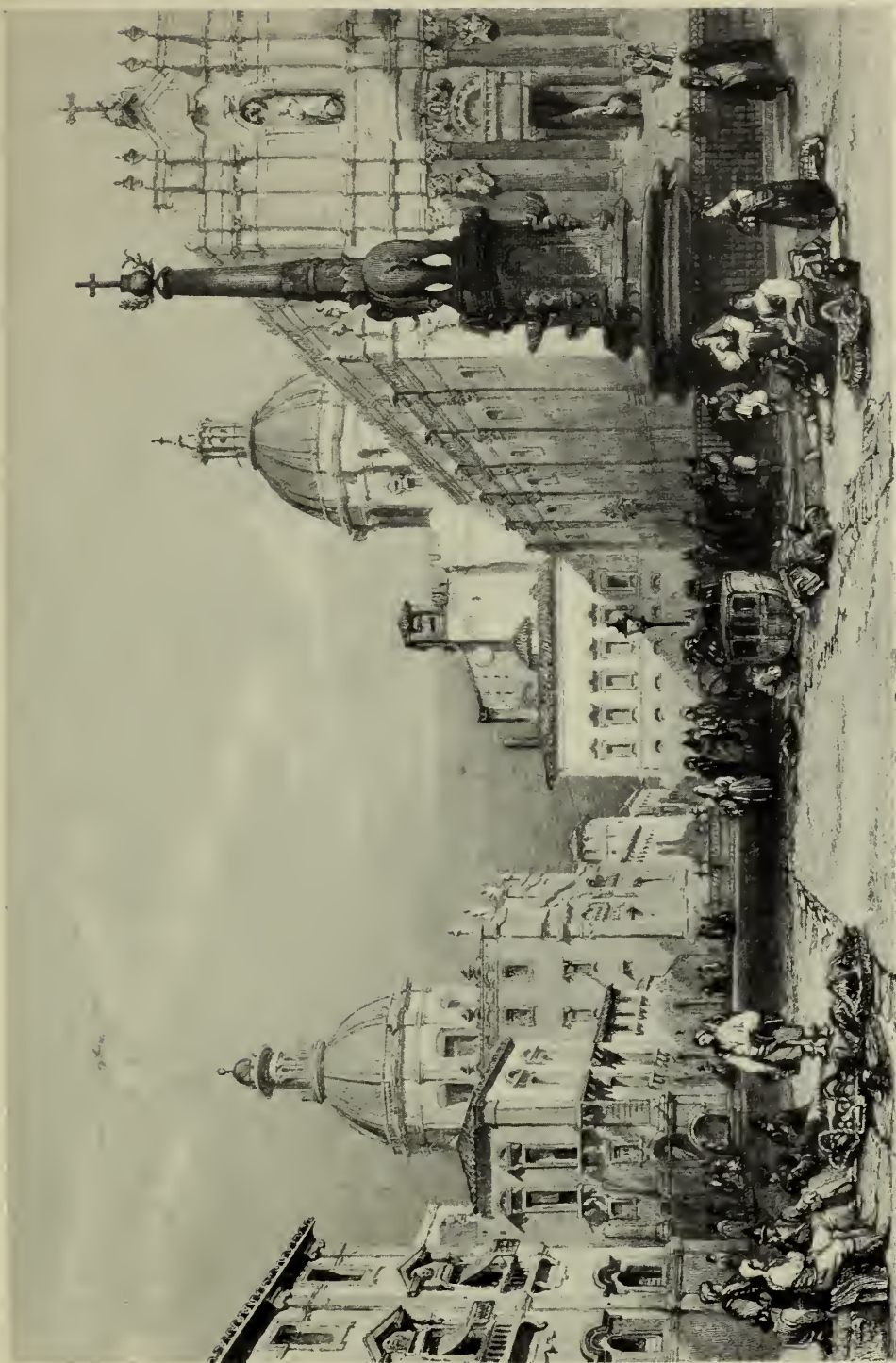
to whom Frederic has banking letters. Dined at 5, after which received a visit from the Russian general and M^r. Morris who had just returned from their excursion to the ruins of Taormina. Spent the evening pleasantly.

MESSINA, Sunday, March 3rd, 1839

Rose and breakfasted at 10, as there is no English service here, at 11 Frederic and I went out to take a walk as it was too cold for Caroline to venture out. We met M^r. Morrison on the way, he joined us and took us to a height near by, where we had a lovely and extensive view of the bay. As we were returning home having taken leave of M^r. M. we were met by the Russian General and M^r. Morris, our fellow passengers; they begged us to go with them to see a very curious church near by; we consented and were conducted up a flight of steps which brought us to the summit of the hill on which the church of St. Gregory stands, before entering the church we stole another view of the beautiful bay. The interior of this church is very singular, it is entirely ornamented with Florentine mosaics, even the walls are encrusted with it, as this church was built before the mosaic had arrived at its present perfection; the effect is very rich but not good in my opinion and though its cost was immense I thought it in rather bad taste. There is a convent attached to this church and we saw several of the nuns in different parts of the church; we also met at the door several large trays of sweetmeats and good things which the nuns were sending to some of their friends. We then returned home, and at 4 received the general, M^r. Morris and 2 other English gentlemen, who were to dine with us. We had quite a pleasant party, and at 6 we all made preparations to go on board the steamboat, at 7 we were all on board though we did not sail till 9. During the evening we sat in the ladies' cabin entertained by the general for some time, after which read and retired.

Monday, March 4th, 1839

At 8 I was roused by the information that we had arrived at Catania and that we might go on shore and remain there till 9, I drest consequently speedily and without breakfast we went on shore in a small boat accompanied by the general and M^r. Morris leaving Caroline snug in bed. We first went to a silk store where the general had letters, intending to purchase some of the far famed Catania silk, the store however was not yet opened, so we proceeded to view the curiosities. Before leaving the boat we had a splendid



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view of Mt. Etna all covered with snow and rising to an enormous height, at the foot of it lies the modern city of Catania, the ancient cities have been several times destroyed, and the modern city is built on the immense beds of lava and scoriae. In one part of the city which was formerly covered by the sea, it is now converted into streets, and the old walls of the city are only to be seen by descending several steps; we visited the cathedral, the portico of which was taken from the ruins of the Greek theatre; in the interior there is nothing remarkable though it is said to be more chaste than any other church in Sicily. In the sacristy there is a picture representing the eruption of Etna in 1689 which destroyed the whole city of Catania. We then visited the remains of the Greek theatre which are now below the level of the ground; there are 3 corridors remaining and parts of the seats for the spectators, part of the arena also remains; it was here that Alcibiades delivered an oration during the invasion of the Athenians. We then went to the church of St. Miola celebrated for its very fine organ which is said to be the second in Europe. Attached to this church is a very interesting Monastery which ladies are not allowed to enter, Frederic and I therefore went to the silk factory leaving our companions at the Monastery; on arriving at the store it was not opened as the proprietor was in the country, we were however directed to another store at the opposite end of the town; we then took a carriage and drove there and found nothing that suited us. After losing some time we returned to the steamboat just in time having only purchased some silk stockings. We soon set sail and after a very delightful sail of 5 hours along the coast, keeping constantly in sight of the stupendous and magnificent Mt. Etna we arrived in the beautiful bay of Syracuse. It is said that the sun has never been known to be absent for a whole day, but gladdens the inhabitants with his cheerful rays once every day. Syracuse has sadly degenerated, formerly the extent of the city was 20 miles, now its circumference is 2, its population was formerly 2 million, now 150,000 and such a population, consisting of beggars and forlorn looking objects. We arrived in the beautiful harbour of Syracuse at 1, but did not leave the boat till 2, we then went to the Albergo del Sole which is said to be the finest in Sicily, but upon entering it we were somewhat disappointed as the rooms were not as pleasant as we anticipated. Soon after our arrival Frederic and I went out to take a view of the city, it presents no remarkable objects of curiosity; we just went to the church of Santa Lucia which

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is built at the side of the temple of Minerva, and is indeed a part of it; the ruins are in very good preservation and quite interesting; we then went to the museum which abounds with ancient vases, fragments of statues, ancient Roman lamps and other curiosities; we then went to see the famous fountain of Arethusa which derives its name from a nymph who is said to have been transformed into a fountain by some goddess and has since received divine honors. It has now sadly degenerated and is the resort of numbers of washerwomen who took away much from the romance of the scene. We then went to the ancient castle on the seashore which is now converted into a prison; the view of the sea from this castle is magnificent; the costume of the women here is very singular, they are entirely robed in jet black silk which covers their heads, and only allows room for them to see and breathe; you may easily imagine that it is not very becoming. We were then conducted through numerous small streets till we arrived at a small house to see the temple of Diana, we entered the house, went up several pairs of stairs, past through several bedrooms. I remarked to Frederic that it was a curious place to look for the temple of Diana; we however followed our guide and arrived at a small room; she opened a small door or cupboard where we saw the remains of 3 ancient columns said to be the temple of Diana, out of patience we left the spot and returned to the hotel, scolding the valet for his stupidity and Mrs. Starke for her credulity; we past through the most filthy streets and wretched population imaginable and arrived at the hotel where we sat down to as bad a dinner as you can imagine; among other niceties we had some delightful green peas, but the butter was so execrable that they were entirely spoilt. After dinner wrote journal and embroidered. The general came to our room and made us a visit after which we retired.

SYRACUSE, Tuesday, March 5th, 1839

Shortly after breakfast we were informed that the mule was at the door and Frederic and I sallied forth to see the ruins of the ancient Syracuse, I rode on the mule Frederic walked by my side and we were attended by a valet de place; the morning was rather cloudy though occasionally the rays of the sun penetrated through them and quite overpowered us by their heat; we jogged along by a narrow mule path lined on both sides with hedges of the prickly pear whose enormous and coarse leaves are remarkable for the fact that they grow out of each other without being on stems, out of the ex-



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tremity of the leaf grows the fruit which is quite long, is red but of a very disagreeable flavour; the fruit grows in clusters and forms the food of the poor during many months of the year; after passing through a desolate, dreary, rocky country we arrived at the ancient Greek amphitheatre; the ruins are in pretty good preservation, the marble and stone seats remain and traces of the four entrances together with an aqueduct near by. We then visited the stone quarry and ear of Dionysius. This quarry was probably once dug out to furnish stones to build the city and it was afterwards appropriated by the tyrant Dionysius for prisons. The excavation is in the form of an S and is constructed with a sort of whispering gallery which communicated with a small apartment cut in the rock some distance above where Dionysius spent his leisure moments and was thus perfectly aware of the conversation which took place among the prisoners; for this reason it was called the ear of Dionysius; whilst we were in the quarry the keeper fired a small match which resounded through the cavern with repeated and stunning echoes; the guide was very anxious that we should visit the apartment of Dionysius which is so arranged as to contain only one person, but we declined the honor as we were obliged to be hoisted up in chairs by means of ropes; we then penetrated into the other side of the quarry which was also a prison but it is now converted into a rope walk; we wandered for some time among these very interesting spots though the beauty of the scenery and the romance of the place were very much impaired by the numbers of forlorn and wretched beggars who gave us not an instant's repose. We then visited the theatre which is contiguous to this place; the ruins are on a very grand, extensive scale; it was a Greek theatre and appears to have been far too large for the ordinary purposes of a theatre; the seats are remarkably well preserved; we then went to see the tomb of Archimedes which is curiously hewn out of the rock, and was formerly embellished with several geometrical instruments, it is now only distinguished from a number in the immediate vicinity by a pediment which is in very good preservation. We then reversed our route, I walking a little way and our mule taking airs upon himself undertook to run away, and we lost some time waiting for our guide to catch the mule which was at last brought back triumphantly. We then went to the convent and garden of the Capuchins, we descended, it is situated at a short distance from Syracuse. We were conducted down several flights of steps until we arrived at

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a large open space surrounded on all sides by natural rocks which rose to a very great height; the whole scene was extremely romantic and picturesque; above us cut out of the rock were the remains of an ancient staircase which probably was used by the sentinels to ascend to the parapet who kept a watch over the prisoners which were formerly kept in the enclosure; but the peculiar attraction of this place is the extreme luxuriance of the trees and plants, orange trees and lemon filled with fruit encircled us on every side, while our path lay through luxuriant and verdant vines and bushes; we were conducted through several caverns and caves which were formerly prisons and tombs; after our walk through the garden I found myself very much overcome by the heat; Frederic asked the Capuchin monk for a glass of water, he immediately was very polite and we accompanied him to the convent, the threshold of which women are never allowed to pass; we accordingly waited on the steps while he entered the convent, he soon reappeared with a stone jug of water out of which I was obliged to drink as there was no tumbler in the establishment. We left the garden, I mounted my mule and we went to the catacombs which were originally prisons but which were afterwards used as tombs for the persecuted Christians. By the aid of torches we descended into the subterranean passages where we were surrounded on all sides by remnants of ancient tombs, etc.; there were little cells appropriated to each family and indeed there was a large circular room of very handsome dimensions belonging to some family of distinction. We then visited the old chapel which was the first in Syracuse; on all sides of the cells were vestiges of ancient frescoes and paintings, and there was a marble seat which was pointed out to us as an old pontifical chair; after roaming about these dark and damp passages we returned to the regions of day and remounting my mule we jogged home, passing the numerous gates and fortifications which surround Syracuse. We soon arrived in the midst of the most disgusting population composed of diseased, dirty and forlorn beggars; a well drest person is as rare as princes in America and when some unfortunate stranger happens to arrive among them he is immediately the prey of all. We arrived at our hotel and found Caroline much better and we soon prepared to go on board the vessel, where we arrived at 3, soon after the rest of our passengers arrived and at 4 we set sail, the wind ahead and the sky cloudy. We soon dined and I spent the rest of the afternoon on deck talking to the general, and some of the other passengers; while at

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dinner, we were aroused by the intelligence that there was a dolphin in sight, we all ran on deck, but alas! it was too late the dolphin had disappeared. Though the sea was very rough and the wind high, I was not at all incommoded, but at 9, I was obliged to make my retreat as it was quite damp. I soon was safe in my berth, and consequently soon asleep, but in the night I woke up, and felt very unwell, I tost about for sometime, when hearing Caroline move, I ventured to ask her what the hour was, when I received the consoling intelligence that it was 2, and that she also was very sick. About an hour afterward I managed to get asleep and did not wake till 6.

MALTA, Wednesday Morning, March 6th, 1839

When I was roused by the news that we were safe in port. We rose, drest and were soon on deck, but found all the passengers flown away. We were very much delighted at the sight of the City and the harbour; there are some fine houses situated on the bay, though the city is a little distant; the harbour of Malta is very beautiful and admirably calculated to shield vessels from the weather, for though the wind and waves are high, we were as quiet as possible. It was on this Island that St. Paul was shipwrecked. We were immediately struck by the charm in the appearance of the inhabitants; the little boats which surrounded the Steamboat and which came to carry passengers ashore were all neatly painted, and the boatmen looked cleaner than any we had seen, and almost all saluted with "Take my boat Sir!" Almost all the common people speak English here, as the Island has now been 40 years in the possession of England. There are numerous English vessels in the harbor, among others the Princess Charlotte. Martin soon arrived with his little boat with the information that he had procured good rooms; as Caroline was not well enough to walk, we procured the only vehicle in the place, a calèche on two wheels, drawn by one horse, the driver running at the side, and Frederic and Martin accompanied us on foot. We arrived at Vicary's hotel, Strada Forni, where we breakfasted, after which F. went to see a physician to call in for Caroline who is however so much better as not to need one; prudence however induced us to take this precaution; on the doctor's arrival he assured us there was nothing the matter, and that her only course must be to regulate her diet properly; M^r. Andrews the American Consul then called, and F. and I went out with him to look at the place; we first went to see the celebrated Maltese chains, which re-

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semble exactly that of M^r Hick's. I fancied however the rings which are peculiarly Maltese, and purchased one or two; we then went to see some of the ornaments in Maltese stone; we then saw several very beautiful articles, among others a very beautiful flower vase, calculated for the portico of a country house; we purchased it, thinking perhaps that Maria Louisa might fancy it; if she does not we will either keep it, or make it a present to some of our friends; the price is \$12 and I think they are cheap; we also purchased some for a table much smaller; they are not to be sent home however in some time, as M^r Andrews is to send them by the first opportunity which may not occur very soon. We then took a walk in the heights surrounding the city from which we had a beautiful view of the harbor; the surrounding country is rather barren and dreary; F. and I are enchanted with Malta, and I think I am fully repaid for my distress of last night; there is a very beautiful garden and walk on this height, which we should have enjoyed extremely had we not been annoyed by the sirocco which though warm was rather powerful. We then went to the store of a Smyrna Jew, who had a vast number of handsome things; he and M^r Andrews praised very much some Brusa (Persian) silks which they said were remarkably beautiful; they were however in quarantine, and would not be out under 16 days; he however offered to take us to the lazaretto, there we could see the goods; we determined to go and appointed $\frac{1}{2}$ past 2 for the purpose. We then returned home and waited an hour, at the expiration of which M^r Andrews called and in company with the Turk, we took a little boat and rowed to the lazaretto accompanied by a health officer who with a long stick was to keep off all those in quarantine. We arrived at the wharf where those in quarantine are not allowed to come, and having sent the Turk on in front to make arrangements for us, we waited a few minutes till his return; the lazaretto is a very extensive building to which constant additions are making; it is said to be the finest and most comfortable in Europe. Being informed that all was ready we ascended the steps and entered a gallery at the end of which were stairs; we took our station here, a door was opened, a man came with a long tongs, entered the room and with his tongs brought forward a piece of silk folded in a paper, and a very small part to be seen; he threw four different patterns on the floor and we saw them at a distance of 3 or 4 yards; you can easily imagine that my view was not very good; notwithstanding on account of the peculiar manner in which we



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visited them, I purchased a silk dress for myself and one for Caroline, as she had particularly enjoined me so to do; we will not however have the satisfaction of seeing them until we return to New York, as after they leave the Quarantine, M^r. Andrews is to send them on with the stone vases. We took leave of the lazaretto and returned to Valletta, which is the name of the principal city on the Island of Malta. We then went to see a very interesting woman, M^{rs}. Hutchins, she is quite young and pretty. She is from Baltimore, and a strong Catholic. She intends returning with us to Naples. We then went to see the Church of St. John, very interesting as it contains the tombs of all the Knights of Malta; the Church is spacious and grand, and the walls are covered with flowered gilding, the ceiling is painted, and round the church are several very handsome monuments of the grand masters; many of these monuments are ornamented with the richest sculpture, and adorned with all the magnificence imaginable. There are several chapels appropriated to the distinguished grand masters, which are very rich and handsome; there are some good paintings but principally copies; the pavement throughout the church is of marble mosaic and represents the coats of arms of the knights, this pavement is considered very handsome; after visiting the different parts of the church we spent the rest of the morning walking about, amusing ourselves as well as we could; indeed this is not difficult for we are very much delighted with the city. We returned home to dinner, after which we wrote our journals while Frederic went to pay a visit to the Russian, General Sablonkoff.

MALTA, Thursday, March 7th, 1839

After breakfast at 10, M^r. Andrews came in a carriage or calèche, and we, accompanied by Caroline, entered it to drive to the garden of St. Antonio. This calèche is a little carriage accommodating 4, drawn by one horse, the driver running by his side. The country on the Island of Malta is not at all beautiful, the soil is rocky and rather barren, though where pains have been taken to cultivate it it is made fertile. We drove to the gardens of St. Antonio, so called from the grandmaster who laid them out; near the gardens is a palace which is the summer residence of the Governor, it is a very pretty country seat, very large, with all the luxuries of a handsome country seat. We walked through the house, to which a chapel is annexed, and then walked into the garden which is laid out in avenues, and adorned with beautiful plants, unknown except in warm climates.

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Oranges and lemons growing in abundance; among others, sweet lemons and a peculiar kind of orange called the Mandarin, small but extremely sweet and juicy. The garden is also ornamented with fountains which were made to play for our benefit; one fountain struck me particularly; in the center of a large basin were 2 cupids with an eagle out of whose mouth came a jet d'eau; round the basin were several other waterspouts, and all round the fountain was a beautiful border of roses in full blow; the effect was very pretty. We wandered for some time through the garden, and 2 little girls came up to us and offered 2 pretty little bouquets for sale which we took; when we arrived at the gate we found a number of the Mandarin oranges which they had collected for us, and which we bought at 40 cents a dozen; we left the garden and drove to the old city or Città Vecchia, near which St. Paul is said to have been shipwrecked. The only particular objects of interest in the city are the cathedral and the cave in which it is said that St. Paul was confined after his shipwreck during 3 months. We past through a church built over it, and descended a stairs which led to the Cave. This cave is not very large, the stone is white, and it has the remarkable faculty of being constantly cut away without increasing at all in size; this is regarded as a miracle, and all persons believing in St. Paul are said to be cured of all diseases by taking a little of the powder. It is said to be particularly efficacious in the bite of serpents or wild beasts. In the centre stands a statue of St. Paul, and it is astonishing to see the credulity of the lower classes. Near this cave is built a church, containing a statue of St. Paul by the great artist Gaffa of Malta. We then left the Cave and visited the Cathedral, which is not at all remarkable; the ceiling is painted, and the altar is ornamented with lapis lazuli. We returned to our calèche, and drove home, the sirocco still blowing. At 5, General Sablonkoff and M^r. Andrews dined with us, we had a very pleasant dinner party, after which General S. departed, and we went to the Opera; the house is not large, but is pretty, it was well filled, and there were great numbers of red coats in the house. The opera was Robert Devereux which is but another name for the Earl of Essex, and the heroine Queen Elizabeth; the farce or comical opera which ensued pleased us very much. M^r. A. pointed out to us all the distinguished people; the Dowager Queen of England is at Malta, and resides at the palace, but she was not at the Opera. She is about 53. We returned home at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 11 and soon retired.

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MALTA, Friday, March 8th, 1839

Soon after breakfast I received a visit from the doctor, as I did not feel very well, but his regimen is exercise and diet, therefore I shall pursue this regimen very strictly. After his departure our kind friend M^r. Andrews called and we all went to the palace to see the Armoury. This is not very extensive, but it is prettily arranged, and is particularly interesting, as it contains much of the armour of the Knights of Malta. We observed particularly that all the armour was very small, except one which was quite the other extreme. We then went to a few stores to get a few curiosities etc., and returned home at 1. We were aroused this morning from our slumbers by a very heavy peal of thunder, accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning and rain; this betokens the end of the sirocco, it has continued raining all day, but it looks now more like clearing up. We leave here tomorrow in the steamboat for Naples at 7. I understand the cabin is full, which I regret very much. At 2, M^r. Andrews called and we went in a small boat to the Rodney, one of the largest British ships of war; she is a double decker, and between the decks there is upwards of 6 feet. Though there are 700 souls on board the utmost order and neatness reigned; the officers are very polite, they escorted us about the different parts of the ship, and showed us every thing of interest; there are 5 different decks, the first is the open deck, the next where the cannon are kept ready for action, the third where the sailors eat and sleep, the fourth the midshipmen's rooms and the store houses, and also an armoury which was ornamented with lighted chandeliers, and the arms were arranged with the greatest taste, and below there is a painter's shop; on entering the sailors' hall, I was very much astonished to hear the buzz of many voices, and to see so little confusion; everything is admirably regulated. The cabin of the Commodore is very handsomely furnished with sofas, centre tables, library etc., and a large dining room. We were extremely delighted with our visit, and having bade adieu to the officers we returned home, dined and in the evening received a visit from M^r. Andrews and M^r. Minturn, an American gentleman, and retired at 10.

MALTA, Saturday, March 9th, 1839

Rose at 5, prepared for our departure and left at 6, arrived on board, and soon after M^r. and M^{rs}. Hutchins & M^r. Andrews came on board, M^r. A. soon took leave of us. We cannot be too thankful for his kindness. We found M^r. & M^{rs}. Hutchins quite agreeable,

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but as it was quite rough M^{rs.} H. was soon *hors de combat*, and obliged to retire. We spent most of the morning on deck, Caroline soon retired, and about 3 I was sent to the cabin by the cold wind and I was soon very much in the same condition; I did not suffer however as much as the rest, therefore I ought not to complain. I spent the whole of the afternoon in my berth, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9 we arrived at Syracuse, but unfortunately the gates were closed, and we were obliged to spend the night on board; this was more unpleasant, as we had 2 fidgety ladies, 4 children and 2 nurses, in a cabin with only 4 berths; M^{rs.} H. and I have become very intimate, and I like her extremely; she is from Baltimore, and a Catholic; her husband is English and a Protestant, but she is a very pretty, sweet woman; we had our beds made & retired for the night at 11.

Sunday, March 10th, 1839

Drest and landed at Syracuse at 8; as we were only to spend the day there we joined parties and had room together; as the bread and butter were not eatable, Frederic had taken the precaution of buying bread, butter and tea at Malta, and we feasted upon them at breakfast. We all walked out to the Cathedral, but as I have already described the curiosities of Syracuse I will spare you the repetition; as I did not feel inclined to be shaken to death on a mule, Frederic determined to take me to the garden of the Capuchins which is a lovely place, and there await the arrival of M^{r.} & M^{rs.} Hutchins, M^{r.} Minturn and Caroline; we sat down on the rocks in the Capuchin garden, the sun shining beautifully and the weather perfect; we refreshed ourselves with an orange which he plucked from the tree, and then sat down on the rocks in the shade, where we sat for 2 hours reading and looking at the immense rocks around us; as we were wandering about, we stumbled upon a well cut out of the rock and tremendously deep, Frederic threw a stone into it, and it went down with such a thundering noise, that it made me feel very unpleasantly; we left the garden and sat for some time on the seashore, enjoying a lovely view of the sea and the harbour of Syracuse; we returned to the city in a little boat, and on arriving at the hotel found the rest of our party already there. We dined, the Russian general also with us; after sitting sometime at table, we made our arrangements and left the city in a little boat to go to the steamboat. We remained some time on deck, the stars shining beautifully, but as it was damp, supped and retired at 10.

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Monday, March 11th, 1839

Rose this morning at 7, breakfasted at 11, Frederick, Caroline, and M^r. & M^{rs}. Hutchins having gone on shore at 8 to see Catania, but I remained on deck looking at Etna which is a very splendid sight. Spent the morning on deck reading until we arrived within a few miles of Messina where the scenery became very beautiful, vying with the Hudson and the Rhine in beauty & grandeur; the day was extremely lovely and the sun shining upon the hills added much to the beauty of the landscape. We dined on board and arrived at Messina at 4 and obtained very excellent accommodations at the Victoria Hotel, a new house just opened and commanding a beautiful view of the bay. Soon after our arrival as I was very tired I retired.

MESSINA, Tuesday, March 12th, 1839

Rose at 8, the morning damp and foggy, breakfasted in our salon, M^r. & M^{rs}. Hutchins, the Russian general and M^r. Minturn breakfasting with us. Spent the whole morning by the fireside reading, sewing etc. & receiving visits from different fellow passengers; as it poured in torrents we were not able to go out; at 6 we went to M^r. Morrison's, an English gentleman, to dine; we found there Major and M^{rs}. McLeod from India and the M^{esses}. Pinkerton; M^{rs}. M. is a very delightful and pleasant woman, and M^r. M. a very kind hearted man; we had a very delightful party, but as the style of the Sicilian dinner parties is somewhat different, I must describe it to you; when we entered we found the table without any soup or dishes of meat, but ornamented with flowers, oranges, figs, nuts, raisins, etc.; the dishes were then brought on two by two and we had a very delightful dinner. Took coffee and tea in the evening, and then took leave at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 9, and soon after retired.

MESSINA, Wednesday, March 13th, 1839

Rose, breakfasted with the same party as yesterday, and after breakfast we ordered donkeys intending to go to the telegraph, about 5 miles distance, we were detained however until $\frac{1}{2}$ past 12, on account of the shower, at that time we assembled and mounted our spirited animals. Our party consisted of M^r. & M^{rs}. H. and several English and Scotch gentlemen who joined our party. We jogged along some time whipping with all our might our stupid little mules who occasionally set up such a braying as almost deafened us; during the whole of our ride up the mountain we enjoyed a succes-

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sion of the most beautiful view of the bay of Messina; the height of the mountain which we ascended was about 1500 feet high; we arrived at the Telegraph where we sat down on the rocks and enjoyed the view of the beautiful landscape; below us on one side lay the beautiful bay, the city of Messina, the opposite shore of Calabria, and the beautiful town of Reggio; beyond lay the rock of Scylla, and the whirlpool of Charybdis; on the other the open sea, the volcano of Stromboli the smoke clearly discernible, the beautiful islands of Lipari, studded with villages while below and around us were the undulating surface and the beautiful mountains with which Sicily abounds. We sat for an hour on the rocks looking at this beautiful view which equals many landscapes which we have seen. We had much amusement and conversation on the mountain but as some distant clouds seemed to be gathering we determined to return; we turned our donkeys' heads downwards and pursued the new road to Palermo, which is very fine and winds along the mountain like the Simplon. I was so jolted on my poor little donkey that I determined to come down the mountain on foot; several of the gentlemen amused themselves and us with donkey racing; the road was beautiful, and I found the walk so delightful I did not observe I had walked 5 miles until we returned home; we dined in company with Mr. & Mrs. H. and the General; after dinner Frederic and I went round to Mrs. Morrison's to take farewell. We found her as usual very agreeable and in very delightful apartments, her only companion was a Cat, I did not admire her taste however; we returned home, *read*, wrote journal, packed & retired.

MESSINA, Thursday, March 14th, 1839

Rose at $\frac{1}{2}$ past six, drest, breakfasted and went on board the steamboat, found many new passengers on board which did not please us much as we had already more passengers than we could well accommodate; we however indulged the hope that the fine weather would continue and that we should not be seasick. We spent the morning agreeably on deck conversing with the passengers who were almost all agreeable; among others were some English baronets, Sir John Duckworth, Sir James Campbell and Sir Richard Ring, who condescended to make our acquaintance and to talk with us almost all day. We past the celebrated volcano of Stromboli and enjoyed extremely the beautiful view of the placid waters; we dined; the weather was so delightful that the tables were



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spread on deck; after dinner it became quite cold, but as we were very anxious to see Stromboli by night, we determined to wrap ourselves up in cloaks & shawls and wait till night. We at last accomplished our desires, for the shades of evening descending enabled us to see clearly columns of fire which at intervals rose from the summit of the volcano. Nothing can be more astonishing than the appearance of this mountain; it is situated alone, surrounded on all sides by the sea and rising immediately in the form of a pyramid from the top of which columns of fire and volumes of smoke ever come. After gratifying our curiosity, Frederic's prudence urged us to leave the deck, as the wind was cold and piercing; we retired to our crowded cabin, where we had much difficulty in moving about, but these little inconveniences were the subject of jokes and laughter which we indulged until a late hour.

Friday, March 15th, 1839

Woke with the expectation of being in sight of Naples, but unfortunately our hopes were not realized, as we were informed that we were some hours' distance; we rose, took a light breakfast on deck, and enjoyed the sail as much as our impatience would allow, until a severe gale and shower obliged all the passengers to take refuge in the cabins which were literally crowded to suffocation. After our patience was almost exhausted, the sun appeared, and we all returned to the air and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 1 anchored in the Bay of Naples, which never appeared to me half as lovely; as the sun shone beautifully we had a fine opportunity of looking at it, while the health officers and police were overlooking our papers before permitting us to land. Leaving our fellow passengers on board, we left in a small boat, and arrived at the custom house where our luggage was slightly examined; we then went in search of rooms, and after spending an hour driving from hotel to hotel, we at last procured a very delightful suite of rooms, consisting of 5 bedrooms and a parlor very beautifully furnished in the Chinese style for \$10.00 per day. M^r. & M^{rs}. Hutchins and M^r. Minturn join us in the suite so that we are very delightfully settled; we of course all have the same parlor and eat at the same table. After a very delightful dinner we spent the evening, sewing, talking and planning excursions for the morrow; we at last decided to go to Vesuvius, though I can scarcely realize that we shall ever be able to reach the top after the stories we have heard of the present difficulty of the ascent.

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NAPLES, Saturday, March 16th, 1839

As the day was delightful we breakfasted at 7, and at 8 the carriages were at the door; M^r. & M^{rs}. Hutchins and Caroline went in one, and Frederic and I in the other, M^r. Minturn being an invalid could not go; we drove through the streets of Naples, and along the seashore, until we arrived at Portici, which is situated at the base of Vesuvius and on the site of Herculaneum; we were taken to the *undertaker* who arranges every thing for the ascent of Vesuvius; he provided us with a guide, with horses, mules etc., and men to carry our provisions and et caetera. I mounted a little donkey, seated myself in a sort of Saddle chair, infinitely more comfortable than a lady's saddle; the gentlemen mounted their horses, and followed by hosts of boys, beggars, dogs etc. we galloped out of Portici; my little donkey was so hard I was very much afraid of being shaken to pieces, we therefore slackened our pace, and commenced the ascent of this extraordinary mountain at a gentle pace; we were for some time surrounded with the ordinary marks of vegetation; vegetable gardens, small fields, and fruit trees adorned the sides of the road; but as we proceeded, all these signs of civilization disappeared, and the most horrible, wild and dreary landscape lay before us, immense rocks and layers of lava, encompassed us on every side; a dreary waste of rock lay stretched before and around us; the last eruption of the 1st of January which was quite considerable, has contributed a great deal to change the face and the appearance of the mountain; an immense sea of lava poured down on one side of the mountain, destroying in many places the road, and rendering the scene even more horrible than it was formerly; the new train is coal black; our guides pointed out to us the limits of the different eruptions which are easily discernible from their very different colors; we were obliged to climb over stones and immense quantities of the scoriae which seemed to be so sharp as almost to cut through the thick shoes of our guides; our dreary pilgrimage was enlivened by occasional views of the prospect behind us; the lovely bay lay in placid beauty, enormous boats and vessels with lateen sails floating on her transparent waters; the lovely Islands of Ischia, Procida and the numerous interesting castles and villas situated around Naples; the city itself looked extremely beautiful, below us lay Portici, rendered so interesting from having been built on the top of Herculaneum; but one of the most beautiful features in the landscape was the Island of Capri whose singularly beautiful form in the distance com-

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pletes the charm of the landscape; we turned from the beautiful view and from the petite plain which my guide told me was the Campagna felice, and before us lay a no less interesting scene, but dark, dismal and horrible; as we ascended the mountain with its black surface seemed to frown upon us, and to reproach us for thus braving it, by attempting to reach the summit; notwithstanding its threatening looks however we continued, and after a very long fatiguing ascent arrived in sight of the Hermitage; we resumed courage, jogged on and were soon at the door of this hospitable mansion which is occupied by friars; numerous wooden crosses hung over the precipices around, and we were told that once a year masses are performed here and prayers offered up, to pacify the mountain. Having resposed for a few moments at the Hermitage, we prepared for the most laborious part of the ascent. We were obliged to take chaises à porteurs, with 8 men each beside, men to change; as it may amuse you, I will tell you candidly how many men accompanied us on this expedition; as there were three ladies, we had 3 chairs, the gentlemen walking of course; 4 soldiers accompanying each party to protect them though no instance is known of any robbery here, then men who carried provisions in case we should be hungry, and a train of men whose business no one could find out; we enumerated them and found they amounted to 50; but as it was useless to attempt preventing them from going we submitted; we rode our donkeys for some time picking our way through burnt cinders and broken stones; at last the road was so bad that we were obliged to be carried on the shoulders of 8 men, but nothing could be more disagreeable than the uncertain movement of 8 men, all picking their way, and frequently disputing about the path they should follow; with the greatest difficulty I held on with both sides, pitching alternately from side to side, and expecting every moment to be upset, and to tumble down among the sharp stones and lava, and thus roll to the foot of the mountain; as we had commenced the ascent, to return by the same path was impossible I therefore concealed my fears and we continued; Frederic and M^r. Hutchins drew themselves up by straps fastened around the necks of two men who went before them; we continued our ascent in this way up the side of this steep mountain which we could not look at without becoming nervous; we were carried on in this way in the air, the men changing alternately, occasionally one man would slip, I would utter a cry of fear, they reassured me in Italian, but I never longed with so much

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impatience for anything as for the end of this expedition. To crown everything, my men began to quarrel in the most difficult part of the ascent, their sharp, angry and discordant voices almost stunned me, but I could not contain my fears any longer when one man beat the other with a huge walking stick with which he was assisting himself up the mountain; to be set down was impossible, I expected they would have a regular fight, and my terror was extreme. Frederic made use of all his authority and Italian to make them desist, and after some difficulty he succeeded; after spending $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour in this delightful position we were set down and I discovered that M^{rs}. Hutchins and Caroline had fully shared my fears, as each had their fright and hair breadth escapes to narrate; on arriving at the summit, we followed the guide to the edge of the crater; to Frederic all bore the appearance of novelty, as the appearance of the Crater has quite changed since the late eruption; immense volumes of smoke enveloped us on every side, the earth was extremely hot to our feet, and in many places, the smoke came out under our feet; I could not but think it hazardous to stay there; we looked down into the Crater, but nothing was visible for immense clouds of the sulphureous vapour and smoke blinded us and almost suffocated us; on all sides the mountain appeared of different colors, tinged with the different shades of sulphurs; bright yellow, green, blue and all the different colors; small seas of sulphur rolled on all. Frederic stuck his cane in the ground in one place and it came out completely charred, and we lighted a paper by sticking it in the ground; we walked some distance round the Crater, but were not able to descend to the bottom as the flames and smoke did not permit; but why should I attempt to give you a description of this terrific sight, all my attempts would fail, and my trouble lost; as the ladies of the party were all rather timid and feared staying up too long, we commenced our way downwards, still lingering to take our last view of this horrid and awful phenomenon; where we arrived to the point where we were to descend, we were obliged to cling firmly to the arm of the strongest men, and in this way commenced the descent in the ashes and dirt; this amused me very much for a short time, but receiving sundry blows from some stones which I drew down with me in my course, and becoming very much fatigued I was not at all sorry when at the end of 20 minutes we rejoined our mules; we met several gentlemen on the top of the mountain, and they past us coming down with the velocity of race horses, but we came down at a more gentle pace; we mounted our mules, and almost exhausted

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with fatigue, and with the numerous emotions which could not but occupy our breasts we arrived at the Hermitage; we there found the table all spread, with table cloth and napkins and silver forks which we had brought with us and in a few minutes we sat down to a luncheon of bread and butter and cold chicken which we had also brought with us; after a very delightful meal, we sat for a short time on the green before the door enjoying the view when a large party arrived with the intention of going up to see it at night. We did not however envy them as it was extremely cold. We mounted our mules and soon after met another, we jogged on for $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours on the same path we had ascended and arrived very much fatigued at Portici where we found our carriages ready to receive us. We then drove home having spent one of the most delightful and interesting days I can recollect; on our return home I received a letter from M^r. Pell dated Jan. 23rd which was particularly agreeable as we had not heard from home so long. After dinner, Caroline, Frederic and myself notwithstanding our fatigue drest to go to a little party at the Russian General's; scarcely had we landed yesterday before the General Sablonkoff and his lady left their cards and invited us to drink tea with them this evening. As Madame S. is a very old lady and made the first advances to us, we thought it would not be polite to decline her invitation; the exertion of dressing aroused us from our fatigue, and at $\frac{1}{2}$ past 8, left home in the carriage to go to the party, but on account of some mistake in the number we did not arrive till 9; this however was very fortunate as we would have been too early. Madame S. was an English lady, and very polite and affable. We were introduced to her niece the Baroness L. who is not at all handsome, but agreeable. I talked for some time to a Russian lady in French who with her sister and an English lady M^{rs}. Bood formed the whole party. M^{rs}. Bood is a very pretty English lady, highly accomplished, she speaks French, German and Italian as well as English, draws beautifully and is considered the best amateur player in Europe. The General had brought from Sicily, some very beautiful and difficult songs which he requested her to play and sing, she sat down and with the utmost grace and ease, played them off, and sung them as if they were old friends. I never heard anything more astonishing, she then performed some very beautiful and difficult pieces, and sang several beautiful songs; she has a magnificent voice, the whole company seemed delighted; Sir John Duckworth, Sir Richard Ring and Sir James Campbell were of the party; I had the honor of conversing with the latter almost the whole evening; he

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is a very gay, sprightly young man of 23; during the evening a table was set out with Sicilian fruits, such as the prickly pear, the Mandarin orange, the blood orange, and Sweet lemons, the last of which is very insipid indeed. We left at 11 and retired, but the wind blew such a gale that I could not go to sleep thinking of the poor travelers at Vesuvius, who were not to get back till 1 at night.

NAPLES, Sunday, March 17th, 1839

Woke at 9, breakfasted and went to church, saw there several of our fellow passengers and acquaintances. Returned home and spent the morning writing my journal which after Vesuvius and the party have tired me almost to death. Spent the morning at home reading and dined at 5; in the evening looked over some very beautiful views of Naples and Vesuvius.

NAPLES, Monday, March 18th, 1839

This morning as the weather is not very pleasant, and as Frederic was engaged preparing some articles to be sent to New York in a vessel which sails tomorrow, I determined to remain at home while Caroline went to the Museum with M^r & M^{rs}. Hutchins. F. returned after having made a very beautiful selection of Etruscan pottery which will be sent shortly to New York. I was made happy by a letter from M^r. Pell dated 8 February, but I was quite distressed to hear of grandmama's continued illness, and of my dear sister's and her child's indisposition; I hope they are but transient maladies which will soon pass away. We received a visit from M^r. Dunlop and we then went out to see M^{rs}. Sablonkoff who was not at home. We then took a drive on the Strada Nuova, which is a very beautiful road which extends along the shore; nothing could be more delightful than our drive; on one side of the road, there are beautiful villas and fanciful summer houses, while on the other you enjoy a splendid view of the bay, Vesuvius, the numerous villages which adorn its base, Castellammare, Sorrento, and the lovely island of Capri; the bay was alive with boats, the weather was lovely, and nothing could be more lovely. After driving for some time, we met the Queen Dowager, her youthful husband, and several grandees of the Court; as it was growing late we returned, dined, and looked at the carriage which M^r. Hutchins intends purchasing. After dinner went out with Frederic to a chocolate factory, and purchased some of the most delightful I have ever tasted, returned and found Governor Throop, Monsieur Cosotti, a gentleman and an Englishman, M^r. Leech, and spent the evening talking till 10.



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